

NGRID: the bride cried on her honeymoon

PHOTOPLAY

APRIL 25

SCOOP

what a fan
found out
from
DEBBIE!

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new **Suave** revives hair
*surely as moisture
refreshes a flower!*



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New moisturizing
miracle by
HELENE CURTIS



*now
in a
new package*

Don't try to brush bad breath away — *reach for Listerine!*

Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for teeth—Listerine is for your breath.

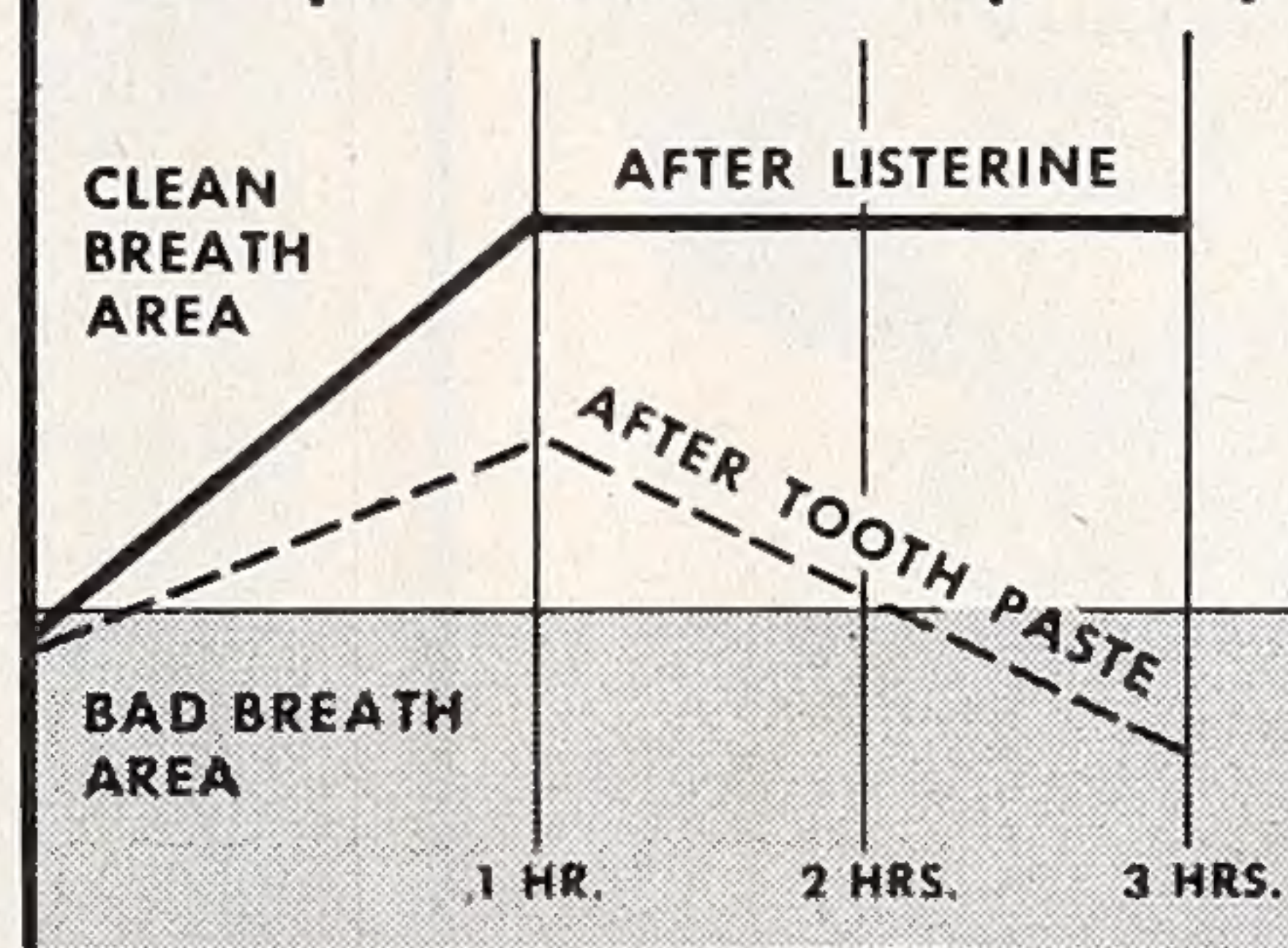
You see, germs in the mouth cause most bad breath.

No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

**DON'T TRY TO BRUSH
BAD BREATH AWAY**
Chart proves Listerine's superiority



Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath

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Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



APRIL, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 4

PHOTOPLAY

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MOST EXCITING AND
EXOTIC STORIES...**

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Eden where menace lurks
amid the orchids!

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AND AMAZING
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romances of our time!



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THE MONTHLY RECORD

WEATHER

Remedy for spring fever:
Give in and fall in love!

By GEORGE

VOL. 1, NO. 2

MARCH 1959

4 NON ¢

THREE GUYS . . . THEIR POINT OF VIEW

When the Kingston Trio, whose smash recording of "Tom Dooley" skyrocketed these fellows to the top of the singing ranks, came to New York last month, they visited my corner closet in the Photoplay offices and lit into the subject of—you guessed it!—the fairer sex.

"I go for a gal who listens to a guy," said Nick Reynolds, the bongo, conga and guitar player of the group. "Someone who's able to sit quietly and not expect me to get up and do all sorts of goofy fandangos to amuse her."

"We were playing the Purple Onion in San Francisco a while back, and I met Joan Harriss, a comedienne I asked for a date."

"Wow! Did she impress me! She impressed me by not trying to impress me—if you get what I mean. We sat across the table



The Kingston Trio—Dave, Nick and Bob—dig the girl who's for real.

from each other on that first date and really relaxed."

Proof that this paid off: Nick and Joan's marriage last September. Where do they live? In a *houseboat* at Sausalito, California!

Bob Shane, who doubles on the guitar and banjo, nodded his head thoughtfully in agreement. "Quiet girls, especially if they lower their voices when they talk—man, they get me!"

"I'm the easygoing type, so I guess it's only natural I go for the girl who doesn't make a big play for the man. Some guys like the firecracker-under-your-feet treatment. But not me."

Bob got hooked by Louise Brandon of Atlanta, Georgia, who wooed him with her southern "baby talk" drawl. Bob adds, "It makes me feel so strong and protective."

Bob met Louise on a blind date in Hawaii. His dad set it up! Dave Guard, who plays guitar and banjo, had this to say:

"I'm all for the lady-like gal, the one who's got manners and who knows what's going on in the world. I like a gal to talk about books she's read and the music she enjoys. And if she can discuss music beyond the 'it sends me' stage, then she sends me."

A Stanford U. grad, Dave's found his ladylove—Gretchen Ballard—and they're the proud parents of a nine-month-old baby girl, Catherine, who, Dave tells me, is going to get plenty of dating pointers from her dad when dating time rolls around.

COOKIE CONFAB

Sal the Man Mineo was elucidating on his favorite topic the other day at a big press confab for high school editors in New York. Sal served cookies and ice cream.

"My favorite hobby is girls," he answered an editor who wanted to know about his pastimes, "and I don't care how busy I get, I'll *always* find time for dating."

Sal told the editors all about "Tonka," his latest film which was photographed on an Indian reservation. "Those Indians," Sal said, "man, do they dig rock 'n' roll!"

While on the West Coast, Sal picked up a smidge of slang. "Stacking," Sal told me, "is when a girl is dating more than one steady at a time. And 'all time' is when a party's going great."



Sal Mineo's hobby is girls.

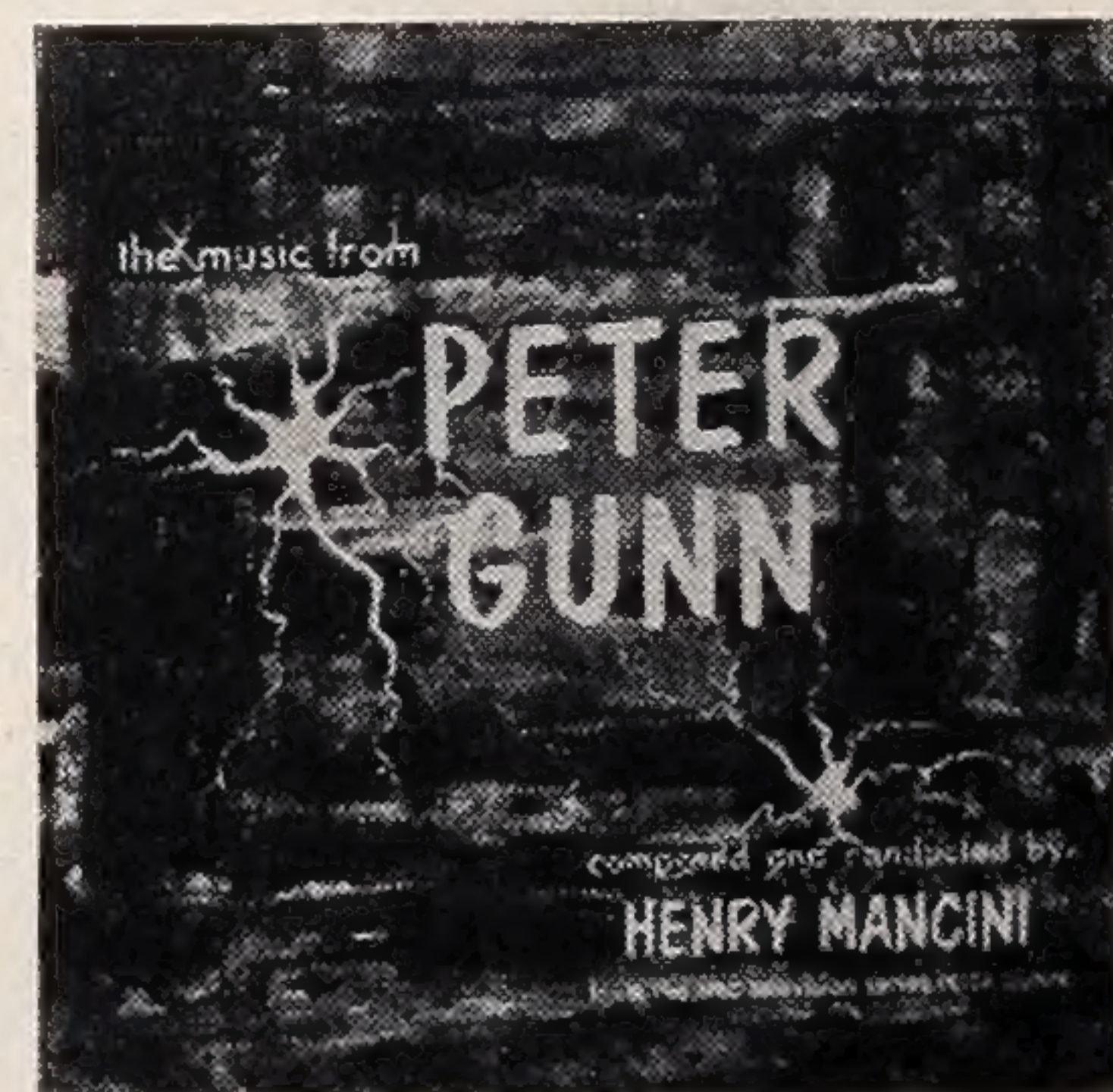
turntable vox pox



✓✓✓✓ Album of the month: The program? Vocals that dance! But if you're only in the mood for listening, it's almost as much fun to sit this Capitol album out while Frank Sinatra sings the songs that dancing lovers love. Frankie calls his new collection, "Come Dance With Me," and he

sings "Saturday Night," "Day In, Day Out" and "Dancing in the Dark." For dancers, lovers, homebodies—everyone.

✓✓✓✓ RCA's "The Music From Peter Gunn" composed and conducted by Henry Mancini from the NBC-TV series. This isn't only Peter Gunn's kind of jazz; it's everybody's brew. All of it is easy and shuffle-footed—whether you're listening to the Peter Gunn theme or the show's opening motif, "Fallout!", or the other swingers.



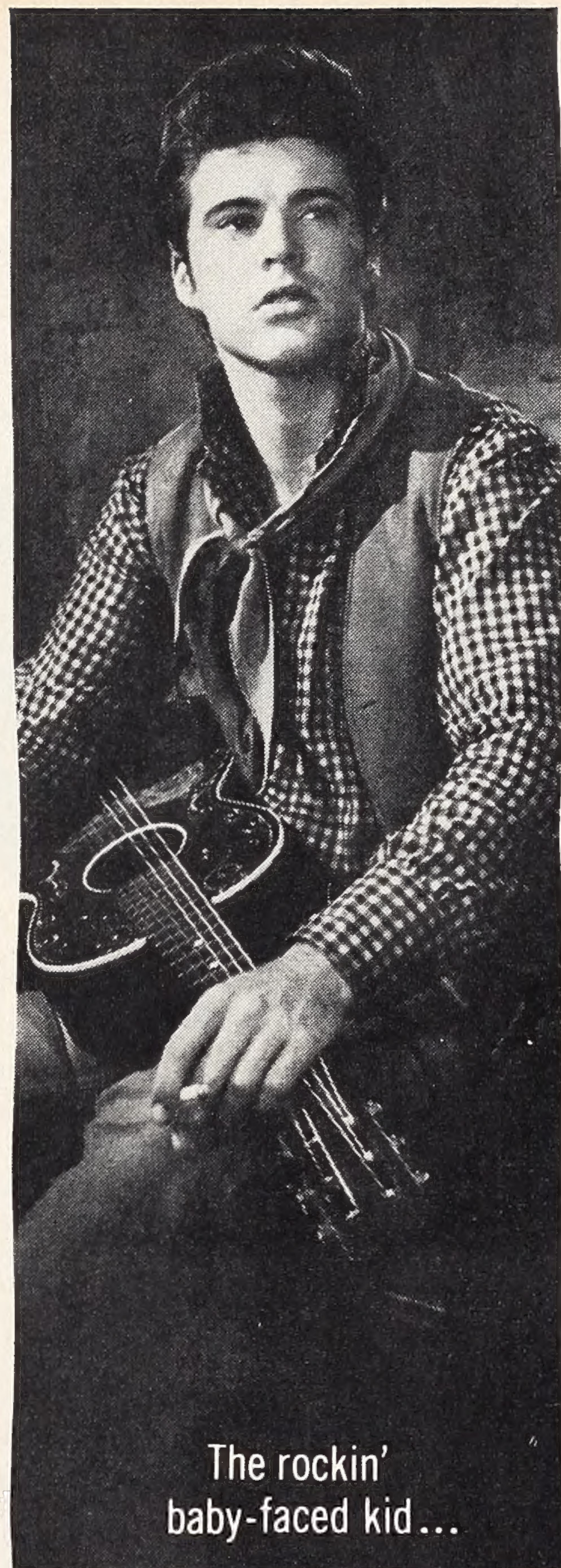
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The big guy with the battered hat...



The ragged woman-wrecked cast-off called Dude...



The rockin' baby-faced kid...

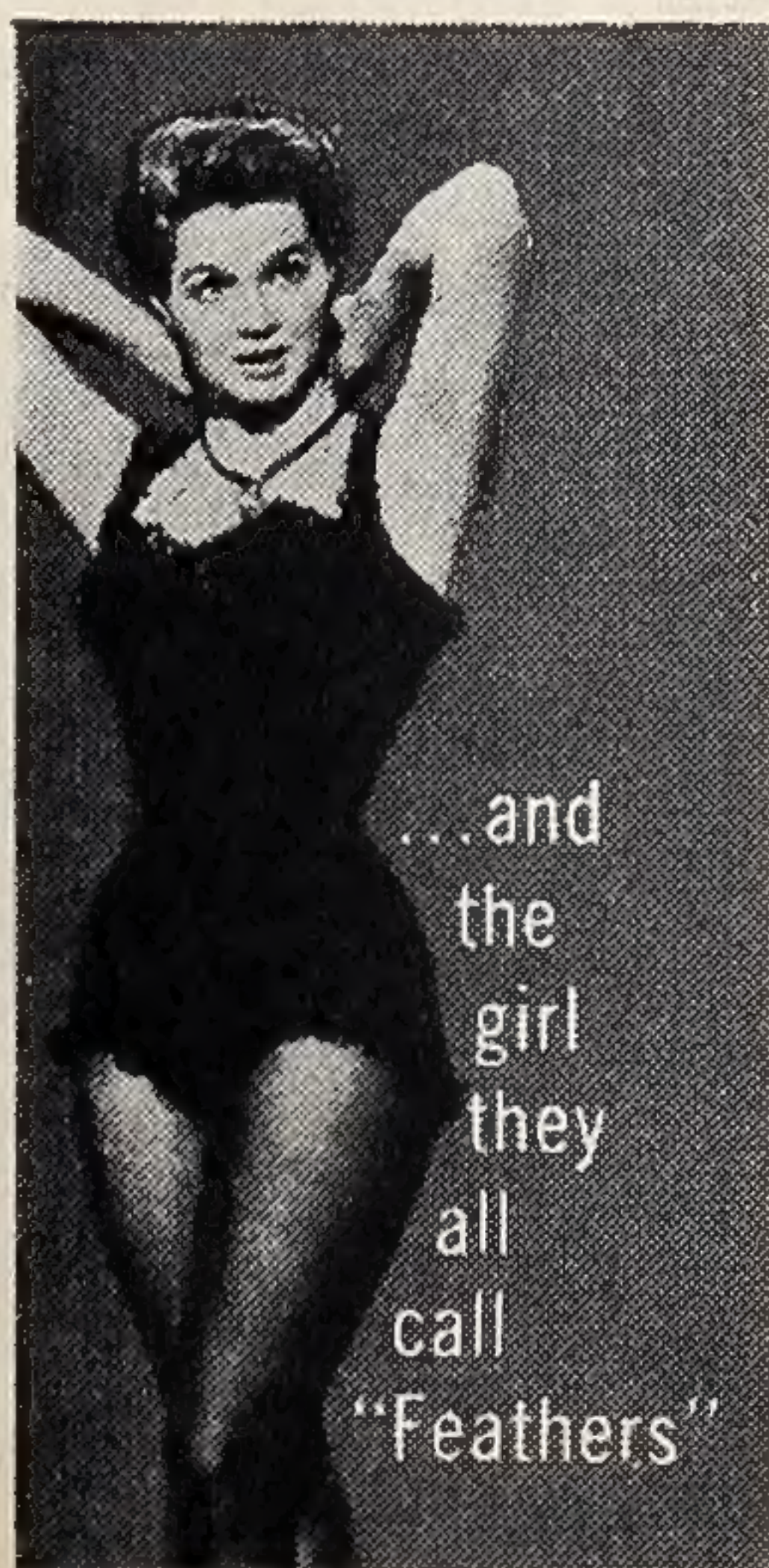
JOHN *and* DEAN *and* RICKY WAYNE MARTIN NELSON

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

They grew into giants at... **RIO BRAVO**



TECHNICOLOR®
from WARNER BROS.



...and the girl they all call "Feathers"

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MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN · AN ARMADA PRODUCTION · Directed and Produced by HOWARD HAWKS

Hear Dean and Ricky Sing... "Rio Bravo" - "My Rifle, My Pony and Me" - "Cindy"!

THERE'S NEVER A QUESTION—



When you use "Lysol" regularly—you're *sure* of feminine daintiness.

You know you can't offend—for "Lysol" brand disinfectant *stops* embarrassing odor by *killing* odor-causing germs!

Because "Lysol" is so effective—it's far more reliable than any home-style douche, including vinegar!

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N. J., Dept. TS-459.



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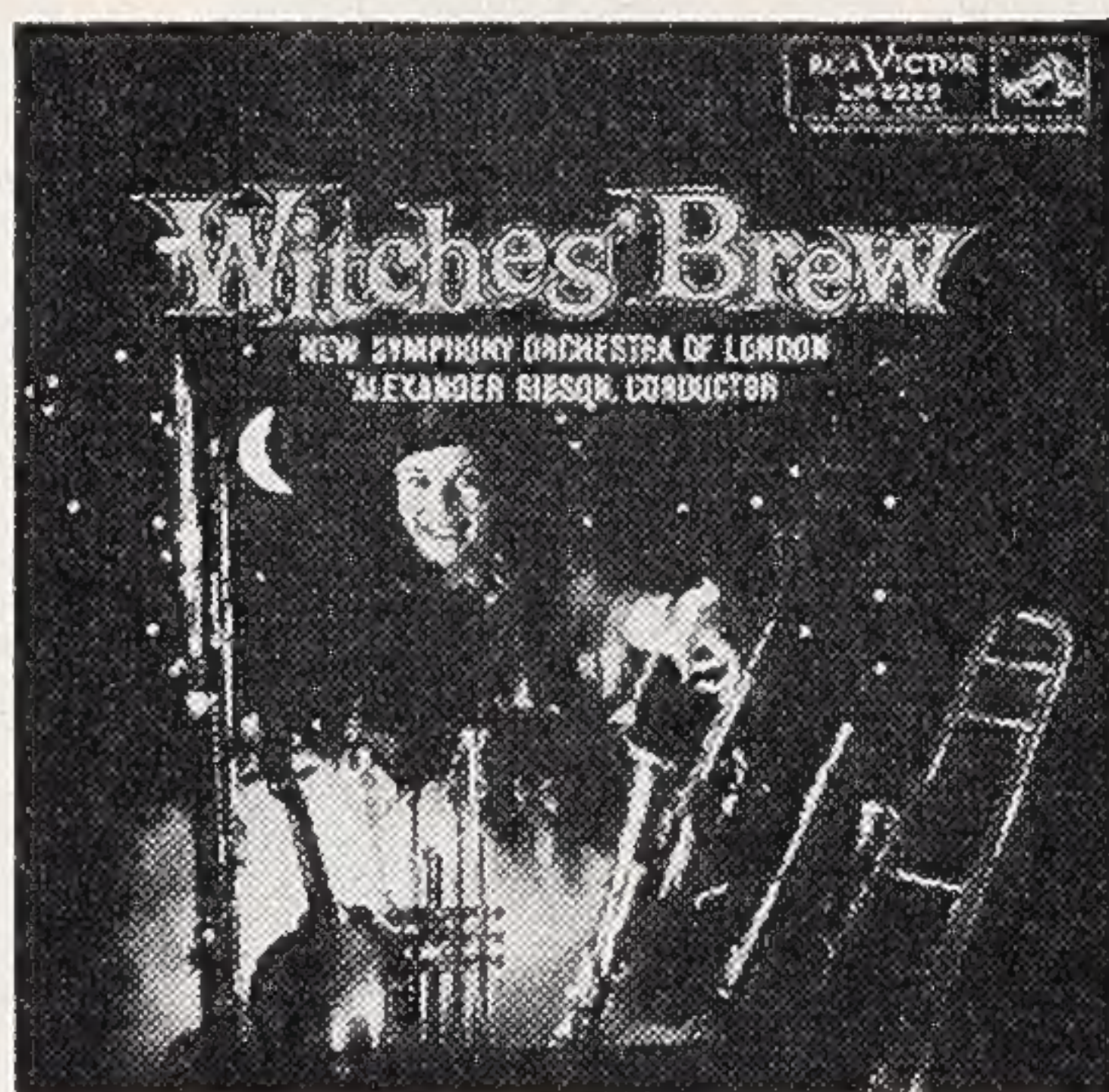
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THE MONTHLY RECORD *continued*

turntable vox pox *continued*

✓✓✓ "Open Fire, Two Guitars," is Johnny Mathis' latest. His dreamy voice has a soft curl in it as he sings these sit-by-the-fire-and-lean-against-that-manly-chest favorites. There's a gentle strumming of guitars in the background while curly-voiced Johnny sings "Tenderly," "You'll Never Know," "Bye Bye Blackbird" and others on this top-notch Columbia LP.



✓✓✓ Here's some spook music from those long ago days in an RCA Victor album called "Witches' Brew" with the New Symphony Orchestra of London. So, all right, this is for longhairs, but crewcuts will flip for it, too. Listen to "A Night on Bare Mountain" and see if you don't send off a shiver. Or give an ear to "Dance Macabre" while skeletons dance before your eyes. Horror music addicts should delight in this eerie collection from great-great-great grandmother's day, when they got just as big a kick out of goose-pimples as we do today.

✓✓✓ Shirley Temple's back, and the world is happier. Here she is, singing those winning songs from her ageless movies, in a 20th-Fox album titled "Shirley Temple's Hits." Shirley takes you on a magical joyride into the polly-wolly-doodle land of childhood. If you don't mellow as you hear Shirley sing "Animal Crackers in My Soup," "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby," or "On the Good Ship Lollipop," you've turned into a mummy. Taken from the original soundtracks of Shirley's pictures, the album's likely to become standard equipment for all baby-sitters.



✓✓✓ Phil Everly of the popular Everly Brothers team told me a few weeks ago, "When you're young, you're open to all kinds of music. Seems to me like it's the older folks who sometimes close their minds." Phil went on to say how he was so impressed with the timeless musical church drama, "The Play of Daniel," recorded by Decca. This Twelfth-Century music-play about Daniel in the lion's den was recorded recently by the famed New York Pro Musica under the direction of Noah Greenberg. Some Sunday night you ought to play it for your church group. It's great.

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS

Easy to listen to: Frankie "Shy Guy" Avalon's neat rendition of "Too Young to Love" on his new album, "The Young Frankie Avalon." . . . The late Glenn Miller and his orchestra swing high and low with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo" and "In the Mood" in a new 20th-Fox album which features music from all of Glenn's old movies. . . . Everybody loves a hummable college song, and here are a dozen of them from "The Whiffenpoof" to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" in Warner Brothers' "Halls of Ivy" album which features the nation's favorites. . . . "Flower Drum Song," the big Broadway hit starring Academy Award winner Miyoshi Umeki is on wax, thanks to Columbia, and if you don't

flip for Juanita Hall's version of "Chop Suey," then you just won't ever dig the stuff. . . . Those two peas in a pod, Herbie and Hal, keep parlaying their double-dose of talent into one smash hit after another. In their latest Decca album, "The Kalin Twins," you'll hear all of their really big hits—"When," "Three O'Clock Thrill," "Forget Me Not" and "Clickety Clack." . . . "Hugo Winterhalter Goes Latin" is Hugo's latest, and he plays all those south-of-the-border smoothies: "Granada," "Vaya Con Dios" and "Valencia," to list a few. . . . Of course, no column would be complete without mention of the Kingston Trio's newest, "From the Hungry i," which includes French lullabies, calypso, Zulu hunting chants and a space age minuet.

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".



The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting



The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

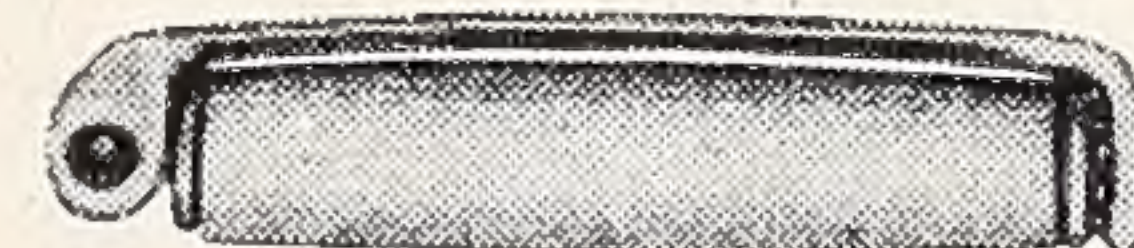
The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

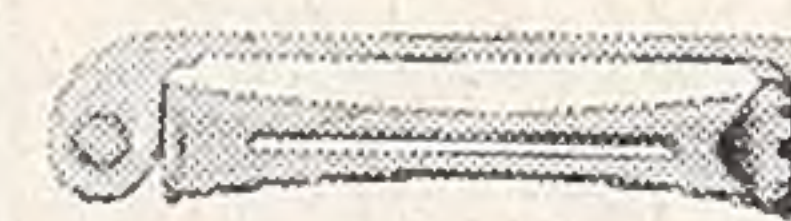
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

THE CHILDREN'S MARCHING SONG. <i>Mitch Miller & his</i> "Sing Along With Mitch" Chorus (Columbia).....	Tops
YO-YO with <i>Sonny James</i> (Capitol).....	So-so
LET'S LOVE with <i>Johnny Mathis</i> (Columbia).....	Ummm
THE RIDDLE OF LOVE. <i>The Four Preps</i> (Capitol).....	Nifty
PINETOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE. <i>Lawson-Haggart Rockin'</i> <i>Band</i> (Decca).....	Neat
HURRY UP, BUTTERCUP. <i>Charlie Grace</i> (Coral).....	Novel
MY ONLY LOVE. <i>Tab Hunter</i> (Warner Brothers).....	Cool
TALL PAUL. <i>Annette Funicello and the Afterbeats</i> (Disneyland)	Chilly

PROOF POSITIVE

For all you gals who scoff, by the way, on the old adage, "the way to a man's heart is through the recipes you collect," listen to Kenneth More, England's most popular film star, who says he was a confirmed bachelor until he met the future Mrs. More. He admits he liked her sense of humor, but he didn't think about her again until she invited him to dinner and served him Spanish steak (sliced steak sautéed with tomato and onions) and a magnificent lemon meringue pie for dessert.

Suddenly, he says, he found himself looking forward to her little dinners every week. Ultimately, the bounty of her dinner table turned to love, of course.

Kenny, as he's called by his friends, admitted this to us when he was in New York a month ago for personal appearances for his two films, "A Night to Remember," the nerve-shattering screen adaptation of the sinking of the Titanic, and "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," a British satire on our oat-opuses in which he co-stars with gun-totin' Jayne Mansfield. P.S. Look for some heart-throb recipes here next month.

book nook

Hollywood's deep in the midst of a reading jag.

Johnny Saxon's crazy for a mad book called "Ounce, Dice, Trice" by Alastair Reid, with sketchy ink drawings by Ben Shahn. It's a book of fun words.

For instance, there are Bug Words (to be said when grumpy)—humbug, bugbear, bugaboo, boggybug, bugseed. Squishy words are to be said when wet—squiff, squeegee, squirt. Rude names for nitwits are rapsallion, flibbertigibett, fussbudget, clodhopper, bumpkin and slammerkin.

Then, there are questions and answers.

What is a Tirrivee? A *tirrivee* is a temper. Mothers go into a tirrivee over the jiggery-pokery of children.

What is *jiggery-pokery*?

Jiggery-pokery is trickery or mischief or hanky-panky on the part of children, such as pretending to be deaf, or teasing a tantony.

What is a *Tantony*? And so forth.

Sandra Dee told me she's wild for "Teen-Age Treasury for Girls."

"It's full of short stories, love poems and fun poems," she added.

One of her favorite poems from it is called "Experience" and it's by Dorothy Parker. It goes:

*Some men break your heart in two,
Some men fawn and flatter,
Some men never look at you;
And that cleans up the matter.*

And if you don't think it's a small world, Fabian tells us a fan sent him a quatrain from the same book:

*I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.*

wig shindig

Peter Brown of TV's "Lawman" and his cheery young wife, Diane Jergens, were planning a party, and Diane said, "What can we do that'll be different?"

"But we're on a budget," he reminded her.

"I know," she told him. "I just mean something like a Baby Party where everyone has to come in baby clothes. Or..." she said as the idea flashed through her head, "... a wig party."

Result: An I-Flipped-My-Wig shindig. Diane says the gals all wore wool wigs made to look like Hollywood stars' hairdos. And the guys were all handed black handlebar moustaches (made out of cardboard) soon as they entered the door.

Diane made Debbie's pigtails out of green knitting worsted in just a single evening, and had such a ball doing it that she made two other wigs. She greeted her

guests as "Debbie," turned up halfway through the doings as Kim Novak, and then waved sayonara to everybody looking like Miyoshi Umeki.

Their party was so successful that Photoplay asked Coats & Clark to make up a leaflet with complete instructions on how to make five different star wigs.

Clip this coupon and send it with a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to:
GEORGE, Dept. PG, Photoplay,
205 East 42 St., N.Y., N.Y.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Bright green "Debbie" pigtails, a black high-on-the-head "Miyoshi" coiffure, and a violet "Kim" hairdo—they all went to Diane's head. Why don't you try 'em too? Just clip the coupon and mail to George.



Creating a home together, you choose the possessions you'll cherish for a lifetime. You choose your silver . . . you want the finest right from the start, and even the finest is now so inexpensive to own. As modern as your life today, as timeless as beauty itself . . . your pattern is SILVER FLOWER.*



You show your romantic nature in your love of beauty, in the joy you take in making your home so warm and wonderfully gracious. Your silver shows your love of beauty, too . . . it expresses your own good taste, and says so perfectly how very much you care. Your pattern is BALLAD.*

**HERE IS
YOUR WORLD...
EXPRESSED IN
FINE SILVER**

Remember the first time you had "special" guests for dinner? They noticed the pride you took in your home. No "make-do" tableware for you . . . you'd begun with the best, knowing it would give you a lifetime of carefree beauty. Enchanting, feminine (like you), your pattern is WHITE ORCHID.*




**"SAME TABLE...
DIFFERENT SETTINGS"**

Send 10¢ in coin to Box P-6, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y., for your copy of this full-color booklet. Here are many wonderful ideas to help you set beautiful, interesting tables.



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ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS
makers of distinctive tableware
for your way of life.

 **HEIRLOOM* STERLING**
COMMUNITY* SILVERPLATE
ONEIDACRAFT* STAINLESS

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COMMUNITY
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*Want to be like Grace?
It takes more than white
gloves, says Debbie. Once
her co-star, Frank agrees.*



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Guess Pat Boone wishes he could act like he can sing. . . . Mamie Van Doren is getting to look more like Mamie Van Doren than Marilyn Monroe. Is this good? . . . Liz Taylor is putting on too much weight, even where, as Oscar Hammerstein sings it, "she's broad where a broad should be broad." . . . I'm suspicious of young movie actors who call a studio exec "Uncle." Mickey Rooney used to do it; Evelyn Rudie does it now. . . . To me, most TV westerns are like a western omelet. . . . I've never known Frank Sinatra to squawk about a bad review—"Everybody's entitled to their opinion"—or a bad yarn, if he's partly at fault. But if Frank isn't guilty of the bad yarn, he'll strike back. . . . Zsa Zsa likes to be greeted by kisses along her outstretched arm. . . . Know what happened to the old-fashioned bar stool? It's been reconstructed, repainted and booked weekly on Perry Como's TV show. Mr. C. sits on one of the stools, invites his guest to occupy the other and then proceed to sing a group of familiar songs in Per's key. . . . Why do agents think they're responsible for a client's success but never even partly responsible for the same client's failure? . . . You should know by now that I ask questions, never answer them. Look what happened to all those wise guys in the isolation booths who knew all the answers. . . . Debbie Reynolds claims that wearing a pair of white gloves doesn't make an actress a Grace Kelly. . . . "Ever since I turned actress," says starlet Googie Schwab, "my personal life has all the intimacy of the CinemaScope screen." . . . Carolyn Jones lets her clothes flop onto the floor when she (Continued on page 78)



Per's perch is an antique.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**

Rhonda Fleming

starring in

"ALIAS JESSE JAMES"

A Bob Hope Enterprise

A United Artists Picture

Color by De Luxe



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



RHONDA FLEMING, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair shining and easy-to-manage. Why don't *You* try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

It's absolutely fabulouscious!

PALE COLORS . . . SHOCK COLORS . . . OFF-BEAT COLORS . . .

COLORS UNLIMITED FIRST EDITION

BY *Revlon*

Revlon shatters convention with twelve (12!) unheard-of colors that dare you to be different. Snow-kissed pastels . . . cream-filled pinks . . . shocking violets. Colors that create an exciting new dimension in lipstick—the look that will change the face of fashion. And who but the house of cosmetic fashion could bring you the fabulouscious flattery of . . . Colors Unlimited!

Extra Added Attraction! 'WHITE À LA CARTE'

to create your own custom color tones

Just add 'White À La Carte' to any lipstick color for a thousand-and-one new ways for your lips to look! Wear it *under* a color for a lighter, more luscious effect. Or *over* a color for frosty highlights and a luminous look!



STRAWBERRY VANILLA



NOUGAT



ORANGE FLOAT



FROSTED PINK

It's your new look in lipstick!



TOFFEE SHERBET MANGO SHERBET VIOLET ICING CORAL VANILLA RASPBERRY ICING TANGERINE SHERBET GRAPE ICING HONEY VANILLA

These colors are so unusual, even modern printing methods can't reproduce them exactly.



...about
personal care
during
problem days

Q. Shouldn't I stay home on problem days? Many girls do.

A. Your monthly period is not a sickness. *It's a natural, normal part of your life.* So, there's no reason to stay home—unless your doctor says otherwise. Take your mind off yourself. Do things you normally do, things you enjoy doing. Get plenty of *fresh air and exercise.* This will help you *feel better, look better, too!*

Q. I always have skin troubles on those days. What can I do?

A. As young people grow toward maturity, oil glands become more active. Pores may become clogged and pimples develop. At maturity, your glands learn to function smoothly, and your skin will clear. Meanwhile, be sure you wash your skin with soap and warm water—3 times a day. *Don't be afraid of water! Science proves it can't harm you on those days!* Since we perspire more freely then, it's *important* to bathe. That's why millions of girls have turned to Tampax... They can bathe, shower—as at any *other* time of the month.

Q. What deodorant is best to use on problem days?

A. Whatever deodorant you usually rely on should be effective during your period. So far as your sanitary protection is concerned, deodorant powders on pads can only mask the odor. They can't *prevent it from forming.* This is another reason why so many girls prefer Tampax. Worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. Banishes all the other telltale signs—lines, bulges, ridges. Keeps your secret *safe!*

Q. What should I do about "disposal problems" on visits?

A. Disposal of sanitary protection can be embarrassing for girls who use pads. Tampax® internal sanitary protection solves this problem. Makes changing and disposal truly *discreet.* You simply flush it away, applicator, and all.

Wouldn't you like to try Tampax? It's so simple and dainty to use, change, dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, to suit individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



It's Magic

I have a complaint about the movie "The Defiant Ones," starring Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier.

Throughout the entire movie, Tony and Sidney would light up a dry cigarette, which was impossible, because they were always getting wet!

JUDY GANTZ
Mullica Hill, New Jersey

You know what they say, Judy, "in the movies, anything can be done!"—Ed.

What's in a Name?

Is Eddie really a Fisher?

Liz is the first woman Taylor I ever heard of.

Is Tab really a wild game Hunter?

Does Red really live in a Skelton?

I've heard of a Courthouse, but someone Please ask Jerome what a Courtland is?

If Paul is a Newman, can we presume that Pauline is an old man?

If Lucy is a round Ball can we presume that Jack is a round Lemmon?

M. REED
Fort Worth, Tex.

This is fun! How about:

Is Carroll really a Baker?

Arlene is truly a Dahl.

Was Fredric born in March? (nope, August).

Was Ava ever a Gardner?

Oh well, enough of this . . .—Ed.

A Newcomer

Although I read Photoplay regularly, to my knowledge I have not seen any articles

on the newcomer, Will Hutchins. Will is rather a new personality on the movie lots but he certainly has found a permanent berth on a nationwide television network. For years, yours has been the magazine that encouraged young people. Won't you favor us with a feature article on Will?

LORRAINE AZEVEDO
San Francisco, Calif.

Surprise! Turn to page 60 and you will find a feature on Will.

Fiendish!

In our opinion, Dracula is a pain in the neck!

SUSAN McLAIN & JANE HARRINGTON
Houston, Texas

... I have just finished reading a letter in Readers, Inc., by a fellow horror movie fan, Jo Anne Jensen. I certainly cast my vote with her for Christopher Lee as the best "Dracula." Not since Lugosi have I seen



"A monster lover you have to be . . ."

a more artful portrayal of history's most infamous count. So, Jo Anne, if you are reading this, write me at 840 Delaware, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Come on, Readers, Inc., what about some pictures of this "Magnificent Monster"!

NANINE CARNEY
Shreveport, La.

... In protest of Louise Darcy's poem that degraded monsters, I am writing this poem in order to defend them:



Wet? So how did Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier light those cigarettes?

Louise Darcy is thumbs down,
That's the opinion of the cats in my town.
Monsters are the thing, you see;
A monster lover you have to be.
Transylvania is our home,
That is why I write this poem;
To defend the movies,
Of Vampires, Mummys, Mad Doctors &
Ghouls
That hibernate in slimy pools.
In ending my poem, I think I've won the
fight,
So monsters of the world, Unite!

CAROL QUIGLEY
N. Arlington, N. J.

Thanks For Kim

I would like to take this opportunity to comment on the article written about Kim Novak. It was, without doubt, one of the best I have read. For once, I do believe Kim was given an opportunity to tell us all, things that set us straight on our thoughts about her. Orchids for such a fine job.

CHARLOTTE J. WAGNER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Attention Red Buttons Fans:

I have recently started a branch of the Official International Red Buttons Service Fan Club, and I'm trying to recruit new members. I would appreciate it greatly if you would mention this in your magazine. Those who want to join could write to me:

FRANCES PASTON
1661 51st Street
Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

Arguments Settled While U Wait

... Recently my friend and I had a disagreement about Jayne's baby. My friend says Jayne lost the baby, I said she had a healthy, 9-pound baby boy. If so, what did Jayne and Mickey name the baby? Jayne Mansfield is my idol!!

MRS. ETHAN MILLER
Hudson, Ohio

A few days ago we received a note from Jayne and Mickey. "We are so happy to tell you that our little Miklos came into the world December 21 weighing almost ten pounds and, our thanks to the Lord, perfectly sound and healthy. In gratitude we are helping other children less fortunate, at the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, and we hope that after reading this, you will all join us." Signed, Jayne & Mickey.—Ed.

I was reading the latest edition of Photoplay and noticed that you had made an error when you were naming the birthday of one of the most popular stars, Elvis Presley. He wasn't born in the month of October, but January.

MRS. E.H. HOOVER, JR.
Antioch, Tenn.

Sorry, you goofed! On page 72 in the February issue of Photoplay, it clearly states Elvis' birth as January (Capricorn).—Ed.

... Could you settle an office battle! One group at work says that Trevor Howard is the son of Leslie Howard. We say that Ronald Howard is Leslie's son and that Trevor and Leslie are in no way related. The first group has never even heard of Ronald.

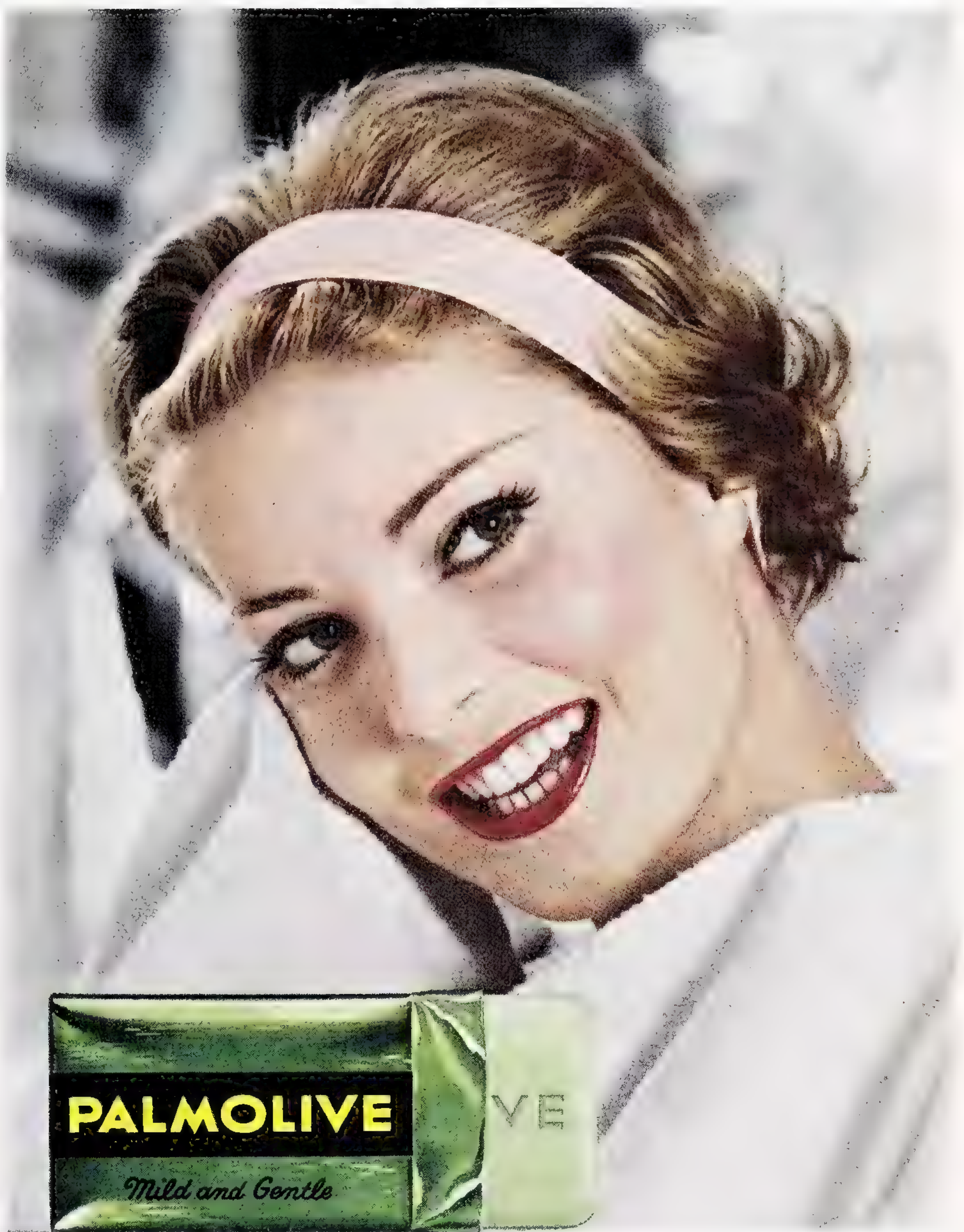
We would also like to know the age of Trevor Howard and also Leslie Howard (had he been alive today) because I personally think that their ages are too close for them to be father and son.

A. I. LIPTON
Montreal, Quebec
(continued)

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
**No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
No irritating deodorants!**



You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher
—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse
far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No
drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



**Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages**

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor *Medicated* Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.

2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.

3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

permanent scarring or pitting begins.

4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.



**SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!**

**ONLY
\$1.50
NO FED. TAX**

Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.



continued

We join forces with Mr. Lipton. Ronald Howard is the son of Leslie Howard. Trevor is not related. As for ages, there are 23 years between Trevor and Leslie, so it's quite possible for them to have been father and son. Trevor's 42 and Leslie would have been 65. Who's Ronald? He is now starring in the Sherlock Holmes TV series.—Ed.

... I've been arguing with my girlfriend about a certain actor. I say that Bud Abbott is dead and she says he isn't. Could you please help us out and tell us if he is dead, and if so, when he died?

SAMMY SANDSTONE
Buffalo, N. Y.

It's one up to your girlfriend, Sammy. Bud's very much alive and living in retirement in California.—Ed.

The Good Old Days

My family and I always enjoy reading Photoplay. We have been getting it for the past 37 years, I guess since 1920. I'm 52 years old and a long-standing movie theater fan.

I would like to see a few pictures and items from your early issues—1911 to 1920. I think other readers might like this too.

G. R. SCHERMAN
Baltimore, Md.

Would you?—Ed.

Cool, Man!

Like it would be real cool to read about that real gone kat, Jim Garner, in your publication, Photoplay.

Big Jim is way out there in nowhere land and is real deserving of a spread in your cool sheet. Let's not have any of that stalling jazz because Big Jim is real hep and exciting!!

All of them other gunslinging fellas are strictly for the birds, but Big Jim is way up on that peak of success, Daddy O!!!

THE SWINGING KATS
Merrick, L. I.

We dig you kats!—Ed.

I Had to Tell Somebody!

I am writing to ask you to please say something in your magazine about Glenn Ford's winning the Motion Picture Herald's "Top Ten Money Making Stars" poll. Surely his winning this poll is important to his career, for it is the exhibitors themselves, saying: "This man has made more money for me than any other star during 1958."

When Glenn made his first movie, I was

only four years old, and he's been my favorite since I was a little girl. I'm so happy that he won that poll, that I just had to tell somebody! At last, after twenty years of acting, Glenn is on top.

BETTY O'MALLEY
Charleston, W. Va.

Feel better? See next month's Photoplay—Ed.

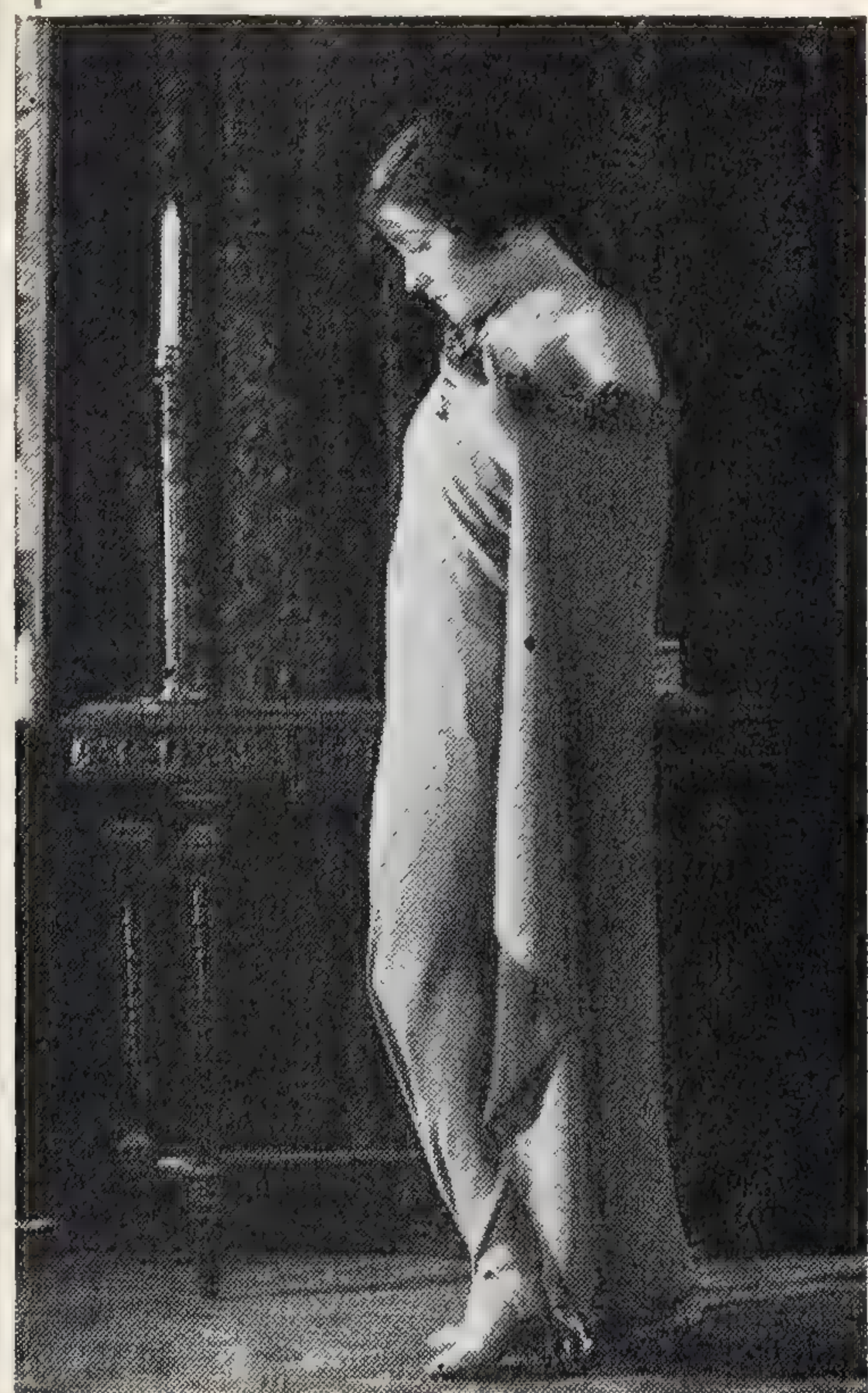
A Winner

When Photoplay ran a contest, "Win a Present From the Stars," I entered this contest—and lo and behold I won! I won the beautiful Teddy Bear given by Elvis Presley.

This is to send my most sincere thanks for the gift. I'm still all shook up. I buy Photoplay and so do my friends to get news and pics of the mighty King Elvis, as he is the Greatest.

Again, thanks a million for making it possible for me to win a present from Elvis. I shall always be grateful.

BETTY JO GILLS
Miami, Fla.



Out of the past—Gloria Swanson.

Pat's No Drip!

I would like everyone to know that Pat Boone is not a drip as some people seem to think. I know. I've met him. I went to his show about a month ago, it was a terrific show and a great thrill. After the show we waited for Pat. I went with a blind girl, Linda Helm, and another friend, president of a Pat Boone fan club. Linda is a friend of Jack Spina, Pat's agent. After a while, we went down to his dressing room. Shirley really is lovely, soooo sweet and pretty. We got Pat's autograph and asked him where to send the presents the fan club had made to send to an orphanage.

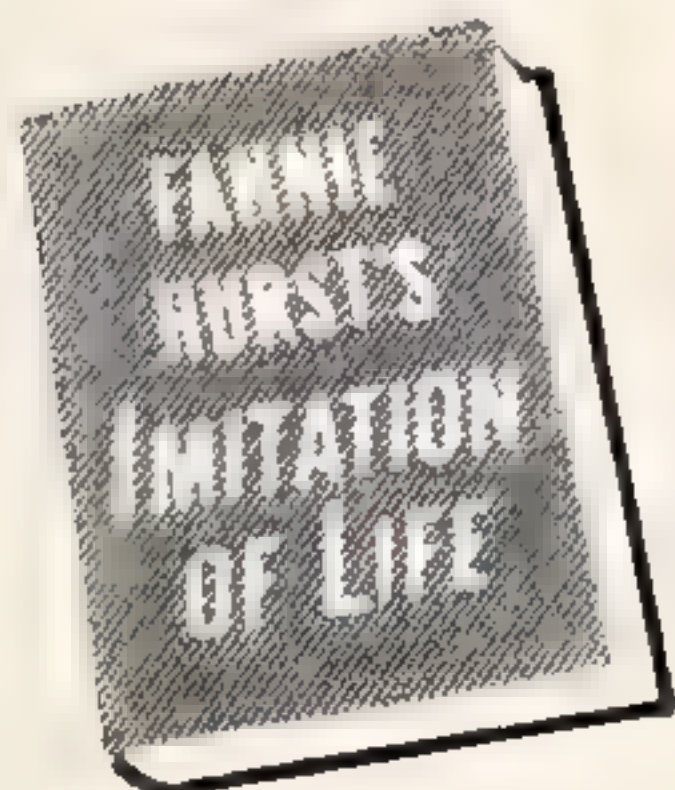
Going to his show was the greatest thrill of my life and I just wanted to tell people about it.

ANN DEMAREST
Eastchester, N.Y.

Arthur Kennedy: An Actor's Actor

I've been a Rock Hudson fan from way back and, as usual, I thought his performance in "Twilight for the Gods" was great. There was someone else in (Continued)

FANNIE HURST'S
BEST-SELLING NOVEL OF
TODAY'S TORMENTED
GENERATION!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

LANA TURNER
JOHN GAVIN

Imitation of Life

in Eastman **COLOR**

CO-STARRING

SANDRA DEE

DAN O'HERLIHY

SUSAN KOHNER

ROBERT ALDA

WITH
JUANITA MOORE

MAHALIA JACKSON

singing "Trouble of the World"

—HEAR—

EARL GRANT

sing "Imitation of Life"

"I'll get the things
I want out of life...
one way—or another.
From one man—
or another!"



"You've given me
everything a
mother could,
but the thing
I wanted
most ...
your
love!"



"The color line won't
stop me, Ma!
I look, feel,
think white
...and I'm
going to
marry
white!"



Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN and ALLAN SCOTT

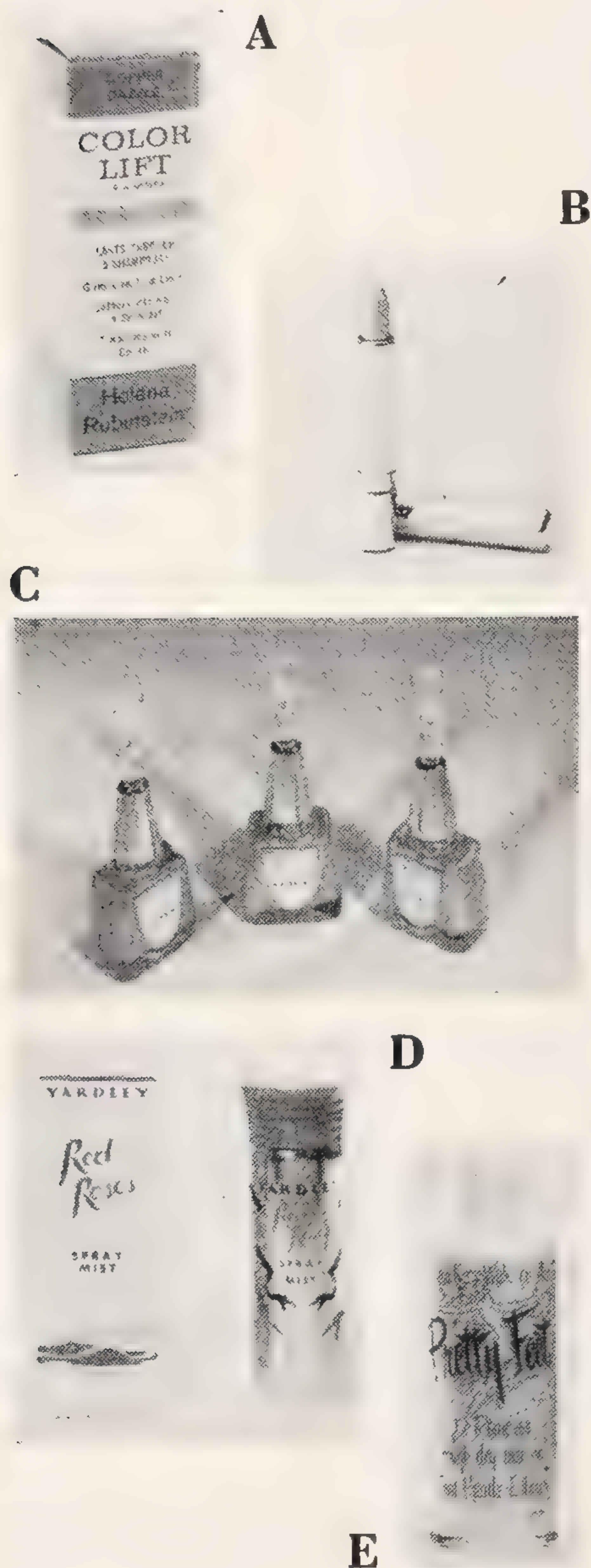
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK

Produced by ROSS HUNTER



WATCH THE ACADEMY AWARDS TELECAST APRIL 6th NBC TV

becoming attractions



A. New Color Lift temporary hair rinse by Helena Rubinstein goes on right from bottle, is designed to last through five shampoos. Enough for two times, \$1.50.*

B. Glitter makes nighttime news: Evening Eyes eye-shadow by Kurlash combines shimmering iridescence with color in five luminous shades. \$1.50.*

C. More color at hand: Pearl nail polish by Cutex in Jamaica Green, Capri Blue, Tahiti Orchid, slated to be spring and summer's fun and fashion news. 49¢.*

D. On the scent: Color excitement and perfume blend in "Red Roses," lush, full-bodied new fragrance by Yardley. Spray mist (shown), \$2.00*; cologne, \$1.50.*

E. Foot note: With Pretty Feet lotion to smooth skin, remove callouses, you can step into the sandal season without risky bathroom surgery. \$1.50*; 98¢.*

*plus tax



continued

that picture who fascinated me so much I could hardly take my eyes off him. His name, Arthur Kennedy. He was in "Peyton Place," too, wasn't he? How about telling us something about him?

PAT FAIRCLOUGH
Louisville, Ky.

Arthur Kennedy has probably had less publicity than any star of his stature—and there are reasons. Trying to get him to talk about himself has driven people like us to the brink of madness. When we met him he was more interested in us than in himself. What's more, trying to get all the facts on him is a job—he's done just about everything: acting, writing, producing, directing, etc. And when you've said all that, you've just barely begun.

But the real-life drama began forty-four years ago in Worcester, Massachusetts—from which place young John Arthur Kennedy speedily departed for engineering courses at Carnegie Tech. Extracurricular dramatics proved to be the main attraction and, shortly after graduation, Kennedy headed for New York.

"Actually, I lived with David Wayne and three or four other theater hopefuls in a West Side rooming house. Half of us slept on cots. We'd pound at Shubert Alley doors during the day and then try to whip together enough to eat for supper. With a dollar you could sometimes bring back half a delicatessen. When things were really rough Davey used to cook griddle cakes like crazy—God, when I think of the stuff I've put in my stomach."

Persistence paid off in two appearances which earned him an accolade from George M. Cohan as "the most brilliant young actor on Broadway." That was enough for James Cagney. They were having trouble casting a role in "City for Conquest," and after reading the Cohan quote, Jimmy ordered, "Get him!" He was signed without a test, had his first name lopped off, and did eleven pictures for Warners before the Air Force claimed him for a two-year stretch during the war. Since then he has freelanced successfully as a three-time Oscar nominee, alternating films with foot-light appearances—most notably in three Arthur Miller plays: "All My Sons" (which won him a New York Critics Prize), "Death of a Salesman," and "The Crucible."

From the Cross shack in "Peyton Place" to the Kennedy home in Westport, Connecticut, is roughly comparable to going from cold beans to caviar. First built in 1690, it's the oldest residence in the area—a homey, two-storied Early American structure which is furnished and decorated in the best of taste. This is the province of Mrs. Kennedy—a charming, attractive blonde who'd look good on any stage and did, twenty years ago when she was known

as Mary Cheffey and Kennedy met and married her. Much of their conversation these days is devoted to a choice of the right prep school for Terrence, fifteen, and the right girls' school for Laurie, thirteen. Also on the premises are a fourteen-year-old mixed breed named "Chippie," two cats—"Scupper" and "Papooli"—and, in the adjacent barn, a three-and-one-half-year-old ocelot named "Smidley." Ocelots, for the benefit of the uninitiated, are something like miniature leopards, only grayer. Kennedy often visits the barn for a free-for-all and has the scars to prove it.

Kennedy's main relaxation, sports-wise, is swimming—at Martha's Vineyard, where the family spent their last two summers, and in the Bahamas, which they visited last winter. "And I'm crazy about the Caribbean." Any particular spot?

"Well, there's an island that's part of the French group called St. Martin, and it's one of the few undeveloped spots down there. A group of us are thinking about buying property down there—but it's still in the planning stages. I took a vocational guidance test—that's a theory of mine, that everyone should take a vocational guidance test to find out what they're best suited for in life—and anyway, they told me I had excellent possibilities as a real estate salesman. So I figured I'd try it out on Tom Ewell. And I painted a rosy picture



Art's hard to track down for a fan.

of an island paradise, y'know, and all that, and Tommy was all ready to go. But it's still in the thinking stage." What would he do with property down there? "Oh, I'd probably get a shack on the beach and just take life easy."—Ed.

Poem for Pat

I have thought and thought
For something to say,
And here's a few things
That are on the way.
Now he's written a book
I'm sure he will find,
That he's made even more fans
Who think he's divine.
I could go on and on
There's so much to tell,
But one thing that's very true,
Mr. Boone, you're swell.

GRACE FERRIN
LeRoy, N. Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says **ELOISE McELHONE**, TV Personality

"I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better."



*A doctor's
notarized report
confirms the
weight loss of
Miss McElhone.*

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn't stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—*inches* disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

ELOISE McELHONE, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

You pay nothing if you're not satisfied with your weight loss . . . as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week!

satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat the foods you like, *without* overeating.
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3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No super will power. YOU FEEL COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED

So start reducing the REGIMEN TABLET way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you *must* be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. REGIMEN TABLETS are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

CLINICAL TEST PROVES REGIMEN TABLETS FOR "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the SEVERE 1000-calorie diet group.* This is *clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can eat the foods you like and *still* lose weight!

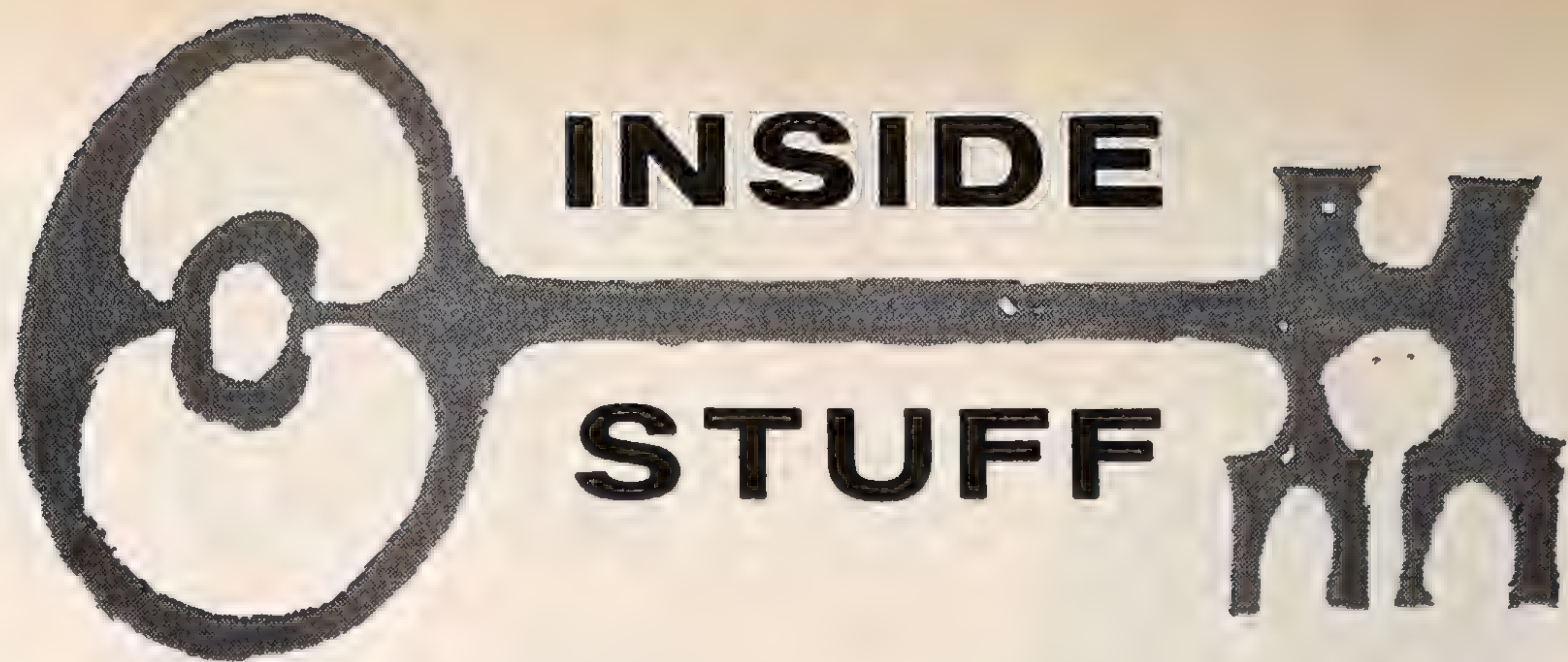


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20-day supply, only \$5
(You save \$1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.

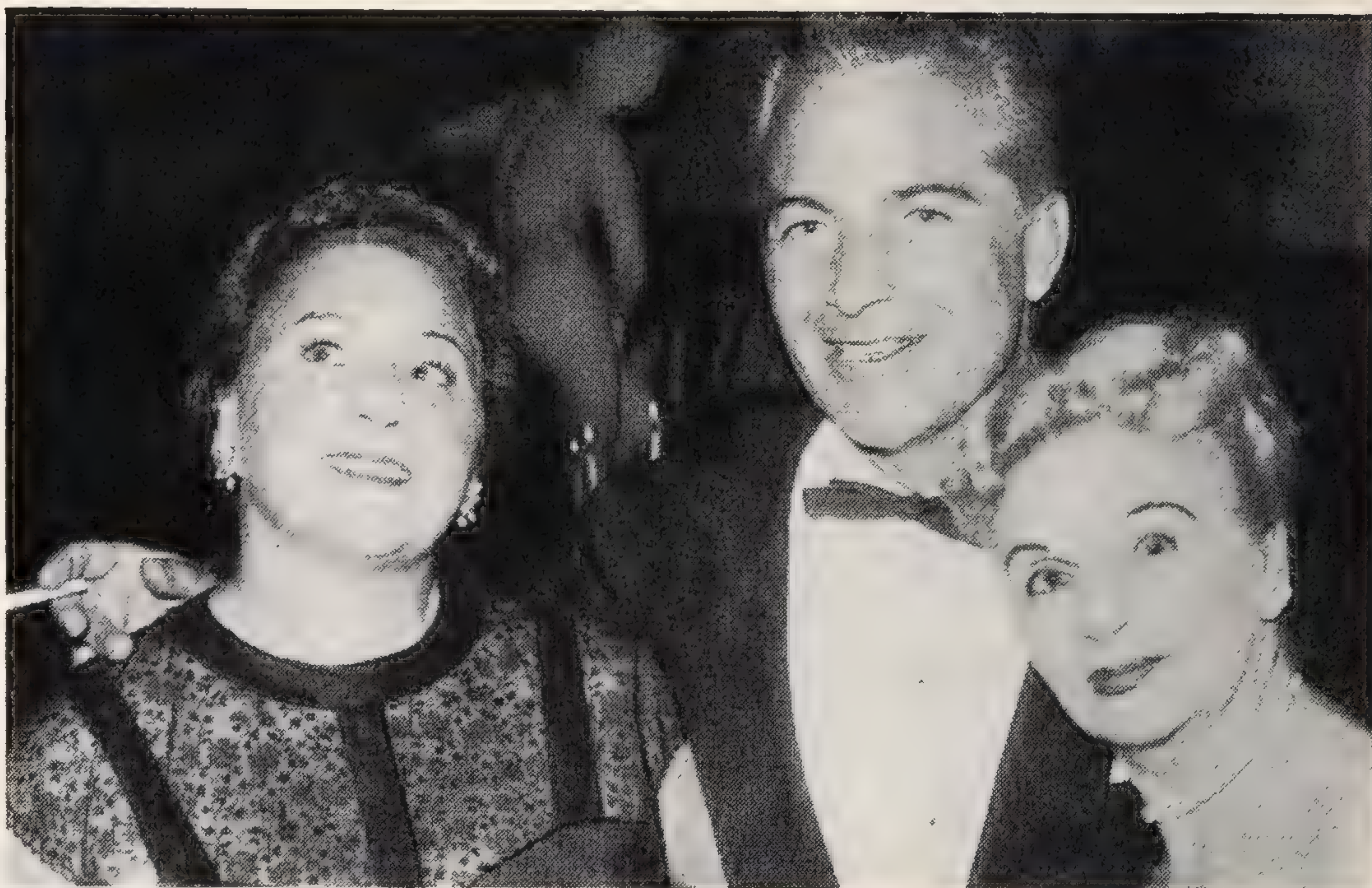
Sara Hamilton's



Bits and Pieces: **Kim Novak's** cat Pywacket grew lonely for her shepherd dog Tracy, so Kim had the dog shipped on to her "Middle of the Night" location in New York. Also planing east to visit Kim was director **Richard Quine**, with gossips wagging that she'd be "Kim Quine" by lilac time. I wonder. . . . "Too many stars leave their babies to the care of a nurse," says **Jayne Mansfield**. "Not me." Little Miklos gets special care, and, between feedings, Jayne's writing her life story. . . . The Los Angeles **Elvis Presley** fan club girls are pooling their funds, shopping for the best rates and, this summer, will take off in a body to visit Elvis in Germany. Don't they know they can start a stampede this way? . . . **Vicki Thal's** visit to **John Saxon** on his Mexico location of "The Unforgiven" came off without the delays that a frantic **Mel Ferrer** ran into when he was rushing to the same location after **Audrey Hepburn** had fallen from a horse and injured her back and ankle. Happiest news is Audrey's recovery. . . . Warners may plan on yanking handsome **James Garner** out of his "Maverick" TV series before long and shoving him into movies. Know why? Fans keep asking for him since "Up Periscope."

Ramblings: Pretty newcomer of the month is **Alena Murray** whom **Bing Crosby** chose from among twenty applicants for a role in "Say One for Me." A year ago the young lady from Montreal, Canada, was alone in Hollywood, very ill, very lonely and discouraged. Months later—success, health and happiness. It's the old Hollywood success story and a better one has never been told. . . . Hollywood has gone mad over 13-year-old **Dodie Stevens**, whose platters are the absolute most. . . . Ran into **Fred Astaire** the day before he took off for Australia and "On the Beach." A friendly, natural, real person, Fred radiates an aura of "aloneness" since the death of his beloved wife a few years ago. That T-Bird he is rumored to have given his TV dance partner, **Barry Chase**, was an act of friendship. Or so I'm told. And I love Barry's remark to a writer, "Nobody understands me but me." And sometimes I feel even Barry has her doubts.

Arriverderci, Hollywood: "Sara, come to Lydia and me on Wednesday evening,"



Ever been to a Roman feast? Come with me to Lydia and Rossani Brazzi's party.

Rossani Brazzi telephoned. "We are having a few friends in we love best before leaving." Delighted to be considered a friend of these two popular people whom I love, I trotted off to join **Van** and **Evie Johnson**, just back from picture making in Europe, and **Mitzi Gaynor** and husband **Jack Bean** who were off the next day to New York where Mitzi is making "Anniversary Waltz" with that Critics Award winner, **David Niven**. . . . My favorite Hollywood executive, that marvelous **Lew Schriber** of Twentieth Century-Fox, and his pretty wife and director **John Negulesco** (who directed Rossani and **Deborah Kerr** in "The Blessing") and his talented wife **Dusty Anderson**, joined me for dinner. And what a feast that Lydia set up! None of us are over it yet. The handsome **Ceasare Donovas** and **Nancy Sinatra** livened up the party but **Katy Jurado** sat most of the evening by herself on the couch. I'm told Katy misses **Ernie Borgnine**, who's on location in Australia, more and more. I guess it is real love between these two.

Once Over Lightly: Clap hands, everybody. The **Guy Madisons** are back together, happy with each other and their three small daughters. . . . It's a funny thing but **James**

Mason is so much taller than he appears on the screen. . . . To me **Frankie Avalon** constantly looks shy. Which is why every girl over 19 would like to "mother" the popular young singer, I suppose. Every girl under 19 just wants to date him. . . . **Cary Grant's** two Rolls Royce cars, one for his use in London and one in Hollywood, have created considerable comment, what with Cary being on the thrifty side. But, and wouldn't you know it, the cars, I hear, may be rented when not in use. Love that Grant! . . . And how about that dog-biscuit machine belonging to **Audrey Hepburn's** poodle, Famous? All Famous has to do is press a lever with his paw and out pops a biscuit!

Party of The Month: Sparks flew! Ashes fell! Brush fires raged! Neros fiddled! And still we danced at the **Arthur Cameron** party hosted by socialite **Cobina Wright**. Despite the fact immediate danger had passed, **Cornel Wilde** haunted the telephone to ask after the children while his lovely wife **Jean Wallace** hovered near. Had supper with **Eleanor Parker** and her husband, the prominent painter **Paul Clemens**. Eleanor, who has a divine figure, had just finished the movie "Hole in the Head" for U.A. with **Frank** (continued)

for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...

Revolutionary
3-layer tablet
HELPS DRAIN
ALL 8
SINUS CAVITIES



*CRITICAL
AREAS
OF COLDS
INFECTION*

- ▶ **Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion**
- ▶ **Works Through the Bloodstream**
- ▶ **Reaches all Congested Areas**
- ▶ **Shrinks Swollen Membranes**
- ▶ **Restores Free Breathing**
- ▶ **Reduces Fever**
- ▶ **Controls Postnasal Drip**

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific *Decongestant* most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for

relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

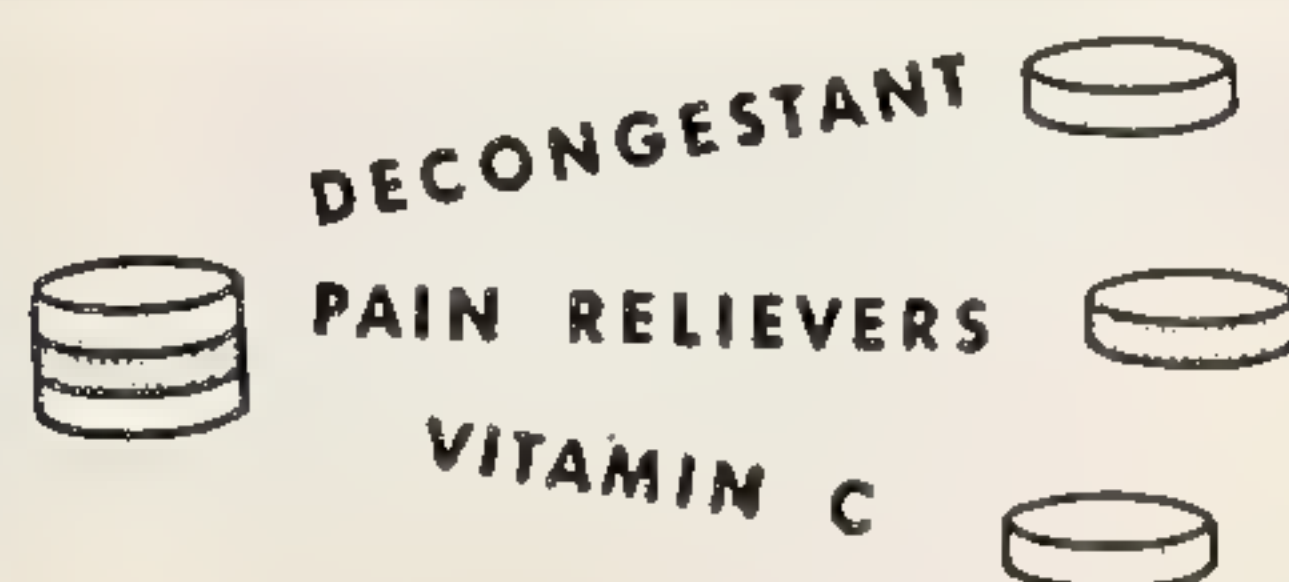
No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.

AFTER. All nose and sinus areas decongested and drained...free, comfortable breathing restored.



EXCLUSIVE! DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proved ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet.



There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** Decongestant Tablets!

New Fun! New Romance!
New Excitement!



Color your Hair

QUICKLY • SAFELY
WITHOUT BLEACHING OR DYEING

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢

NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colortint intensifies your natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. Colortint also blends-in gray hair to youthful new beauty! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—Colortint lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 fabulous shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORTINT



Nestle

HAIR COLORING SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Sinatra and was ready to celebrate. Paul told me about **Bill Holden** dropping in on him and Eleanor to say goodbye before taking off on an African safari—and then walking out with three of Paul's canvases as gifts to his wife Ardis.

Set of the Month: Whamie! **Dorothy Malone** delivered a resounding smack to **Richard Widmark's** cheek two minutes after I'd strolled onto the "Warlock" set. As we all stood there, rooted to the spot while Dick's cheek reddened, he murmured, "I guess I deserved that." . . . In her left hand Dorothy still clutched the newly-written dialogue that had prompted the action. "Don't you know your lines?" Dick demanded as they went through the rehearsal scene. "You know you're learning your lines on other people's time, don't you?" . . . Dorothy said nothing, but when it came time for the slap required in the story, she clobbered him. But that was nothing. During a second rehearsal the slap was repeated with even greater force. . . . Mr. Widmark's reflexes were perfect. With the back of his hand he belted Dorothy across the face, whereupon the lady retired to her dressing room in tears and we crept off into the sunshine of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. . . . By morning it was all over, of course. The cameraman hung a pair of boxing gloves on the set, Richard duly apologized and all was forgiven. But shy, retiring Dorothy Malone! The town can't get over it.

Around Town: It's a tender and budding romance between **Tab Hunter** and **Maria Cooper**. The other evening in Chasen's parking lot I overheard **Gary** and **Rocky Cooper** saying goodbye to Tab and Maria. off to a party somewhere. And like parents everywhere, they were solicitous about Tab's driving and getting home on time. . .

Tommy Sands is a little dubious about traveling with that young Raiders group composed of the four **Crosby** boys, **Johnny Anderson**, **Lou Klass**, **Randy Sparks**, **Ken Scott**, **Rick Strauss** and **Ed Goldstone**. And Tommy, of course. But there's a streak of earnestness about Tommy that doesn't jibe with too much horseplay. Which is probably why he and Lindsay, the youngest and most serious of the Crosby lads, are such pals.

One Thing Leads To Another: **Eddie** and **Liz**, who treated her sons to a day at Disneyland, are double-dating with Liz's ex-husband, **Mike Wilding**, and his bride. With Eddie's TV show done and gone at end of contract, the latest hot-cha has Eddie taking up residence in Las Vegas. Object: a divorce from Debbie and a wedding to Liz. A small hyplay was missed by reporters when a weary Eddie and a plump Liz showed up for dinner at Chasens to prove Liz was not a patient at Menninger's Clinic as reported. With the press and photographers, who had been tipped off, milling about, a young man dining in the bar came out to investigate the commotion. He took one look at Liz and fled. The lad? **Arthur Loew Jr.**, who had squired Liz before Eddie. . . . In the meantime, **Debbie Reynolds** keeps bouncing along from one movie to another and hopes, later this year, to enroll in the Actors Studio in New York. So, move over, Marilyn. . . . And, due to Eddie, the whole bloomin' **Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin** feud began all over again after Dean demanded—and was refused—a fully-equipped kitchen plus \$\$\$\$\$\$ for an Eddie Fisher guest spot (before Eddie went off). Eager-beaver Jerry rushed to take over—for free. The boys are madder than ever now.



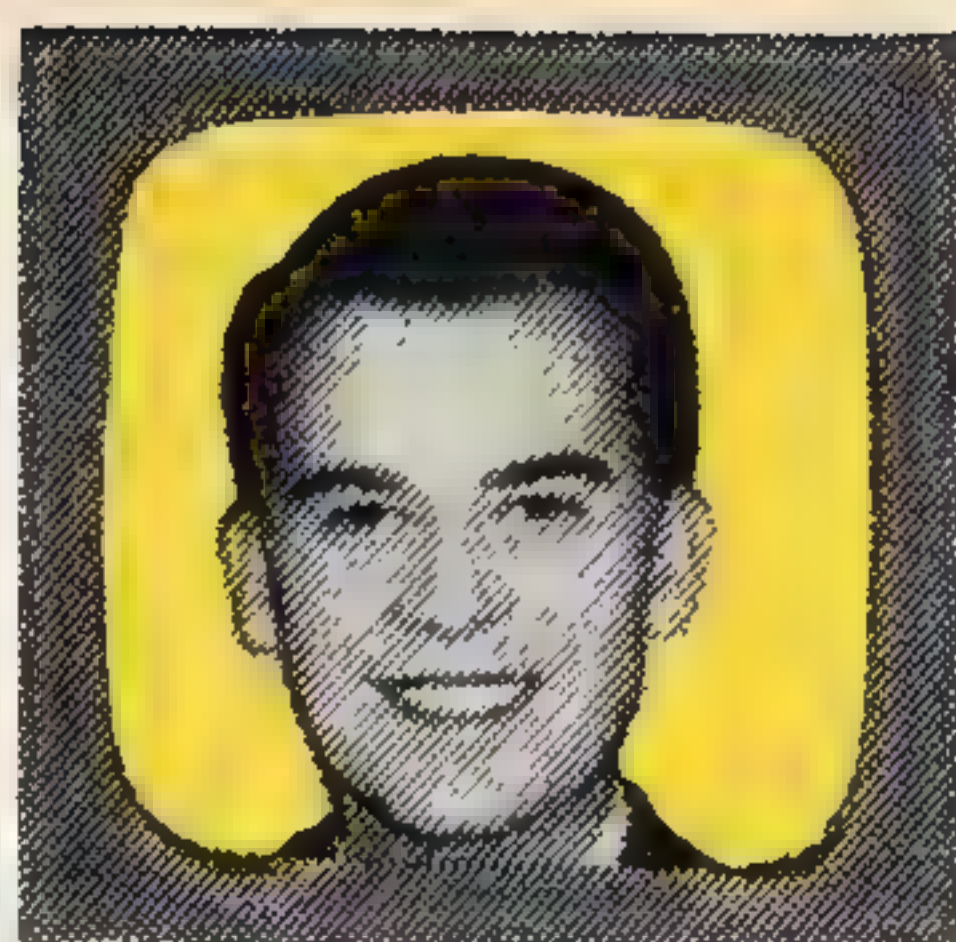
Has Tab found a real romance with Maria Cooper? That's Mrs. Cooper with them.



As I told you last month, Liz keeps her ex-husbands as friends. After she and Eddie toured Disneyland with her sons—Chris, 4, and Michael, 6—they dated with Mike Wilding, the boys' dad.

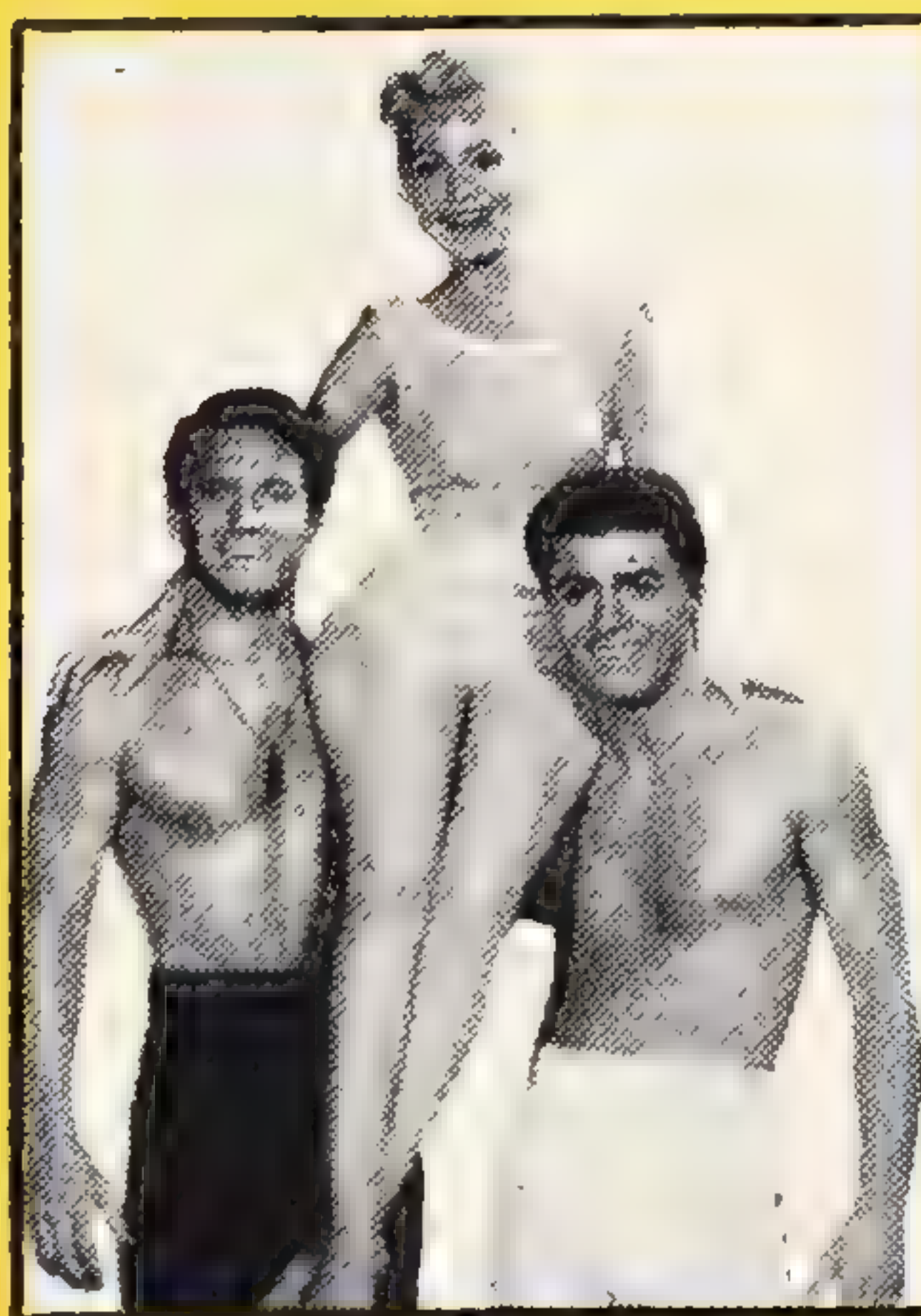
TV Jottings! **Clint Walker's** back! The lanky guy with the rumble-seat voice has ended his long feud with Warners. But here's the catch. Warners are launching him in movies and a new "Cheyenne" series. **Ty Hardin** continues as "Bronco" on a new show, too. No sooner does Clint get settled than **Jim Arness** of "Gun-smoke" splits his seams. Jim wants to make movies on the side, too. And he's darned unhappy about it. There's a real try to work things out between Jim and his wife—which is *really* good news. . . . Attending a **Lawrence Welk** rehearsal is even more fun than the show itself. Everyone, including Mr. Welk, is so comfortably relaxed: the four **Lennon Sisters** drift about, their hair in pin curls; **Alice Lon** beams on everyone. Then Mr. Welk invites me up to dance and with a hippity hop we do the Polka trot while the boys drum and strum.

Purely Personal: Spent a quiet afternoon with **Bob** and **Natalie** at their invitation. Their Laurel Canyon house, ideal for a newly married couple, is a mixture of both Bob's and Nat's furniture. Bob's tables, lamps and favorite chair blend nicely with Natalie's things, especially the huge stuffed tiger before the open fire. Their butler-cook-valet **Cavendish**, about whom the two kids have told me so much, had prepared a wonderful buffet. I ate too much, of course. And know what the young matron wears for a late afternoon at home? A long full-skirted black-and-white polka-dotted cotton house-gown. She looked so pretty. *(continued)*



DICK CLARK GOES FOR "Gidget"

"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"



She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!



The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA".

Gidget

Co-starring

SANDRA DEE • CLIFF ROBERTSON • JAMES DARREN
ARTHUR O'CONNELL with MARY LA ROCHE and Jo MORROW and THE FOUR PREPS

Screenplay by GABRIELLE UPTON • Based on the novel by FREDERICK KOHNER
Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PAUL WENDKOS
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

CINEMASCOPE EASTMAN COLOR

AMERICA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
WOMEN
APPLAUD...



WESTMORE®
Tru-Glo®
Liquid Makeup



only
39¢ PLUS TAX
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Available at leading variety
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INSIDE STUFF

continued

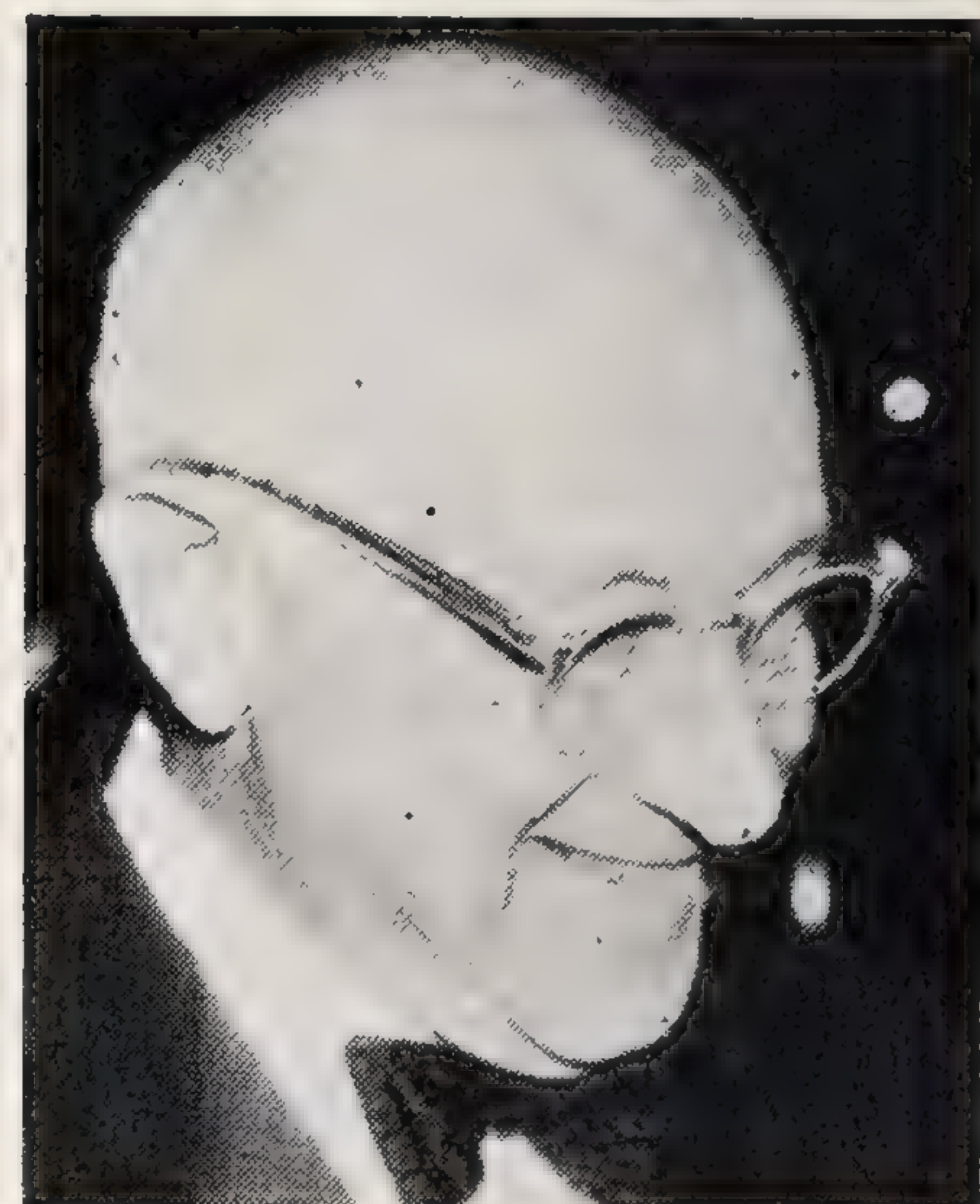


No wonder Nat loves Bob. He even found a place of honor for her stuffed tiger!

... Came home to find a beautiful bouquet of flowers from **Margaret O'Brien**, just because she's a sweet, thoughtful young lady. Or maybe Margaret just wanted to share her happiness over her engagement to **Roger Allen**, the young advertising man she'll marry late this year. ... And on Sunday to church with Paramount's President, **Mr. Y. Frank Freeman** and his lovely wife, Margaret. Such truly wonderful people. ... Chatted with **Mrs. Tyrone Power** at **Don Loper's** elegant soiree and found her a natural, outspoken young woman, much prettier than her newspaper pictures. At present Debbie Power has no plans beyond taking care of the son Ty wanted so much. However, she likes California and may just stay on.

Cal York's Jottings:

Eva Marie Saint and Jeff Hayden adore their new home in Mandeville Canyon. These confirmed New Yorkers seem happy to have Westward Ho-ed permanently. ... **Joanne Dru** accepted **Lew Ayres'** engagement ring so expect wedding bells in the near future. ... **Stan Freberg** tied the knot with his secretary, **Jean Andresen**. ... **Carolyn Jones'** husband, **Aaron Spelling**, has written a new comedy, "I Love My Wife, But—" just for her. ... **Curt Jergens'** fans will be able to glimpse his bride, Simone, in his movie "Ferry to Hong Kong." Simone shows real talent, even in her small part. ... **Hugh O'Brian**, who doesn't lightly toss his money around, telephoned starlet **Stella Stevens** almost every day from London. Stella is 20th Century-Fox's new find and Hugh dearly loves that "new girl in town" routine. ... **Gia Scala's** father, **Pietro Scoglio**, arrived in Hollywood to meet Gia's beau, **Don Burnett**. They liked each other immediately. ...



On Paramount's back lot, the children of Israel were preparing their great exodus from the land of Egypt, the last time I chatted with the late **Cecil B. DeMille**, the pioneer director who was filming "The Ten Commandments," and though the sun was hot, the lot dusty, the extras restless, Mr. DeMille chatted amiably. But he held firmly to the reins with which he had guided his career of 45 years of movie-making to two Oscars and the Irving Thalberg Memorial Award. ... Colorful in dress, with riding breeches, puttees, cap on backwards, he created stars as easily as some men wish upon them. His "Ten Commandments," which stands as a memorial to this genius of Hollywood, is showing in almost every country, applauded by people of all religions. He was one of the few giants who made Hollywood—and who loved it. He was only "colossal."

LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Hanging Tree

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a story that keeps out of the old wagon ruts, Gary Cooper, at his western best, meets a leading lady who's a real match for him. A doctor in an 1870's Montana gold-mining camp, Coop's a brooding, stand-offish type, kind to his patients, but tough when he has to be. And he tries to run other people's lives. First, he takes on Ben Piazza, as a kid he rescues from a lynching. A newcomer from the Broadway stage, Ben has the Greek-statue sort of good looks—cropped blond curls, blue eyes, full lips—but his bearing gives you the idea there's going to be an explosion any minute. The second person the doctor tries to dominate is a Swiss immigrant girl, only survivor of a stagecoach hold-up. Maria Schell (pictured bottom left with Gary) started her American career with a classic, "The Brothers Karamazov," but she's much more at ease in this western! She makes a convincing pioneer woman when she and Ben cut loose on their own and team up in a gold-mining venture. They bring in a third partner, a baddie, but their mistake is a break for us, 'cause it gives Karl Malden a chance at some fancy acting. The details are fine; you feel as if you're right there in that rugged mountain camp, with trouble coming at you as trigger-fast as Gary's draw.

FAMILY

The Sound and the Fury

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ If you liked "The Long, Hot Summer," you'll love this screen adaptation of still another William Faulkner novel. It plunges Joanne Woodward into a mixed-up Southern family again, but its emotions run deeper, and its people's problems are worked out more believably. Most important, it has Yul Brynner (pictured top left with Joanne and Ethel Waters). For the first time, he plays a present-day American, wearing ordinary business suits and well-clipped (if slightly receding) hair. And he's still a most remarkable man—it's hard to keep your eyes off him. As head of the household, he considers himself Joanne's guardian. The situation makes her furious, because he isn't even a blood relative, only her late grandfather's stepson. (That shows you just how mixed-up the family is.) You'll find a whole gallery of splendid performances: Margaret Leighton as Joanne's mother, a faded beauty, pathetic, selfish and weak (especially on morals); Jack Warden as Joanne's uncle, a hulking man with the mind of a child; Ethel Waters as the old servant who is, next to Yul, the strongest personality in the house; Stuart Whitman as a hot-blooded young drifter who's going to take Joanne away from all this—she thinks. Though Joanne is no teenager, what she's really involved in here is the wistful, wonderful, worrisome business of growing up.

ADULT

It Happened to Jane

COLUMBIA, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Happily, this picture is a lot like Doris Day as we love her: bubbling over with fun, but full of practical common sense, too. As a young widow in a small town in
 (continued)



I dreamed I was a heavenly body in my maidenform bra!*

Look what just landed from out of this world! Blue Horizon—probably the *prettiest* bra on earth! Heaven-blue embroidery with a *hand-made* look—and only Maidenform makes it!



Silky white cotton deliciously iced with lace, gently rounded to the new ladylike lines.

maidenform
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

In this dream of a package—just 3.00.
 Price slightly higher in Canada.

MOVIES *continued*

Maine, she's trying to make a living by selling lobsters. For this, she needs good train service—and she can't get it, because the railroad's owned by Ernie Kovacs. He does a hilarious caricature of the big boss who tramples all over everybody: his employees, commuters, the general public. Jack Lemmon, one of our smartest light comedians, is shy instead of brash this time, as a hick-town lawyer who is Doris' steady but can't get up the nerve to propose. Then along comes a rival—handsome, blond Steve Forrest, as a newspaperman who helps Doris (below, right, with Jack Lemmon) get her case into print and on TV. For a while, it looks as if her fellow townsmen will give her about as much support as Gary Cooper got in "High Noon." It's a nice, friendly movie, rippling along with quiet chuckles.

FAMILY

The Black Orchid

PARAMOUNT

✓✓✓ What do you expect of a picture with a sexy-sinister title like that and two stars like fiery Anthony Quinn and voluptuous Sophia Loren (below, center)? Well, that isn't what you get. It's a pleasant surprise, a warm and sympathetic family story, like a look inside your neighbor's house. The gentle courtship of Anthony and Sophia, widower and widow, Italian-Americans, runs into complications. She has a young son (Jimmie Baird) who is a delinquent; Tony has a daughter who is bitterly jealous of Sophia. Ina Balin, a refreshing new face, makes you understand this girl, even though you get as exasperated with her as her young fiancé (Mark Richman) does.

FAMILY

Up Periscope

WARNERS: WARNER-SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ What a crew this sub has! In this brisk World War II thriller, we come aboard with debonair James Garner (below left with Alan Hale), a frogman

who is to be ferried to a near-suicidal mission on a Jap-held island. It isn't a happy undersea ship, he finds; skipper Edmond O'Brien puts the safety of his craft and its full personnel ahead of individual lives. Lanky Carleton Carpenter and good-looking William Leslie are second and third in command, and if you look hard you'll see Edd Byrnes in a ridiculously small role. (Somebody goofed!) There isn't much time for romance; Jim lovingly recalls a brief interlude with Andra Martin.

Tempest

PARAMOUNT; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Scenes of sweeping, powerful spectacle give this historical drama its chief excitement. It concerns 18th Century Russians, but that's about the only nationality that *doesn't* get into the act. A French-Italian company shot it in Yugoslavia with a cast from all over the place, including Hollywood. In the reign of Catherine the Great (Viveca Lindfors), a revolt is being organized by a rough, tough, red-bearded peasant (Van Heflin). When violence breaks out at a lonely post on the steppe, it involves two loyal young lovers, Army officer Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano, his commander's daughter. Van and Geoff, who cuts a dashing figure in uniform, give the story moments of humanity, in spite of some terribly stiff dialogue.

FAMILY

No Name on the Bullet

the Bullet U-I;
CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ As "Maverick" proves on TV, a sense of humor is a big help in a western, and Audie Murphy's latest has a script with a neat ironic slant. It isn't a whodunit; the question here is: Who's gonna get it? Audie's a professional killer; when he rides into town, everybody knows somebody's number is up. But whose? About the only party with a clear conscience is doc Charles Drake, who can't keep the nervous citizens from shooting each other—or themselves. With

his baby face and modest size, Audie is still a frightening desperado. **FAMILY**

The Unvanquished (Aparajito)

HARRISON

✓✓✓ Sequel to India's well-regarded film "Panther Panchali," this has the same mixture of poetic beauty and grubby realism, exotic backgrounds and familiar emotions. With his young parents, the delightful small boy *Apu* has moved from their hungry home village to Benares, on the sacred Ganges River. He darts through the tenement and the city streets with lively curiosity. And he finds another world to explore after his father's death, when his mother's work as a servant takes them far into the Bengal countryside. Even as a ten-year-old, he's eager for learning. As a teenager, he goes alone to Calcutta to continue his education, taking a job on the side. His mother won't hold him back—but she resents his ambition. Their changing relationship is treated profoundly and tenderly. **ADULT**

These Thousand Hills

Sand Hills 20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ When a western slows down to concentrate on character instead of action, the characters had better be interesting. Several talented young players put up a good fight here, but the script is too obvious. While cowhand Don Murray goes after money and respectability, he edges away from old friends. Dance-hall "hostess" Lee Remick lends him money to start ranching, then gets brushed off after he meets Patricia Owens, who's very much the lady. Stuart Whitman can't stand Don's snobbery, and when these ex-partners meet again the outcome is tragic.

ADULT

Never Steal Anything Small

CINEMASCOPE. EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ If this peculiar movie measured up to James Cagney's star performance, we'd really have something. He's a joy to watch, with his perfect comedy timing



JEAN SIMMONS starring in "THIS EARTH IS MINE"

A Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope and Technicolor—A Vintage Production



“No other beauty soap quite so gentle”

says Jean Simmons

The specialness of Lux is the gentleness of Lux. It radiates in the softness of the world's loveliest complexions. Like Jean Simmons. Like those of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars who use Lux regularly. Discover for yourself . . . the caressing lather that makes your skin feel so smooth . . . the quiet fragrance that blends so softly with your own perfume . . . and the natural gentleness of Lux. Lever Brothers guarantees you'll love Lux or your money will be refunded in full.

That's the beauty of LUX

MOVIES *continued*

and strong personal charm—a great old pro. But the story brazenly chooses to make fun of graft and thuggery in waterfront unions, and it hasn't the style to carry off such an outrageous joke. Jimmy (below with Cara Williams) is a smooth hoodlum who plans to be king of the longshoremen. While he's at it, he buys and corrupts a young lawyer, with the idea of stealing the lawyer's pretty wife. Roger Smith and Shirley Jones look appealing in these roles. The movie goes only halfway in its aim to be a musical; songs done by Jimmy, Shirley and Cara Williams (a smart, seductive gal) are so entertaining that you want more. **FAMILY**

The Mistress

HARRISON

✓✓ From Japan comes an affecting story of half a century ago, starring lovely Hideko Takamine, top favorite in her own land. It seems that Japan in 1900 was no place for a female. Poor Hideko, at heart a virtuous girl, is driven by poverty into the life of a kept woman. As her protector, a mean moneylender, Eijiro Tono manages to make you feel a little sorry for this shabby-spirited man. The settings and the details of everyday living have a steady fascination, but the general tone of the movie is as sentimental as the period of its story. **ADULT**

Intent to Kill

20TH.
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Filmed in Canada, a suspense melodrama set in a big hospital produces a reasonable amount of tension. As an earnest young surgeon, Richard Todd discovers that the life of a mysterious patient is in double danger. Herbert Lom comes through a very serious brain operation successfully, but after that assassins are out to get him. As it turns out, doc and patient each have a cheating wife. Todd's is threatening to start a scandal over his association with Betsy Drake, a charming interne. **FAMILY**



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Powerful but slow. (A) February

✓✓✓ BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Dashing pirate Yul Brynner helps Charlton (Andy Jackson) Heston win the War of 1812. Inger Stevens plays Yul's rather chilly beloved. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Bright version of Shaw's play. That charmer Leslie Caron appeals to top medicos of 1900 to save her husband, Dirk Bogarde. But is he worth saving? (A) March

✓✓✓ HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Superb work by Alec Guinness as an eccentric painter raising general havoc. Delightfully nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A.: The true story of a California woman executed for murder is hard to take but well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant portrait of moral abandon and heartbreak. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Expert romantic drama reunites "The King and I" team. In the Hungarian revolt, Soviet officer Yul Brynner decides the fate of refugees including Deborah Kerr and her lover, Jason Robards, Jr. Yul's his old bald self in this one. (A) March

✓✓ LONELYHEARTS—U.A.: Bitter newspaper story casts Monty Clift as idealistic writer of an advice column, Dolores Hart as his sweetheart. Editor Robert Ryan tells Monty people are all fakers. Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer. (A) March

✓✓✓ PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Winningly wacky. Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Paris fling, with Janet Leigh as a pretty but prissy WAC. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ RALLY' ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: All out for laughs! A new missile base and a jet-propelled siren create funny woes for suburban couple Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) December

✓✓ REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage romp goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. The recipe sounded yummy, but the cake sank. (F) February

✓ SENIOR PROM—Columbia: Watch newcomer Paul Hampton, rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer, romances Jill Corey in a campus musical. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) January

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BLACK ORCHID, THE—Paramount. Directed by Martin Ritt: *Rose Bianco*, Sophia Loren; *Frank Valente*, Anthony Quinn; *Mary Valente*, Ina Balin; *Ralphie Bianco*, Jimmy Baird; *Noble*, Mark Richman; *Giulia Gallo*, Naomi Stevens; *Alma Gallo*, Virginia Vincent; *Joe*, Joe Di Reda; *Henry Gallo*, Frank Puglia; *Luisa*, Majel Barrett; *Paul*, Scotti Vito; *Consuelo*, Zolya Talma; *Tony Bianco*, Jack Washburn; *Mr. Harmon*, Whit Bissell; *Priest*, Robert Carricart.

HANGING TREE, THE—Warners. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Doc Frail*, Gary Cooper; *Elizabeth*, Maria Schell; *Frenchy*, Karl Malden; *Rune*, Ben Piazza; *Grubb*, George C. Scott; *Mr. Flannce*, Karl Swenson; *Mrs. Flannce*, Virginia Gregg; *Society Red*, John Dierkes; *Wonder*, King Donovan.

INTENT TO KILL—20th. Directed by Jack Cardiff: *Bob McLaurin*, Richard Todd; *Nancy Ferguson*, Betsy Drake; *Juan Menda*, Herbert Lom; *Finch*, Warren Stevens; *Francisco Flores*, Carlo Justini; *O'Brien*, Paul Carpenter; *Dr. McNeill*, Alexander Knox; *Carla Menda*, Lisa Gastoni; *Kral*, Peter Arne; *Margaret McLaurin*, Catherine Boyle; *Boyd*, John Crawford.

IT HAPPENED TO JANE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Jane Osgood*, Doris Day; *George Denham*, Jack Lemmon; *Harry Foster Malone*, Ernie Kovacs; *Larry Hall*, Steve Forrest; *Billy Osgood*, Teddy Rooney; *Selwyn Harris*, Casey Adams; *Uncle Otis*, Russ Brown; *Crawford Sloan*, Walter Greaza; *Homer Bean*, Parker Fennelly; *Matilda Runyon*, Mary Wickes; *Wilbur Peterson*, Philip Coolidge; *Aaron Caldwell*, John Cecil Holm.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL—U-I. Directed by Charles Lederer: *Jack MacIllancy*, James Cagney; *Linda Cabot*, Shirley Jones; *Dan Cabot*, Roger Smith; *Winnipeg*, Cara Williams; *Penelli*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Words Cannon*, Royal Dano; *Okay Merritt*, Horace McMahon; *Fats*, Sanford Seegar; *Lennie*, Herbie Faye; *Hymie*, Billy Green; *Ed*, Robert Wilkie; *Sleep*

Out Charlie, Jack Albertson; *Ginger*, Virginia Vincent.

NO NAME ON THE BULLET—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *John Gant*, Audie Murphy; *Anne*, Joan Evans; *Dr. Luke Canfield*, Charles Drake; *Asa Canfield*, R. G. Armstrong; *Earl Stricker*, Karl Swenson; *Sheriff*, Willis Bouche; *Thad Pierce*, Whit Bissell; *Miller*, Jerry Paris; *Sid*, Charles Watts; *Judge Benson*, Edgar Stehli; *Lou Fraden*, Warren Stevens; *Lou's Girl*, Virginia Grey; *Henry Reeger*, Simon Scott; *Ben Chaffec*, John Alderson.

SOUND AND THE FURY, THE—20th. Directed by Martin Ritt: *Jason*, Yul Brynner; *Quentin*, Joanne Woodward; *Caddy*, Margaret Leighton; *Charles Busch*, Stuart Whitman; *Dilsey*, Ethel Waters; *Ben Compson*, Jack Warden; *Mrs. Compson*, Françoise Rosay; *Howard*, John Beal; *Earl*, Albert Dekker; *Luster*, Stephen Perry; *T.P.*, William Gunn; *Job*, Roy Glenn.

TEMPEST—Paramount. Directed by Alberto Lattuada: *Masha*, Silvana Mangano; *Pugachov*, Van Heflin; *Catherine the Great*, Viveca Lindfors; *Peter Griniev*, Geoffrey Horne; *Savelic*, Oscar Homolka; *Captain Miranov*, Robert Keith; *Vassilissa*, Agnes Moorehead; *Svabrin*, Helmut Dantine; *Count Griniev*, Finlay Currie; *Prosecutor*, Vittorio Gassman; *Major Zurin*, Lawrence Naismith; *Minister*, Claudio Gora.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: *Lat Evans*, Don Murray; *Jehu*, Richard Egan; *Callie*, Lee Remick; *Joyce*, Patricia Owens; *Tom Ping*, Stuart Whitman; *Conrad*, Albert Dekker; *Ram Butler*, Harold J. Stone; *Carmichael*, Royal Dano; *Jen*, Jean Willes; *Whitney*, Douglas Fowley; *Sally*, the Cook, Fuzzy Knight; *Godwin*, Robert Adler; *Miss Fran*, Barbara Morrison; *Gorham*, Ned Wever; *Happy*, Ken Renard; *McLean*, Steve Darrell; *Chenault*, Tom Greenway; *Little Runner*, Frank Lavier; *Brother Van*, Nelson Leigh; *Frenchy*, Ben Wright; *Strain*, Jesse Kirkpatrick; *Swede*, John Epper.

UP PERISCOPE—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Ken*, James Garner; *Stevenson*, Edmond O'Brien; *Sally*, Andra Martin; *Malone*, Alan Hale; *Carney*, Carleton Carpenter; *Mount*, Frank Gifford; *Doherty*, William Leslie; *Peck*, Richard Bakalyan; *Ash*, Edward Byrnes; *Floyd*, Sean Garrison; *York*, Henry Kulky.



Is it true...
blondes
 have more
 fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it. The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Lady Clairol Instant Whip, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
 a blonde's best friend is

NEW Lady Clairol® INSTANT WHIP* Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

From this very moment...

Fresh New Beauty begins with

Zest

...that
radiant,
glowing clean,
naturally
lovely look!

And now to complement your fresh new beauty,
Zest offers this added beauty bonus—

HAZEL BISHOP LIPSTICK ▶

The first touch of Zest's gentle, smooth lather leaves your complexion radiantly aglow—free from dulling soap film. And Zest washes away skin bacteria to protect your complexion—gives it a fresher, clearer, more naturally lovely look. Discover the fresh new beauty of Zest *now* and get the added beauty bonus of Hazel Bishop lipstick.



Send 2 Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ for your Hazel Bishop lipstick. Offer limited!

SPECIAL OFFER

Lipstick, Department E-3
P. O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me a Hazel Bishop lipstick.

My hair color is: Blond _____ Brunette _____
Brownette _____ Redhead _____ Grey _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii. Offer expires August 31, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.

#1

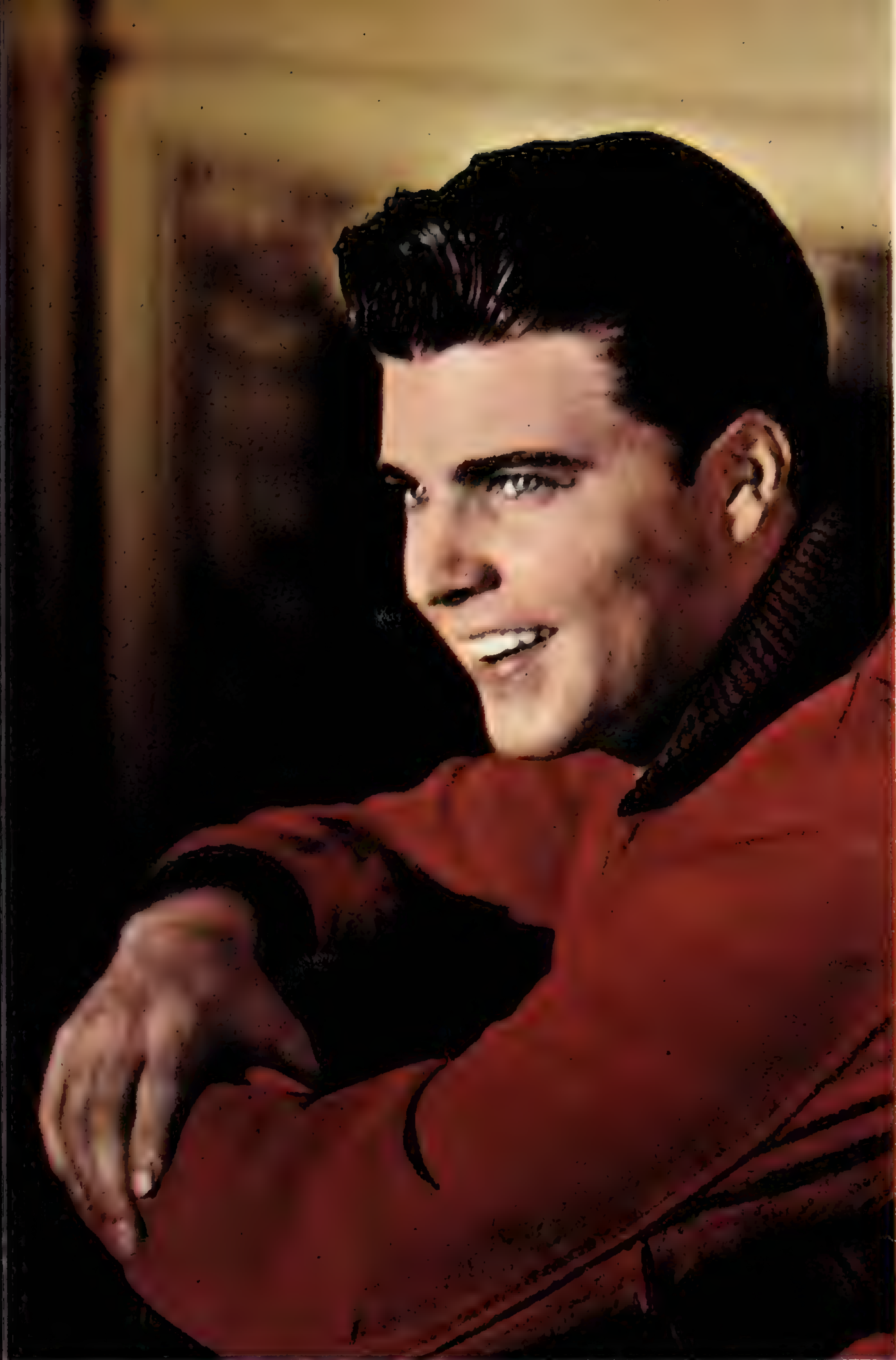
of a
new pinup
series



YOUNG MAN WITH GUITAR

Rick Nelson





YOUNG MAN WITH GUITAR

Rick is kind of shy, but awfully sweet
Just as nice a boy as you'll ever meet.
He likes a picnic or a moonlight ride—
Of course with a pretty girl at his side.
One minute he's serious, next he grins,
Then laughs out loud when fun begins.
So if you're natural and not too slick
You're really the perfect girl for Rick.



what I



I wrote a note to Debbie asking her if I could see her but I never dreamed she would invite me to visit her and that we two would sit and talk

As far back as I can remember, my favorite actress has been Debbie Reynolds. The first time I saw her was in "Singing in the Rain." It was in 1952 and I was seven years old and we were living in Weisbaden, Germany. My father's a major in the Air Force so we move around quite a lot.

From that day on she became my idol and since then I've cut out every picture of her I can find in magazines and newspapers—I've boxes full—and when we've moved house, those boxes have always been the first thing I've packed.

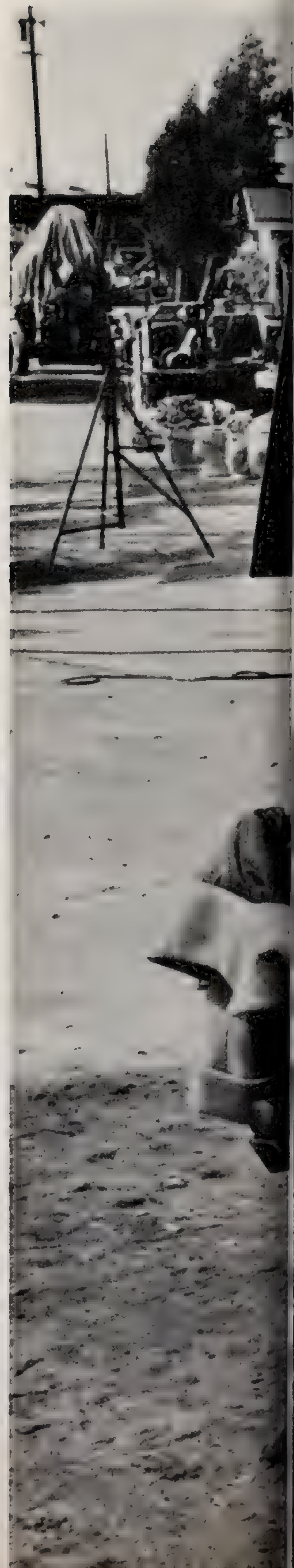
When I was younger (I'm fourteen now) I used to dream about her. I'd imagine all sorts of ways I could possibly get to see her. But never once did I dream that someday I'd really meet Debbie Reynolds.

The day I saw all those newspaper headlines and big stories about Debbie, Eddie and Elizabeth Taylor, I felt like running and telling her how sorry I was. But I reasoned that it would be foolish to try and get to Debbie when

every important writer in the country would probably be standing in line waiting to talk to her. But I did live nearby, in Inglewood which is only a few miles from Hollywood. Maybe I could see her . . .

I found out who Debbie's agent was and wrote him a letter. It took me ever so long before I finally got what I wanted down on paper. I explained that I'd admired Debbie for years and then I practically told him my whole life story! I thought that maybe that way he would understand that I was sincere. I promised him that if he could arrange an interview, I'd be very appreciative and vowed I'd not say a thing which would make her feel bad. And I added as a P.S. that I'd love to meet her on the set of a picture most of all.

Two weeks passed. I ran home from school every day to check the mail. After fourteen days I began to give up hope. On the morning of November 7th, I was in the school library studying for an exam. I just happened to look out of the window when I *(continued)*



by PAM LARNER, 14, Inglewood, Calif.

found out from Debbie!





When I saw the expression in Debbie's eyes, I knew she was very brave . . .

saw my mother coming down the school walk! What had happened? I darted out of the library and caught her by the arm. She turned around, didn't say a word but just held out a powder blue envelope addressed to me. I ripped open the envelope—it was *the* letter. Debbie Reynolds had written to me!

I stood there in the hallway and began to read. At first it just seemed to be a bunch of words, handwritten ones. "Mommy, it's personally handwritten," I screamed. Then I let out a groan.

"What's wrong?" Mother asked.

I was almost in tears. "Mommy, Debbie invited me to come to the studio Thursday, November 6th, at four o'clock—that was yesterday!"

We looked at the postmark on the envelope—it was dated November 3rd. There was only one answer, somehow the letter must have been lost. It had taken four days to travel twelve miles. We stared at each other, speechless. Then Mother put her arm around me and said not to worry. She promised to go straight home and call the studio and try to find someone to deliver a message to Debbie explaining what had happened. "I'm sure when Debbie realizes it wasn't your fault," she said softly, "she'll give you another appointment."

I went back to the library but just couldn't concentrate. When lunch time came I couldn't even look at food. Then in algebra class, a monitor brought a note asking me to come to the principal's office. My heart began to beat very fast. I was told that my mother had just called to say that she'd been able to get a message through to Debbie. The person taking the message said she'd see to it that Debbie got it right away. The studio promised Mommy they'd call her back as soon as they could. It only took ten minutes. Evidently, as soon as Debbie learned what had happened, she had them call Mother back and say I could come over that afternoon at four. I couldn't believe it! Since this was more or less a school project—I planned to use the interview in a term paper—I was allowed to go home right away. Everyone at school was darn nice—they even let me miss a test.

By the time I reached home I was in a panic. I had gone swimming in gym class that morning and my hair was still damp and straight as a board. Mother handed me some bobbies and a can of hair spray. I put my

Dear Pam,
Received your note and
will be happy to give you
an interview on Thursday
November 6th at 4 o'clock
in the afternoon. Come to
M.G.M. studios, to the
casting office on Washington
Blvd. There will be a pass
there for you, and they
will tell you where to go.

Sincerely
Debbie Reynolds

hair up in pin curls and rushed into my bedroom to find something to wear. I wanted so much to look nice. I chose my favorite plain cotton dress.

We were out the front door when Mother realized she didn't know how to get to M-G-M. We went back in and called a neighbor for directions. When we told her why we wanted them, she offered to come along for the ride and show us. She was excited too.

I was so nervous by this time I couldn't sit still in the car. And I kept leaning forward and looking in the driver's mirror to see if I looked all right and not too flustered. All sorts of thoughts kept spinning around in my head. Would Debbie be as pretty in person? What would she say? Would she look very sad? Would I be disappointed? Would she be easy to talk to? But more than anything else I worried . . . would I know what to say? I had questions ready, but would I be calm enough to ask them?

The next thing I knew the car had stopped.

"We're here," Mother said. Then she (*continued*)

SCOOP

Debbie: "With two beautiful



Debbie's a wonderful mother as well as a star and I knew this by the look in her eyes when she spoke of her babies.



children and work you love—what more can you ask?

took me aside and whispered, "Don't be scared and good luck." She kissed me.

I walked along Washington Boulevard looking at the high stone wall that prevents people from being able to see into the studio. Then I noticed a sign that said, "Casting Dept." I had been told to pick up my pass there.

I walked in, trying very hard not to be too nervous.

There was a uniformed policeman sitting at a desk. I walked up to him.

"I'm Pam Lerner. I have an appointment with Debbie Reynolds. There should be a pass for me."

He smiled, then pulled open *(Continued on page 86)*





please don't come too close-

S

andra, is that you?" His voice came over the telephone, just as deep as it ought to be when you measure six-feet-two from your crewcut to your white bucks. "What time should I pick you up tonight?"

I was glad he couldn't see my face as I answered, "You'll never believe what's happened."

There was a pause at his end of the line and then he said, "What?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. I . . . uh . . . I've been shot!"

"You've been *what*?"

"We were shooting this scene. I didn't tell you I was making a western, did I? Well, you know we use blank bullets, but if they hit you, you can sometimes get hurt anyway. Well . . . um . . . one of them hit me."

"Gosh Sandy," he said, "that's awful. Are you hurt bad?"

"Oh, it's only a shoulder wound," I said bravely.

"Well, who shot you?"

"I was ambushed by an Indian."

"Did you pass out?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I . . . uh . . . I just staggered a bit and then someone caught me."

"Did you bleed a lot?"

"No, only a little. It's just a flesh wound."

"Gosh!"

"I told you you wouldn't believe it."

"How'd you get to the doctor? On a stretcher?"

"Well, there's always a doctor on the lot. He just came over to our set and tended me there."

"Oh, I see. Well did you have to come home in an ambulance?"

"Yes, but it was a small ambulance. And they didn't turn on the sirens."

"Is the bullet still in your shoulder?"

"Oh, no, they took it out right there on the set."

"What'd they do with the bullet?"

(Continued on page 94)

I've got the **MUMPS**

by SANDRA DEE

Take a tip from me. If you've got to be sick, cheer yourself up with a pretty blue blanket and a frilly bed-jacket. Honest, it's better than penicillin.



Nick Adams—

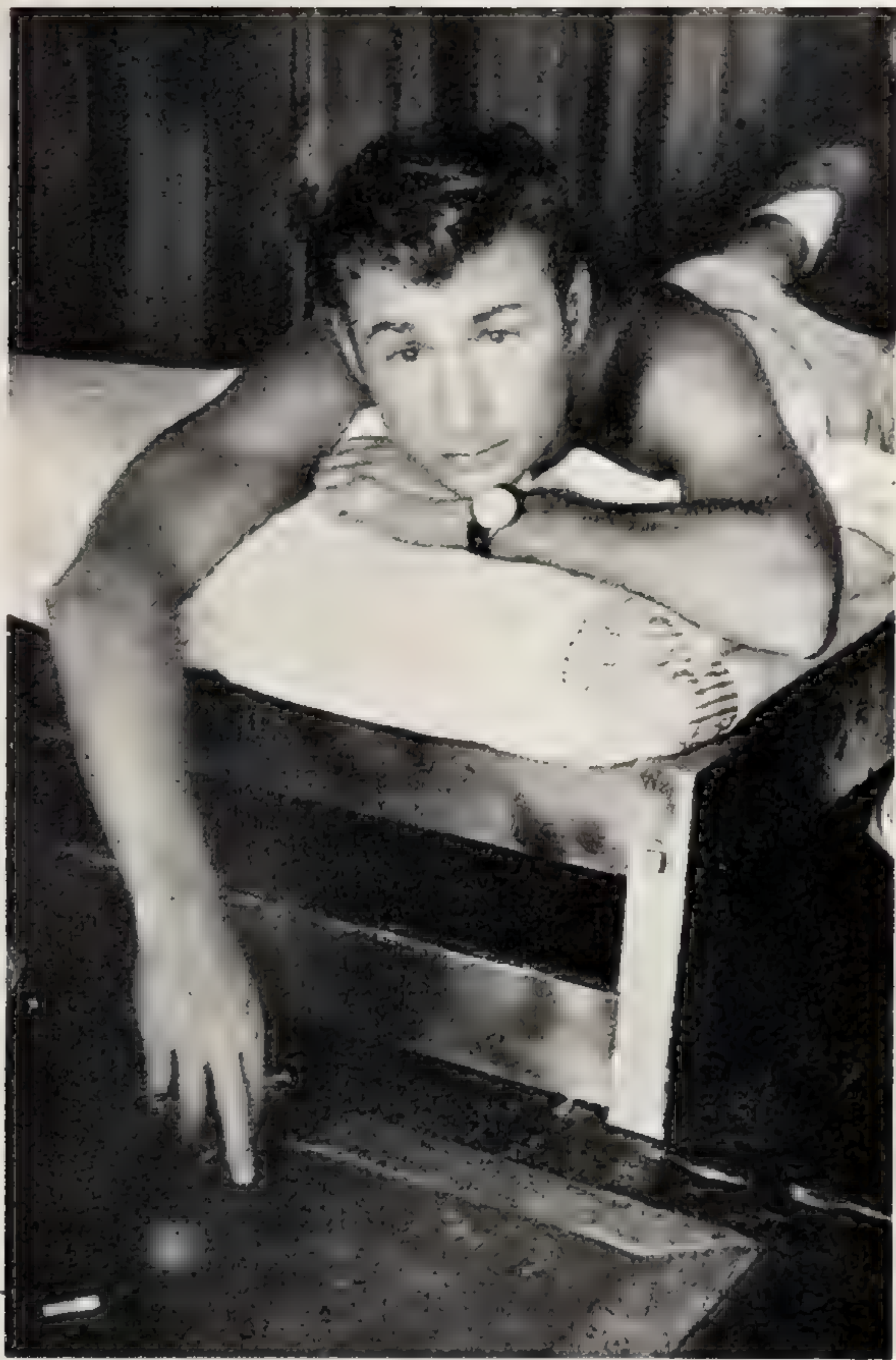
mom, I'm sorry I lied to you

Nick Adams stood under the sign marked "arrivals" and, fiddling nervously with the cigarette lighter he held in his hand, looked over at the large clock which stood by the gateway. Only one minute before the bus was due.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and

wiped his brow. It was a hot, sultry afternoon and the wide concrete expanse of the station gaped vacantly at him, missing its usual bustling activity.

A rumbling caught his attention and he turned to watch the huge bus come slowly into the station and pull up before him. (Continued on page 99)



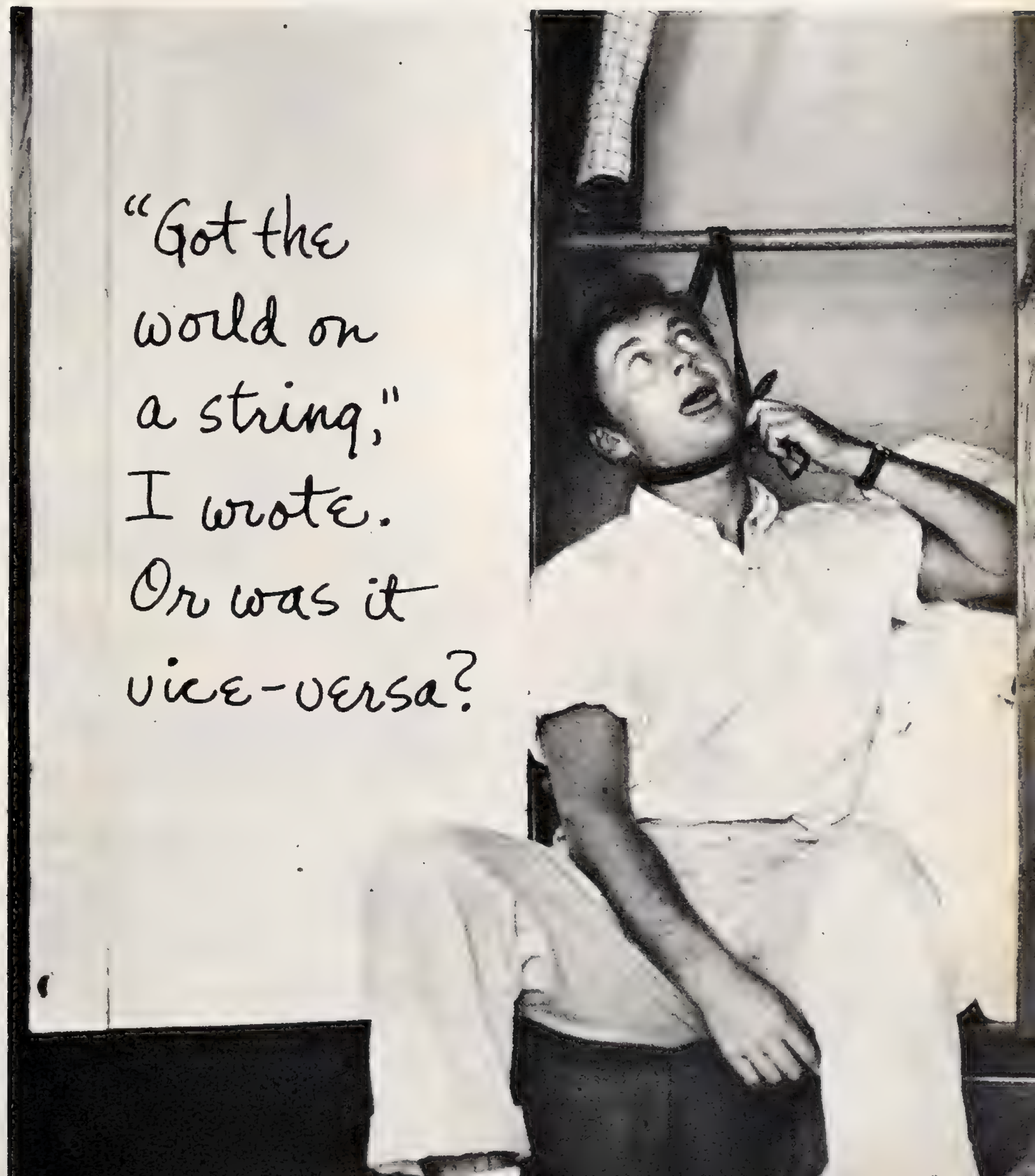
After a rough day,
any bed felt good.



When I wrote about Romanoff's
here's how I was really dining.



Here's the snappy
convertible I drove.
See how roomy it is?



"Got the
world on
a string,"
I wrote.
Or was it
vice-versa?

The bride was radiant when she said "I do."

**Ingrid Bergman felt that at last, with Lars Schmidt,
she had reached her "Sixth Happiness."**

Yet only a short time later . . .

THE BRIDE CRIED





by JIM HOFFMAN

ON HER HONEYMOON



R

ain clouds that had blanketed the sky all morning suddenly lightened as the sun broke through. A limousine came down a deserted street in London's historic Westminster section and pulled up in front of Caxton Hall. The chauffeur looked up and down the street, and seeing no one there got out and opened the back door of the car. Two of the men went quickly up the stairs of the city hall and rapped on the door. The third, a good-looking man of about forty, in a dark gray suit, followed them. But for a moment he paused, looked up at the sun, and smiled. Then he peered anxiously down the street in the direction from which his limousine had just come. In the distance he saw another car, the twin of his own, coming towards Caxton Hall. He smiled at the two men on the steps above him, pointed towards the fast approaching limousine, and then joined them. The door opened, they entered, and the door closed once again. The other car drew up in front of the hall and two people got out. One (Continued on page 91)

This month let's
talk about something
that's even more troublesome
than love—\$ \$ \$ \$

WHO'D GIVE ME A JOB?

I've been promoted! Everyone at Photoplay played it very cool as I made my way to my office. (It's not really an office, you can call it a corner where a desk just *happens* to be.) Anyway, I opened the door and lo and behold—I knew I had finally arrived! (It brings a lump to my throat just thinking about it.) Photoplay had given me a filing cabinet all my own!

All right! So I am dramatizing the thing a bit, but I guess no one will blame me for being a little "corny." When you feel that the office gang is out to help you, you just have to feel good. All they want you to do in return is your share of the work. Of course, some people don't know the secret of "how to work and enjoy it," but after you've been at a few jobs, you begin to understand. Why, I've served up coffee and hamburgers and I've put in time trying to get my foot in the door and interest a busy (*Continued on page 96*)

by DICK CLARK





here's what we,
 your
 hometown folks,
 feel about you,
PAUL NEWMAN



Danny Buden



Celeste Beckwith



Tom Watson



Jim Newman



There was a quiet, lazy quality about Shaker Heights as we drove towards the high school . . . and a solid, comfortable feeling, too, with its pretty, private houses—all with spacious grounds and lovely lawns—and its tree-lined streets. A nice town to live in, to grow up in. Paul Newman's hometown. A suburb of Cleveland, but so different from the hustle and bustle of the city itself.

We parked our car across the street from Shaker Heights High and Tom Watson. Paul Newman's old pal who was showing us around and introducing us to Paul's



friends and relatives, looked wistfully at the school. "It hasn't changed a bit," he said. "No different than it was many years ago when I first met Paul. Seeing it again brings everything back . . . as if it were only yesterday.

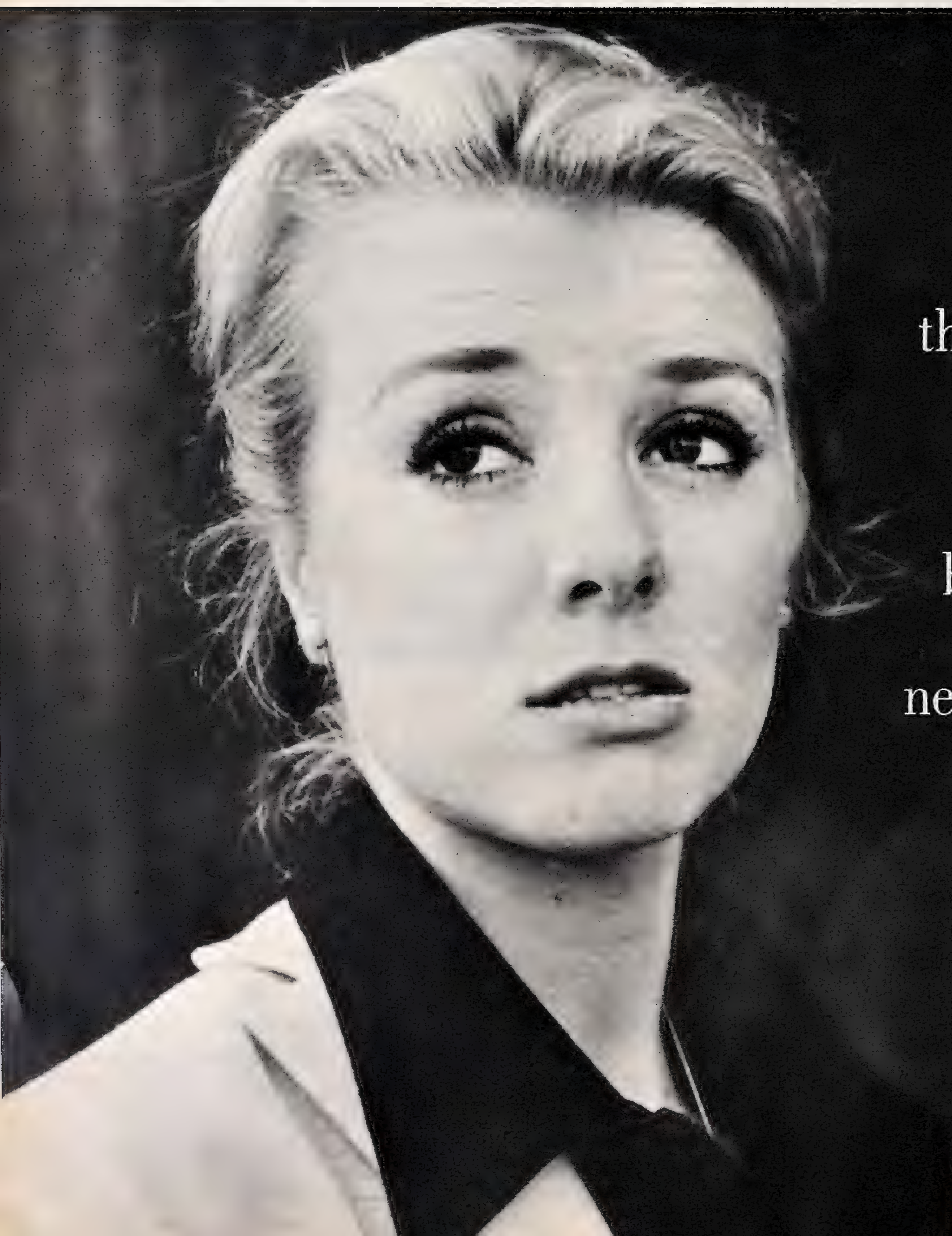
"I was a Senior, and one day I was fooling around on the piano in our French class. The teacher hadn't arrived yet, and I guess I was kind of showing off. Well, I was playing something slow and corny, when suddenly this guy was sitting next to me on the bench—I'd seen him in the halls, but I didn't know who he was—he started playing boogie-woogie bass to my sweet melody. Soon I slid off the bench and he was on his own.

"All the other kids stopped talking and cutting up and started to listen. Some of them began clapping their hands in time to the music, and one couple even danced in the back of the room. Suddenly the teacher came in. We all froze as if we'd been shot, then we melted into our seats.

"But the guy at the piano was out of this world. His eyes were closed, his head was swaying, and he didn't know anybody else existed. And the teacher just stood there, watching him, listening. Finally, she coughed. He kept playing. She coughed again, real loud. He opened his eyes and practically fell off the bench. He started to say something, but she cut in. 'Don't apologize,' she said, (*Continued on page 101*)

NO ONE TO TURN TO ...

the tragic
truth
behind a
newspaper
story



NEW Y Inger Stevens Still In Coma From Poison

Inger Stevens' ex-husband said today that the actress, who was found unconscious after she swallowed a "caustic agent," has always been unhappy. Anthony Soglio, of 423 Madison Av., said his former wife called for a luncheon date recently "and she must have been pretty lonely to call me."

The blue-eyed, blond star of "The Buccaneer" was taken to Columbus Hospital last night after she was discovered in a pink negligee lying across her eight-foot-square bed.

Police found a partly filled ammonia bottle near the actress, who doctors said had swallowed "a caustic" possibly cleaning fluid.

Police, who have been unable to question her because she is still unconscious, were called by John DiSantis, the superintendent of the building at 31 Gramercy Park, where Inger lives. He discovered the actress after a friend, David Tebet, an NBC executive, failed to reach her by phone over the weekend. Alarmed, Tebet called DiSantis and asked him to check the apartment.

Soglio, who was married to Inger two years ago, said she was often



All through the weekend after the New Year's holiday, Inger Stevens didn't answer her telephone.

Bitter-cold winter winds ripped through New York City like an icy scythe in seventy-miles-an-hour gales. Inger's close friend, David Tebet, a tall, dark-haired executive with NBC Television, called Inger over and over again throughout Saturday and Sunday.

But there was no reply. Tebet couldn't understand why. When he left Inger on Friday night after a relaxing evening of dinner and theater, she seemed a little down in the dumps, possibly from the

biting ten-degree cold that plagued the city for over a week and, peculiarly, had its depressing effects. "But not down enough for anyone to worry about," Tebet recalls. Matter of fact, Inger had told him to be sure to call her "sometime tomorrow."

Around seven o'clock on Sunday evening when the black blanket of January sky covered the freezing metropolis, Tebet, tense with worry over Inger, finally called the handyman of the new apartment building Inger recently moved into. It was in the fashionable Gramercy Park area with its elegant stucco town houses (Continued on page 79)

by EVAN MICHAELS

In the December, 1958, Photoplay,

Dick Gardner said

**I'M
HELPLESSLY
WATCHING
MY MARRIAGE
DIE**

Now, Dick reveals

HOW WE PUT LOVE BACK INTO OUR MARRIAGE

The door slammed firmly shut behind them. The tall, blond young man and his wife walked in silence down the front path of their home and then turned abruptly right as they reached the sidewalk. Both had dug their hands deeply into their coat pockets.

A cold north blast hit them as they reached the corner and Dick Gardner pulled the collar of his coat up tight around his ears while his wife Joan buried her face in her high fur collar. The orange sun of the late winter afternoon cast long grey shadows ahead of them.

Occasionally, as though concerned about his wife's strained manner, Dick turned his head to look at Joan but she continued to stare steadily ahead. It was their first moment alone in a long time . . . and their first time alone in their hometown of Waterloo, Iowa, since they had left it to go to Hollywood many months before . . . and (Continued on page 90)



"It was our first time together since Joan had left me in Hollywood to come home to Iowa with the children . . . we felt awkward . . . we didn't know what to say . . . and we were afraid for our marriage."



Take off your shoes, step into Joan's apartment, and help us find out

WHO PUT THE FINGERPRINTS ON

Joan Crawford's **WALL?**

by STEPHEN KAY





"Masterpiece," who tried to eat the flowers Joan was arranging, has the run of the house, but that's 'cause he has the cleanest paws in New York.

My index finger was pointed at the bell marked "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Steele," but before I could make contact, the door flew open. A suntanned man stood before me and he looked like the sort of man who, if I'd seen him on the subway, I'd have been sure he was taking the ride because he was thinking of buying the company. He had that look.

"Darling!" came a cry from behind him. "It's so good to see you."

It was Joan Crawford. She waved me into the striking white foyer and I tried not to stare. I'd only met Joan once before and I still hadn't gotten over being dazzled. Seeing her here, in the \$100,000 duplex apartment that had made even her Fifth Avenue neighbors gasp, I began talking real fast, hoping she wouldn't see that I was a little nervous.

"Gosh, would you believe it? It's March, the end of March," I said as I unbuttoned my coat, "and it's snowing outside! The elevator man blames it on the H-bombs. Imagine, snow at this time of year."

"I know, darling," Joan said. "So why don't you take off your shoes as well as your coat."

"Oh, they're not wet," I said, flattered that Joan would be so interested in whether I might catch cold. "I was wearing a pair (continued)"



Joan's white rug is usually untouched by human shoes, but she and Al broke their own house rule to pose for this picture on their suspended staircase.

JOAN CRAWFORD (continued)

of galoshes, I left them right outside the door."

"Yes, but why don't you take off your shoes anyway," Joan suggested. "It's really better that way."

I looked at Joan, puzzled, and she beamed a smile at me. Well, if Joan Crawford smiles at you, what can you do? I started to take off my shoes. I started

to lean up against the wall to balance myself while I unlaced the right shoe.

"Oh, no," Joan said, so suddenly that I almost lost my balance and fell at her feet, which is where I really wanted to be anyway. I do admire her so. "Don't lean on the wall," (Continued on page 82)

"Does my dogwood tree really remind you of California?" Joan asked. "Now she knows it's a success," Al laughed.





In the spring
a young
man's fancy
turns to
thoughts of
love

3 *love stories*
from the boy's
point of view

- 1** - *Getting to know her . . . WILL HUTCHINS AND NORMA MOORE*
A boy + a girl + a motor scooter = romance in the park
- 2** - *Meeting her folks . . . TOMMY SANDS*
"Tommy, Mom and Dad want you to come over for dinner"
- 3** - *Trying to forget her . . . EDD BYRNES*
Why doesn't a fellow ever get over his first love?



A BOY + A GIRL

Will Hutchins called Norma Moore
and said, *“Hey—it’s spring.*

Let’s go out and look for a tree.”

Will Hutchins devilishly let out a wild hoot, keeled his motor scooter to the right and zoomed ahead towards the park.

“Hey!” he felt a tug around his waist . . . “I’m back here, remember?” laughed the girl hugging on behind him.

He turned and caught a quick glimpse of her in a striped cotton shirt, vainly hanging on to her large straw hat. Two tufts of near golden hair flapped provocatively against the brim. Norma has pretty hair, he thought, as a ray of sunlight caught it, making it sparkle.

“Eyes on the road, Sugarfoot,” she teased and laughed again, easily and warmly.

Will had known her ever since they both first came to Hollywood—Norma Moore from North Carolina and Will Hutchins from the University of California. They shared such a lot—mostly dreams, then, and a love of the open air.

Just that morning he had kidded her on the phone, “How about going out with me and finding a tree today? After all, it’s almost spring.”

“How do you like that (*continued*)





+ A MOTOR SCOOTER =
ROMANCE IN THE PARK



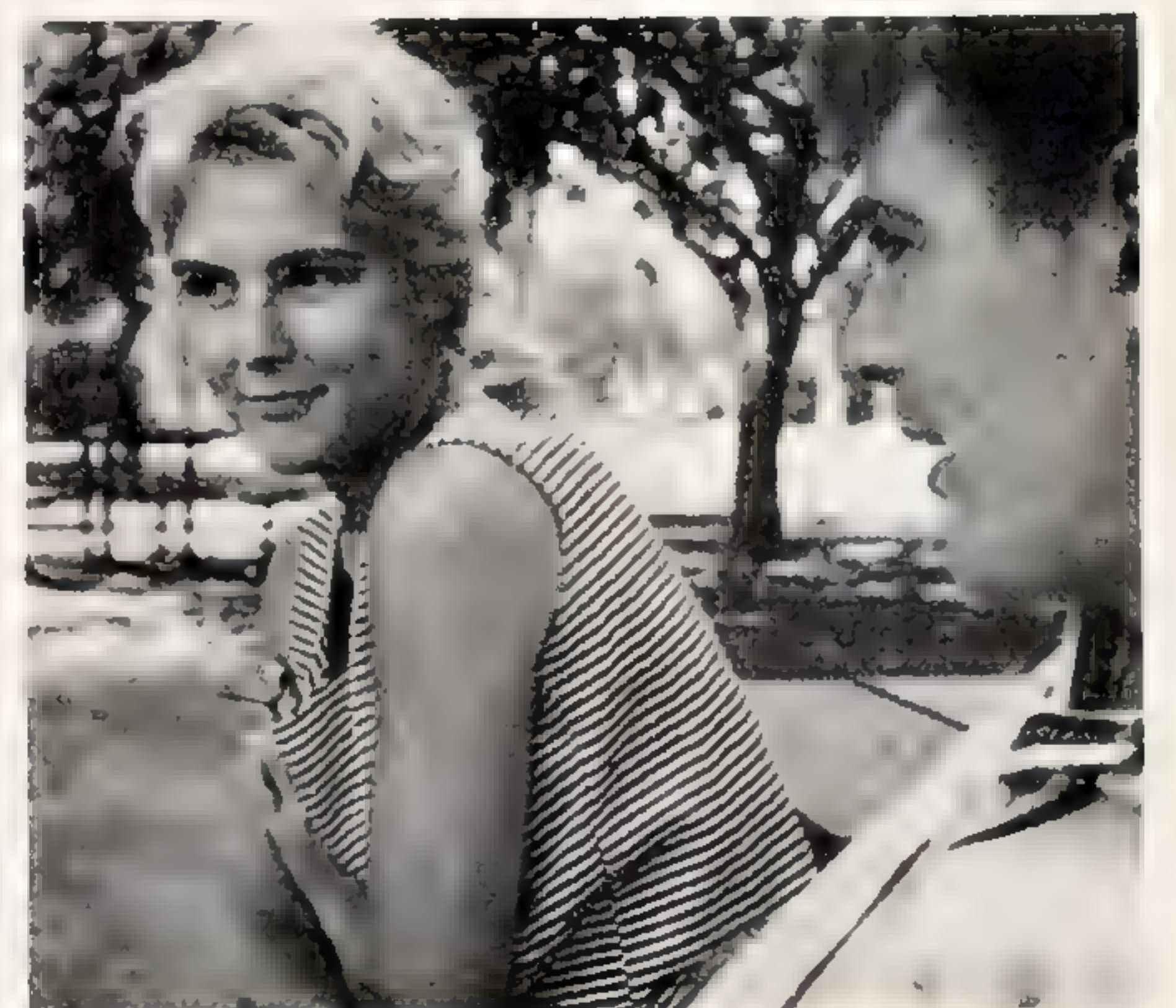




"Norma was real good fun on the slide."



Above: "She playfully jerked the seesaw and I felt like a king toppling from a throne."



Right: "We wondered what the future held . . . where we'd be twenty years from now."

ROMANCE IN THE PARK *continued*

tree, the one over there?" he shouted to her as they rounded a corner.

"What'd you say?" She leaned over to hear him over the burr of the machine.

"That tree—good enough?" he laughed.

"Oh, perfect," she shouted back, finally understanding.

He slowed the scooter to a whining halt and steadied it while Norma hopped off. Together they tugged the machine off the road and set it beside the tree. Will took off his jacket and tossed it over the seat. Then he stretched himself lazily out flat on the ground. "Come on down, the weather's fine," he laughed. She pretended to collapse down beside him, "Whee! That was a ride."

For a moment they were still. Then, noticing she had suddenly become pensive, he said, "Penny for your thoughts."

She smiled, asking softly, "Ever look for a four-leaf clover, Will?"

"Mmm . . . sometimes," he yawned, (*Continued on page 78*)

"She was so delightfully natural, giggling as the water hit her nose."





Everything was going fine until my girlfriend said —

Sure, I'll admit it. I *was* scared. I really was. Now, there's nothing wrong with a fellow going over to his girl's house to have something to eat, but I felt funny about it. I had the feeling they wanted to look me over. You know—the way people look over a refrigerator before buying it—or a car.

Now don't get me wrong. Joan's folks knew me. I used to go over to their house for occasional Friday night get-togethers when she'd have the gang over for some laughs and dancing and grilled cheese sandwiches. Her mom and dad were always there to say hello. Then they'd go upstairs and we'd dim the lamps in the game room and dance to the easy music of Frank Sinatra on the portable phonograph Joan had gotten for Christmas.

I'd tell you her full name, only I don't think it's fair. But her initials were J. C. She was pretty, yes. Not a knockout like some of these movie-star gals. Joan had glossy black hair with a soft curl at the end of it, a complexion like a June rosebud, bright blue eyes and a dimple that made me melt. But Joan's looks weren't what really mattered. She had a quality I liked. She was *agreeable*, always willing to let a fellow take the lead. She never cranked about anything I suggested we do on a date.

Well, we'd been seeing each other for about two months. I don't know if you'd call it going steady. I'd only kissed her once . . . on the way to the Dog House for hot dogs and milk shakes in Bill Snyder's beat-up Tin Lizzie. That night there had been two other couples besides us, and we'd just seen a flick at the drive-in. We were all hungry so we agreed to pass by the "kennel club," and suddenly, as we were riding along that dark country road, the couple next to us started kissing. I didn't know what to do so I leaned over and kissed Joan. But at that moment the Tin Lizzie went over a bump in the road and I knocked my head against hers and felt like a fool.

I was embarrassed to kiss her again. But we liked each other. We'd (*Continued on page 88*)

**"Tommy,
mom and
dad want
you to
come over
for
dinner"**

by TOMMY SANDS
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

Edd Byrnes asks:

*why doesn't a fellow
ever get over his*

FIRST LOVE?



I sat in my bedroom, staring into space, listening to Vic Damone singing. For the hundredth time I lifted the arm on the phonograph and set the needle back to the beginning of the record.

*You're breaking my heart
'Cause you're leaving;
You've fallen for somebody new.
It isn't easy believing
You'd leave after all we've been thru . . .*

Every time I listened to those words, words that seemed to be written just for me, it was as if I were hearing them for the first time. When you're seventeen you can be hurt very easily—you kind of dramatize things all out of proportion. But at seventeen who's interested in logic?

I sat in my bedroom, hour after hour, not talking to anyone, just listening to that record, feeling lost inside, and thinking that what was happening to me must be a unique experience, something (*continued*)





*"I never meant to hurt you, Edd . . .
but I like him . . . and he likes me."*

FIRST LOVE continued

no one else in the whole world could understand, or share, or know anything about.

When I first started high school, girls weren't important in my life. I was at the age where going out for sports, being one of the guys, being liked by the group were the things that mattered most. I dated occasionally but it wasn't until I was seventeen that I first met her. After that I was less available for stag evenings, movies, less anxious for late basketball practice, less willing to spend all my free hours jumping up and down on a trampoline. I found out there was more to life than I had imagined!

Yet I was always especially interested in gymnastics. At the time I was taking a class twice weekly at New York's famous Turnverein Gym. Our teams entered athletic competitions with universities and schools like West Point. I went to classes on Tuesdays and Fridays. On Sundays both girls and boys used the gym facilities at the same time.

One of those Sundays I stood talking with a friend of mine in the gym. We'd just finished our workout on the bars. As we were about to head for the showers, a very lovely, dark-haired girl with an elfin-like figure came walking towards us. She moved so (Continued on page 84)

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with a lot
to Love

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**“ I’ll wear Tab’s
friendship bracelet
forever ”**



by LUCKY KOCH



When we were shopping, Tab stopped and pointed to some candlesticks. “It’s my mother’s birthday,” he said. “Let’s go in.”



I didn't know till much later that Tab had a secret reason—my bracelet—for stopping.



Tab bought me an autograph hound, then he wrote on its ear: "I'm so sad. Please give me a good home. Tabaroo."

- **H**ello, Lucky. That's a cute name. Is it your real one?" Tab said, looking down at me when we were introduced.

Ever since Photoplay called to tell me I had won a date with Tab, I wondered how it would be at the moment we met. Somehow it was easy. I found myself saying:

"Mom and Dad were so glad I turned out to be a girl, they called me Lucky. It's a lot better than Harriet Koch, don't you think?" We laughed and Tab said, "Well, from now on you're 'Tiny' to me." (Tab is six feet tall; I'm five-foot-one.)

"How'd you like to take me shopping for my mother?" he suggested. "It's her birthday today." I nodded "yes" and Tab said, "Fine. Let's go."

After we picked up the engraved silver candlesticks he'd chosen for her and Tab had called his mother in California, he (*Continued on page 98*)



My folks called for me at the Pierre. First thing I said was: "Look, Mom!"

Turn the page for Lucky's Simplicity wardrobe

Saying goodnight before Mom and Dad drove me home to Chatham, New Jersey, Tab said, "Write me soon, Tiny." Tiny's a nice nickname, but I think "Lucky" suits me even better than ever now.





LUCKY'S HAIRDO BY PIERRE-HENRI OF ANTOINE'S.



For my date with Tab, the fashion editor of Photoplay asked Simplicity Patterns to make a whole date wardrobe for me. My dinner dress was of flowered blue and green silk and had a matching sash. (Simplicity 2929)



I wore a white shirt under my black-and-white check wool jumper. (2657)



The striped cotton Tyrolean print has heart-shaped buttons. (2913)



I met Tab in my red corduroy car coat with big silver buttons. (2638)

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HOW TO SHOOT YOURSELF AND LIKE IT!



Ever wonder how the stars see themselves? "Just the way everybody else sees me," Mitzi Gaynor told us, "only always from my best profile." We asked Jimmy Stewart, Roz Russell, Bill Holden and Audrey Hepburn the same question. "A picture's worth a thousand words," Bill said, "so why not let us show you? We'll shoot ourselves. Everybody in Hollywood is doing it." And here are the results. If you're ever in the mood to take your own picture, all you need is a camera. Just hold it out at arm's length and shoot. "Check your expression in a mirror first," advises Roz. "And try propping your elbows up on something," Bill adds, "so you won't get wavy outlines." "If your hand's not too steady, try a tripod," says Audrey Hepburn, "and click the shutter with a cable release. A tripod's handy, too, if you want a full-length shot." Why don't you try it?

More pictures on page 76



"Look at me!" says Mitzi Gaynor. "See? I'm really a thinker." The 35 mm. camera shown with the title is the Kodak Pony IV.



"Do I see myself as others see me?" asks Bill Holden. "Not really. I'm much harder on myself and more critical."



How to

dress as if money
were no object



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Daughters' Ensembles,
Style No. 2863*

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SHOOT YOURSELF

continued



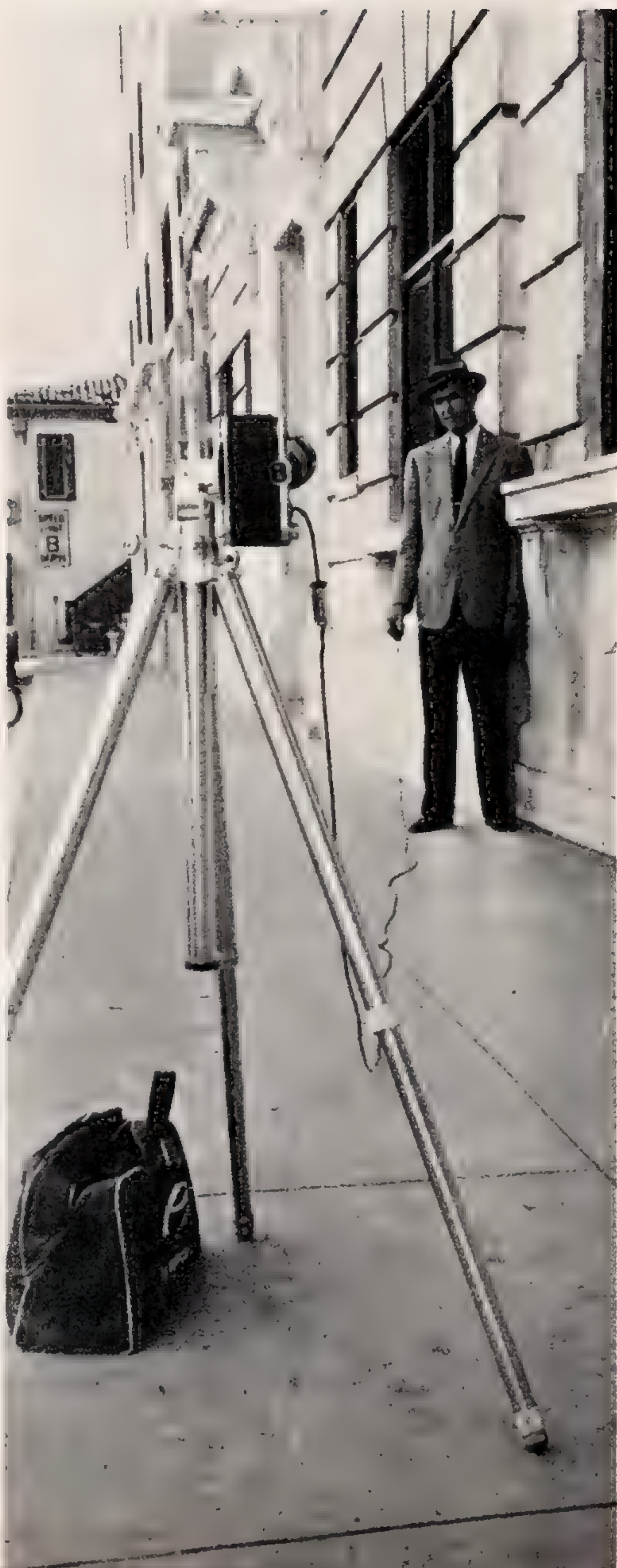
"That's me in my Auntie Mame mood," laughs Roz, "but I have my downs, too."



"Everybody says I look like a gamin," says Audrey Hepburn. "Well, maybe, but are you sure a camera never lies?"



"Why do I look puzz'ed," Jimmy Stewart asks, "even when I take the picture?"



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A BOY + A GIRL

Continued from page 63

lazily, thinking Norma looks cute when she puckers her forehead.

"I was thinking, Will, maybe all of acting is like looking for a four-leaf clover. I mean, maybe I should be thinking about a home and a family like other girls. Oh—I dunno. Maybe I'm just feeling like a little girl today."

He felt a sudden urge to slip his arm protectively around her shoulder. "I never thought you cared about those things..."

"There are times when I do... others when I dream of being famous. And times like now when I feel lost, not really knowing which is best," she sighed.

He jerked his head in surprise. "Hey, you look cute like that. Real pretty."

"Oh—Will."

"No, I mean it."

"Thank you," she whispered shyly.

He gave her a peck on the cheek. "And you smell good, too—as good as a fresh breath of this spring air. Why have I never noticed it before?" he concluded flamboyantly.

She smiled softly at him.

"You hungry?" she asked at length.

"Ravenous."

"I kinda thought you might be." She started digging into her pockets. "So I brought along a couple of candy bars... the ones you like—with nuts."

"Thanks. Hey, what are you doing now?"

"Oooo... digging up the grass and replanting it, 'cause some of the blades are crooked."

"You're so funny. What were you like as a kid?"

"Oh, I was a very serious child," she announced, putting on a grave expression. "I was determined to become a great actress. No time for such childish pastimes then." She thought for a moment. "Yet can you believe that I never did get to see a movie or a play until I was ten!"

Then Will said, "I guess I was just the opposite. What you might call a juvenile delinquent. Oh—I never got into trouble with the police, but I was pretty wild. Did crazy things like dropping stones on cars and spending afternoons racing up and down the halls of big hotels with other guys, just for the fun of it. But when the kids in junior high elected me class president," he finished, majestically, "I began to have responsibilities... so I had to live up to them."

"You like to lead, don't you, Will? And think of all the kids who look up to you now that you're Sugarfoot. My hero, too," she teased. "Say," she suddenly looked around. "I thought you were going to bring your guitar?"

"I don't seem to have time to practice any more. I'm kinda rusty, so I thought... maybe another time," he added hastily.

"And you'll teach me?"

"If you're good," he joked.

"Oh—I'm always very good," she teased.

Will took a long look at Norma. She has lovely eyes... she's so natural... he thought warmly.

He was going to tell her, but instead chuckled, "You've a tiny leaf stuck right on the top of your head." He gently plucked it out. She shook her head. "No... just the one," he assured her.

Then suddenly they heard sounds of shrieking and laughter.

"Hey—what's up?" Will said, startled.

"The Indians are upon us!" laughed Norma. "To my rescue, Sugarfoot!"

Then from behind a tree appeared two small feet; then a tiny head which darted away again almost as soon as it appeared.

"Hands up!" screamed a voice.

Norma and Will looked at each other, giggled, sat up and put their arms in the

air. A boy, about nine years old, walked slowly up to them, as though measuring his steps.

He looked at Will. Then at Norma. Then back at Will. "I know you," he exclaimed. "You're a cowboy."

"Sugarfoot's the name," prompted Will.

"Reeaally?" His eyes opened wide. "Say, are you really Sugarfoot?"

"That's me. In person."

The boy squealed, turned, and shouted at the trees. "Hey, you kids. Guess what I've found?"

Then, seemingly out of nowhere came one, two, three, then all at once a whole crowd of children.

"It's Sugarfoot. Really Sugarfoot," screamed the little boy.

"You look different on TV," decided one girl.

"Can you show us how to shoot—bang! bang!"

Then the first boy looked at Norma and asked, "You in Sugarfoot, too?"

"I was in one episode, but not usually," she told him.

"And that your scooter?" he asked them, pointing to the machine.

"That's right," Will said.

"Can I have a ride?" He had a mischievous look in his eye.

Will lifted himself from the ground and looked questioningly at Norma. She nodded her approval. "Okay, fella, hop up," he said.

The boy squealed with delight.

"What about you?" called Will, turning to Norma.

"Don't worry about me. I'll run along by the side," she said. Will grinned. That's nice of her, he thought.

"... just as far as the playground. It's only the other side of the trees," the boy was telling Will.

They were off down the road, the other children following, Pied Piper fashion. Two minutes later they had reached the playground.

The boy hopped off. "Thank you, Sugarfoot, sir," he said.

"And thank you," Will replied.

He looked around for Norma and noticed her talking to two small girls in one corner of the playground. He walked over.

"Will, I want you to meet Linda and Suzie."

"Hello," he said, kindly.

"What about us all going on the slide," Norma suggested. And silently Will thanked her a thousand times. He hadn't had a clue what to say to the girls.

They chased each other down the slide... and laughed as they ran in and out through the seesaws while each child vied for the chance to be nearest to Norma or Will.

"Say—this is great," screamed Norma.

"We should do it more often," shouted back Will. "Didn't know you were so much fun."

Norma laughed happily.

Then, a short while later, she leaned against the side of the slide, breathing heavily. "Will—I'm exhausted. I'm not as young as I used to be," she joked.

He came over to where she was standing. She looks just like a spaniel who's run all the way home, he thought. She's pretty and fun. He put an arm around her waist. "Shall we call it a day?" he said softly.

As they started back to the scooter, a little boy came running up. "Is she your pal?" he asked.

"A pal?" Will winked at Norma. "Maybe this morning, but not any more..."

THE END

SEE WILL AS "SUGARFOOT," OVER ABC-TV, ALTERNATE TUESDAYS, AT 7:30 P.M. EST. NORMA'S IN THE "TALES OF TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER" EPISODES OF "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS," FRIDAYS AT 8 P.M. EST, OVER ABC-TV.

HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 10

undresses. Husband Aaron Spelling wouldn't object to this if only he could teach Carolyn to remember to pull down the shades. . . . Nothing I see or hear about Jayne Mansfield amazes me. . . . I think Sandra Dee looks more like a younger edition of Lana Turner than Lana's own daughter Cheryl. Somebody must agree because Sandra plays Lana's daughter in U-I's "Imitation of Life." . . . Wouldn't it be a scream, as we used to say, if Pier Angeli pulled a Debbie Reynolds and came out with a hit record while her about-to-be ex-husband, Vic Damone, couldn't sing himself onto the hit parade? . . . To me Kim Novak looks better without all that makeup on. . . . Diane Varsi went into hiding last week and not only couldn't her studio find



What'll the neighbors think of Carolyn?

her, but she couldn't find herself. . . . I don't know of a more promising and sexier screen (movies or TV) bet than Barrie Chase, the dancing Brigitte Bardot. . . . I'm fascinated by Marlon Brando as a director. He directed a few scenes on a horse for his western, "One-Eyed Jacks," and was immediately dubbed "Megger on Horseback." . . . Will I ever see a movie in which Maria Schell doesn't smile? (Remember I only ask the questions.) . . . Burt Lancaster's acting price is now one million dollars a picture, and now Burt can't afford to hire himself as an actor for his own independent movie company. . . . During an interview, Arlene Dahl explained: "I have no beauty secrets. I don't do anything to be beautiful, except be myself." That's Hollywood For You.

INGER STEVENS

Continued from page 53

and occasional columned hotel residences. Tebet asked handyman Joseph DiSantis if he'd seen Inger over the weekend.

DiSantis told him he hadn't.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid something's wrong," Tebet told DiSantis nervously. "Would you mind going over and ringing her bell?"

DiSantis said he was in the midst of sitting down to dinner with his wife and two daughters.

"Please," Tebet begged. "I'm terribly worried. And if she doesn't answer I want you to use your passkey to see if anything's happened. I can't figure out why she's not answering the phone."

DiSantis, a husky fellow, grey-eyed, with curly brown hair and a mole on his cheek, changed from his comfortable house-slippers into his shoes and walked next door to Inger's apartment building with its white paneled doorway. He rang the downstairs buzzer. No answer. He let himself into the mirrored lobby with the large-lettered Happy New Year's greeting sprayed all over the looking glass.

Upstairs DiSantis saw a cardboard tag from Western Union hanging on the brass doorknob of Inger's apartment. Under her door the Western Union messenger had slipped a telegram, and a corner of the yellow envelope stuck out from the carpeted floor.

DiSantis rang Inger's bell. No answer. He knocked. No answer. He banged against the hard wood of the door. No answer.

Should he or shouldn't he intrude on Inger's privacy?

Shouting "Miss Stevens . . . Miss Stevens . . . Miss Stevens" at the top of his lungs, he banged against the door. Still no answer.

He took his aluminum ring of master keys from his back pocket and entered her apartment.

She was home. All the lights were on.

He called her name again. There was no reply. In the foyer there was a clutter of cardboard cartons and wooden crates, all of which had arrived yesterday from Hollywood with Inger's furniture and knick-knacks. Many of them were unopened. The new apartment, decorated in soft tones of beige with white accents, was littered with Inger's unpacking.

Off the hallway, the bedroom door was slightly ajar.

DiSantis heard a slow, heavy breathing, as if someone were suffocating.

Calling her name loudly once more, he waited a minute before throwing open her bedroom door.

There she was, flung across her double bed with the gleaming brass headboard, her blonde hair mussed and wrinkled, a thin pink nightgown twisted around her. At the side of the bed her slender legs dangled limply.

Stunned, DiSantis ran toward her. Her cheeks were black and blue. His first reaction was: *She's been beaten*. Looking closely at her gasping face he saw the dark marks were tear-traced streaks of mascara and eyeshadow.

Suddenly, in that next instant, DiSantis heard a quick rattling noise. He rushed toward the bedroom doorway to see if someone were hiding in the living room.

Slowly, cautiously, he walked into the front room and stood with his back to the fireplace, waiting for the person to emerge. But, in a moment, when he heard the rattle again it was the clatter of the Venetian blinds knocking together from the cold night winds.

He tiptoed, on guard, through Inger's apartment for a check but found no one.

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| 15. Frank Sinatra | 214. Sheree North | 272. Sandra Dee | 297. Diane Varsi |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 215. Kim Novak | 273. Lili Gentile | 298. Joanne Woodward |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 219. Natalie Wood | 274. Robert Culp | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 220. Dewey Martin | 275. Michael Ansara | 300. Paul Anka |
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| 150. Jeff Hunter | 256. Harry Belafonte | | |
| 175. Charlton Heston | 258. Luana Patten | | |
| 179. Julius La Rosa | 259. Dennis Hopper | | |
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| 187. Jeff Richards | 263. James Darren | | |
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Inger's breathing was growing shorter, and he went to pick up the telephone. But he decided against it, thinking there may be fingerprints on it . . .

DiSantis locked Inger's apartment, ran next door to his own and dialed police headquarters for help.

"There's been an accident," he said. "A young girl who's just moved in here. Her breathing, it's all choked up, and her life . . . her life, it's in danger . . ."

He hung up, dialed her friend, David Tebet, who taxied downtown immediately from his East 55th Street residence.

The mystery of Inger Stevens had only begun.

Patrolmen John Weigel and Raymond Beyrer of the 13th Precinct were the first to respond to the emergency call over the radios in the police prowl cars. The patrolmen administered oxygen to the lifeless Inger lying on her new double bed, and summoned emergency service cops.

Inger, gagging for air, was carried out on a stretcher to the ambulance that rushed her, siren-sounding, to Columbus Hospital where doctors reported she had only a 50-50 chance to live. Apparently she had swallowed a "caustic"—possibly cleaning fluid. Her stomach was pumped immediately. It would be a matter of days to see if she would pull through.

With each new morning of Inger's battle with death, the rumors were rampant between the East and West Coasts.

One Hollywood writer reported in her syndicated newspaper column, ". . . The rumored suicide attempt of Inger Stevens was a shock. . . . All of us who know and like her are very sorry she was so unhappy and despondent. The reason given for her state of mind is a romance with a well-known actor. If Inger recovers, she is so young, so pretty, and with so much to live for, she should forget about all this unhappiness. Her friends are ready to help her . . ."

Over at the Paramount lot in Hollywood, James Stevens, a studio executive, soberly reflected on Inger's mystery. "What plagued her? I don't know. What torments Inger? I doubt if 'torment' is the right word. Maybe 'moody' is a word that suits her more.

"She was fond of Bing Crosby. He gave her a big boost on her way to stardom when she played opposite him in 'Man on Fire.' Inger tends to prefer older men. She finds them intellectually charming, and I'm sure this is due to the influence of her father who's a professor. She's grown up in the atmosphere of education and learning.

"Were she and Bing in love? I don't know. I do know that many of their friends—or perhaps I should say many of his friends—seemed to think it would have been a very good thing if it had worked out, if they had gotten married. Many people thought Bing and Inger were ideally suited. They seemed very much in love.

"You know her name was also linked with Tony Quinn in a romantic way while he directed her in 'The Buccaneer.' But I honestly believe this was nothing more than a teaching relationship. Inger wanted to learn all that she could from him.

"Inger's often said she didn't have time for romance, that she liked to work more than anything else. When she left the studio, she went home to her own very private world. She took a house up in the Hollywood hills and had the doorbell removed. There was no telephone. Inger just couldn't stand telephones."

Inger's ex-husband, Anthony Soglio, an actors' agent in New York, to whom Inger was married for six months, said, "Inger called me recently for a luncheon date, and she had to be pretty lonely to call me. We often used to discuss her unhappiness dur-

ing our marriage. It isn't a recent thing with her. We often tried to work out those things that would make her a complete, happy person. Professionally, of course, she had nothing to be unhappy about because her career was going very well."

David Tebet, whose anxiety and concern over Inger's telephone silence saved her life during that near-fatal weekend, commented, "Inger was sorry she couldn't spend the holidays with her family. I've known Inger five or six months, and she was delightful. She wasn't sad. She enchanted everyone she met with her honesty.

"I've heard it wasn't a caustic she took. The hospital tests showed she swallowed barbiturates.

"True, she was exhausted from her cross-country tour in behalf of 'The Buccaneer.' She made personal appearances in sixteen cities all in eighteen days. She came back just in time for Christmas, and she wished she'd had a little more time to do her shopping."

George Firth, an actor friend of Inger's with whom she met on the Friday afternoon before her accident to discuss a scene they planned to work on at the Actors Studio Workshop, confided, "Everyone's so busy making hasty judgments about Inger, and all I can say is that there's an old Indian proverb which goes 'You can't really judge a man unless you spend a day walking in his shoes.'

"Inger was not happy with Hollywood. She didn't want to be a film beauty. She wanted to prove herself as a New York actress on the Broadway stage.

"Inger's a lonely girl. I saw her one night at an off-Broadway theater, the Cherry Lane in Greenwich Village, and she was with a group of much older people. Then I heard she spent New Year's Eve with older folks, and all I kept thinking was 'Dear Inger, she's a Cinderella without a Prince Charming . . .'"

Over at 24 Gramercy Park, Joseph DiSantis, the handyman, reported, "Some of the newspapers are hinting Miss Stevens took ammonia. The police found an ammonia bottle in her apartment that was half-empty. Now all that ammonia talk is

a lot of hooley. Everyone keeps a bottle of ammonia under their sink. If she'd taken the ammonia the apartment would have reeked from it, and I never smelled any odor. Anyhow the ammonia bottle was tightly capped. And it was in the bathroom, not in her bedroom.

"There weren't any bottles in her bedroom, and the police couldn't find any suicide notes. Sure, I've been criticized by some of the tenants for breaking into Miss Stevens' apartment. But I had orders from Mr. Tebet. I knew he was her friend. I'd done favors for him and Miss Stevens before. When she was in Hollywood he told me where to have her telephones installed.

"All I know is if I hadn't gone in, she'd have been dead by morning . . ."

The Columbus Hospital at 227 East 19th Street where Inger was hospitalized was founded by Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini in 1891, and is now staffed by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In the dim light of a cloudy January afternoon the silver letters on the marquee of the tall greystone structure looked cold and steely like knifeblades.

Inside, the warm hospital was scrubbed and immaculate. White dime-store Christmas trees, leftovers from the holidays, decorated the four corners of the lobby.

Mother Mary, in a flowing black habit and tight round bonnet tied with a pleated bow under her chin, told me visitors were not allowed to see Miss Stevens. Only her doctor, the psychiatrist, could grant permission. So far the only visitors permitted to see her were Inger's younger brother, Carl Stensland, a student at Columbia University, and David Tebet, her friend.

Had Inger seen a priest?

"We never ask a person's faith," Mother Mary told me, fingering the silver crucifix on the front of her habit. But one of the secretaries in the hospital's administration office told me Inger was not a Catholic.

Before I left the hospital I passed the Chapel at the end of the corridor. Two nursing Sisters in their neat white habits knelt between the oak pews in prayer, and a scent of burning candlewax hung heavy in the air. The painted plaster figure of Jesus blessed the congregation from the wall behind the lace-covered marble altar; and to the left of the altar a shrine to Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini flickered with moving shadows from the candleflames of the red vigil lights.

Here was peace and prayer. Upstairs, on the sixth floor, Inger was lying in her buff-walled hospital room, recalling what thoughts, what anguish . . . ?

Leaving the hospital, next stop was the 13th Precinct on East 22nd Street where the patrolmen, in their brass-buttoned navy blue uniforms, were marching out of the rundown precinct building, two by two, holding their wooden billy sticks at their sides.


The shift was changing; it was four o'clock.

The handsome blond sergeant at the first-floor desk directed inquiries to the Detective Squad on the second floor where a deep-voiced detective, his blue eyes baggy and tired from overwork, said: "Yes, I saw Miss Stevens on Tuesday, but she was unconscious, and now her doctor *refuses* to permit me to see her. He says we might excite her and cause a relapse of some sort.

"So far, our investigation shows a crime was not committed. No, suicide isn't a crime. Since Miss Stevens hasn't told us her story, we can't say it's a suicide.

"One of our jobs is to notify the next-of-kin, and we have. The doctors are certain she's all right now, and she's past the crisis. Check with me later in the week, and I'll let you know if I've seen her."

A check was regularly made with the hard-working Detective all week long.



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Meanwhile, bits and pieces from Inger's past were recalled by her friends . . .

When Inger and her younger brother, Ola, came to America, she was ten years old. Their father, a scholar working on his thesis at Cape Cod, couldn't meet them and when their boat docked in New Orleans, her father wasn't there; Inger never forgot her fear of being stranded, unwanted. She wore a tag around her neck with her name on it. She hated the tag because people pointed at it. It told everyone she was a foreigner, so she pushed it down inside her dress. She and her brother were put on the train for New York by a Salvation Army officer, and Inger was terrified of the passengers discovering she didn't know any English. In her child's handbag were twenty-five cards bearing the English and Swedish words to cover Ola's and her basic needs—"Hungry," "Water," "Bathroom." But Inger refused to use them for fear people would think she was "odd." She bought a ten-cent American magazine, pretending to read it while she was traveling so everyone would think she was English, and she clutched on to the magazine for days, even after she got off the train. Even today, she frequently mentions this experience.

In New York, Inger grew dizzy from its hugeness. "It was like a city of revolving doors," she told friends. "I just couldn't get used to switchblade knives and big purple skirts and thick smears of lipstick. It was so difficult adjusting to people. Anyhow, my English was broken, and I was ashamed of it. That's why I guess I never had a close girlfriend. Besides I had so many chores to do. My stepmother was a teacher, too, so she had to leave the house early every morning with my father. The two of them would go off to school, and we had to fend for ourselves."

One day, in her early teens, Inger met a policeman at a school crossing who looked down at her and said, "You!" and he laughed. "You're a foreigner!"

"How . . . how can you tell?" Inger asked, on the verge of tears.

"Look," he pointed. "Look at your shoes. You have *square* toes."

Inger ran all the way home, crying hysterically. Her stepmother (her mother and father had divorced) told her there was nothing wrong with her shoes. But, from then on, Inger despised them and she walked extra blocks every day to try to wear them out.

When Inger's dad, Mr. Stensland, changed teaching positions, the family moved to Manhattan, Kansas, where Inger had to try to make new friends all over again. A step-sister, Lucy, was born, and Inger's chores at home increased to such an extent she had to turn down a chance to play a leading role in the high school operetta.

With her high-schooling behind her, Inger came back to New York with \$39.50 in her purse. She was going to be an actress, but she took odd jobs as a movie usherette, garment center model, Latin Quarter chorus girl to support herself. Soon she met, married, separated from and divorced Tony Soglio. But all the time, Inger studied and hoped she would someday reach her goal of being an important actress.

Hollywood discovered her, Inger was constantly on the go between California and New York. Finally, in December, Inger had, in her own words, "come back home to live again in New York." Returning from her Hollywood success, she rented a \$250 a month unfurnished apartment where she was going to "grow and have a comfortable life, maybe even learn to make blueberry soup which I loved when I was a girl in Sweden," Inger told friends. Then

she added, "I've never ever had a real home of my own. Now, I can afford to have it."

Her home was the four-room Gramercy Park apartment, four rooms all to herself in crowded but lonely New York, four rooms with no one to turn to in a moment of despair . . .

The following week, the Detective assigned to Inger's case at the 13th Precinct said he hadn't been able to see Inger. The doctor refused him entry into her hospital room.

"We can't keep beating our heads against the wall," the Detective said. "We hear she's improving which is good news. I've tried to reach her doctor by phone, but I'm not able to get through to him."

Inger's psychiatrist, Dr. Saul Heller, was reached by telephone at his East 61st Street office, but his sharp-voiced receptionist refused to put the call through to him.

"Her fans are interested in knowing how she is," she was told.

The receptionist spoke so quickly her words were unintelligible. Then she clicked the telephone.

Inger's mysterious brush with death can only be unraveled by Inger.

Perhaps the next few months will tell.

Or perhaps . . . we will never know.

Perhaps all Inger's fans can do is to quiet their questions and to try to understand that a young girl's heart can break . . . so very easily. Perhaps all her friends can do is to fill Inger's four rooms with new memories happier than those that propelled her so close to tragedy. Perhaps all anyone can do is to give Inger someone to turn to. Perhaps that's all . . . and everything.

THE END

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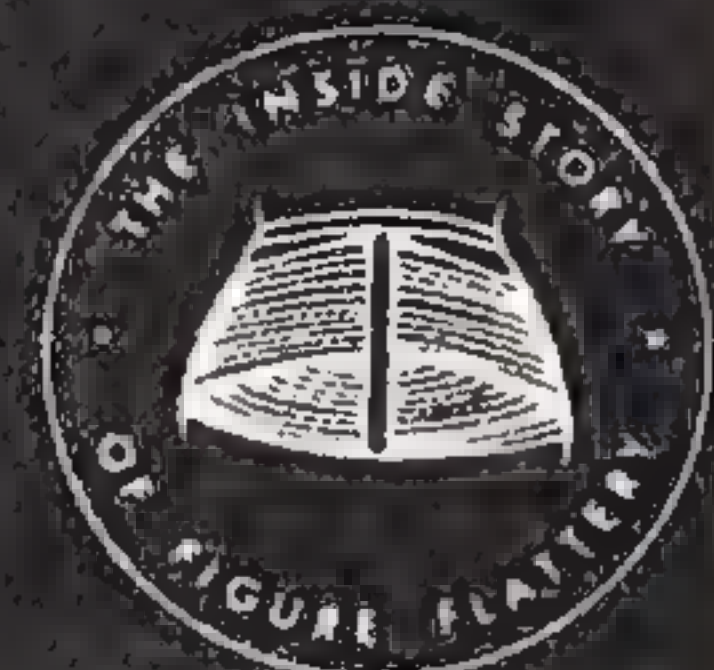
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JOAN CRAWFORD

Continued from page 58

she said. "Fingermarks show up so easily on the white." She smiled at me again and I was melting like the snow outside when I noticed three men sitting on a white-carpeted suspended staircase.

"Oh, I see," I said weakly, and I walked—on tip-toe—to join the triumvirate who were de-shoeing themselves. The man on the lowest step moved over to make room for me.

"Hi," he said. "Did Joan tell you you could take your socks off, too, if you wanted? Look at her, she's absolutely barefoot!"

I looked. She was. Joan was wearing a scooped neck black dinner dress with its waistline marked with a gossamer scarf whose long ends billowed and trailed after her. Her chunky gold bracelets and necklaces jingled as she walked barefoot over the soft, deep-piled white carpet. She's magnificent, I thought. What other woman could manage to look so beautiful and elegant and, yes, statuesque without the help of a pair of high heels?

I parked my shoes—I'd left on my socks—in the hallway, next to a pair of pointed-toed, red-silk slippers. Then, enjoying the tickling sensation of the white carpet on my arches, I entered the living room. Al took my elbow and I staggered after Joan's smile and that's how we somehow circled the room and got me introduced to the other guests. There were fourteen of us who'd been invited and most of the men seemed to be important business executives, like Al himself.

And what a room! Brilliant white with a flowering dogwood tree that made me think I was in California.

"Does it *really* remind you of California?" Joan asked. "Good, then it's a success. Even though we're on the thirteenth floor of a New York apartment building, I wanted the light, open feeling of California."

The sofa, upholstered in a bright, sun-yellow silk, must have been at least fourteen feet long and one wall of the living room was completely mirrored. The room looked double its size, and it was enormous to begin with. Sixteen people pattering barefoot over that incredible white rug hardly filled it at all.

"Now," Joan said, "what will you have to drink?"

"Oh," I stumbled, a bit awed and flustered, "anything will do."

"But darling," she explained, "you can have anything your heart desires."

"Scotch and soda," I murmured, "if it's not too much trouble." Joan smiled her marvelous smile, and with her wide sash trailing after her like a cloud, she seemed to float towards the small cubicle off the living room, where I could still see her mixing my drink at a sideboard.

I was looking around for Joan's Oscar when her adopted daughter, Christina, came downstairs. Joan poked her head around the alcove. "Everybody," she called out, "I want you to meet my Tina." Then she laughed. "Al, would you do the more formal honors?"

As nineteen-year-old Tina took Al's arm, she was beaming with a smile very like Joan's. I'd followed her poodle-like haircut halfway around the room when Joan returned and handed me my drink in a tall crystal glass.

Then she walked toward the center of the room and with great style sat majestically down on the white pouf. Just watching Joan sit can be an experience.

She pauses for a moment, holding herself very stiff, glances at everyone to see that all's well, then slowly—but so slowly you can hear the seconds ticking—she lowers herself into the seat.

Joan's airy sash fell over the rear of the pouf and onto the floor. Then, with a nonchalant flip of her head, Joan said, "Al's taking me off to Texas for the next weekend. Or maybe I should say, I don't like him going alone so I'm going with him!" While my friend from the staircase was busy laughing, I out-maneuvered him for a seat near Joan.

"It'll be good for her," Al was saying. "She's been working so hard. The other night," Al went on, "we were up till three in the morning because Joan just wouldn't settle for less than perfection. She had a bunch of writers up here, going over the TV scripts with them, helping them decide what scenes needed changing, what dialogue wouldn't play. And they couldn't believe it. They told me when they left they never had any actress ever take the time to work with them like that!"

"Al—really!" Joan laughed.

"Say, Al," one of the guests said, "I'll bet that's why you told me you were sort of tired at lunch the next day. Joan, I'll bet he stayed up every last minute with you."

"He sure did," Joan answered. "And he loved it!" She took a sip from her long glass of vodka-on-the-rocks. "You know, if I ever felt my work was getting in the way of my marriage, believe me it would go right out the window." She smiled over at her husband. "I love Hollywood, but I love my husband more! Luckily, Al gets fun out of being part of show business, too."

Joan got up again and walked over to us, pointing to the long walnut coffee tables where there were tempting platters of hors d'oeuvres.

There was a quiet pause while we sampled the different hors d'oeuvres. Then we all heard Tina's voice explaining to one of the guests about the difficulties of show-business today and how hard it is for a young person to get a lucky break. Tina was saying how she had performed at an off-Broadway theater which was actually no more than an old rundown Slavic meeting hall, and had been happy to get the experience.

"It's so discouraging," Tina said sadly. "You make the rounds of producers' offices and casting agents and everyone says, 'Don't call us. We'll call you!' And then

they never do. It's such a struggle to get a part, even a small one. Everyone says it's worse now than it's ever been."

Then Joan teased, "We had to struggle too, the older generation, I mean. We even used to go without eating." The bantering note had gone out of Joan's voice and she went on thoughtfully. "When I was in my teens I left Kansas City for Chicago, all alone, to look for a job as a chorus girl. I went to a producer's office and it was full of pretty girls, all slim and terribly chic. And there I was, chubby, scared and not pretty at all, watching the pretty girls file into the producer's inner sanctum, one by one. I got panicky. I didn't have any money. What was I going to do? If he saw all those lovely girls first, I'd never get to first base."

"I had to think quickly. When you need money your mind really thinks! I mustered up all my nerve and rushed to his door, opened it wide, ran inside and knocked over a chorus girl who was auditioning for him. I didn't even bother to introduce myself. All I said breathlessly was, 'I'm not tall and I'm not pretty but I *have* to have a job!'"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Some sweet woman—the only other plumpish woman in the place—came over to me. Later I found out she was his wife. And she said, 'Come on, honey, cry it out! Don't be ashamed. I'll bet you haven't had a decent meal in days!'"

They took her out to dinner, Joan told us, and then gave her a night-club job where she sang and danced.

"When I worked those night clubs, I weighed a hundred and forty-five pounds! Baby-fat, all of it. Then I went to New York and starved myself. And you know," Joan laughed, "you might think it's easy to diet when you're broke and looking for a job. But it isn't. Spaghetti, after all, is so filling, and so much cheaper than steak. But I remember Jack Oakie and I would ride up Riverside Drive in a bus or stroll along Fifth Avenue window-shopping, dreaming of paychecks, dreaming of the day when we'd be polished performers. We knew we'd have to fight for it and we were willing."

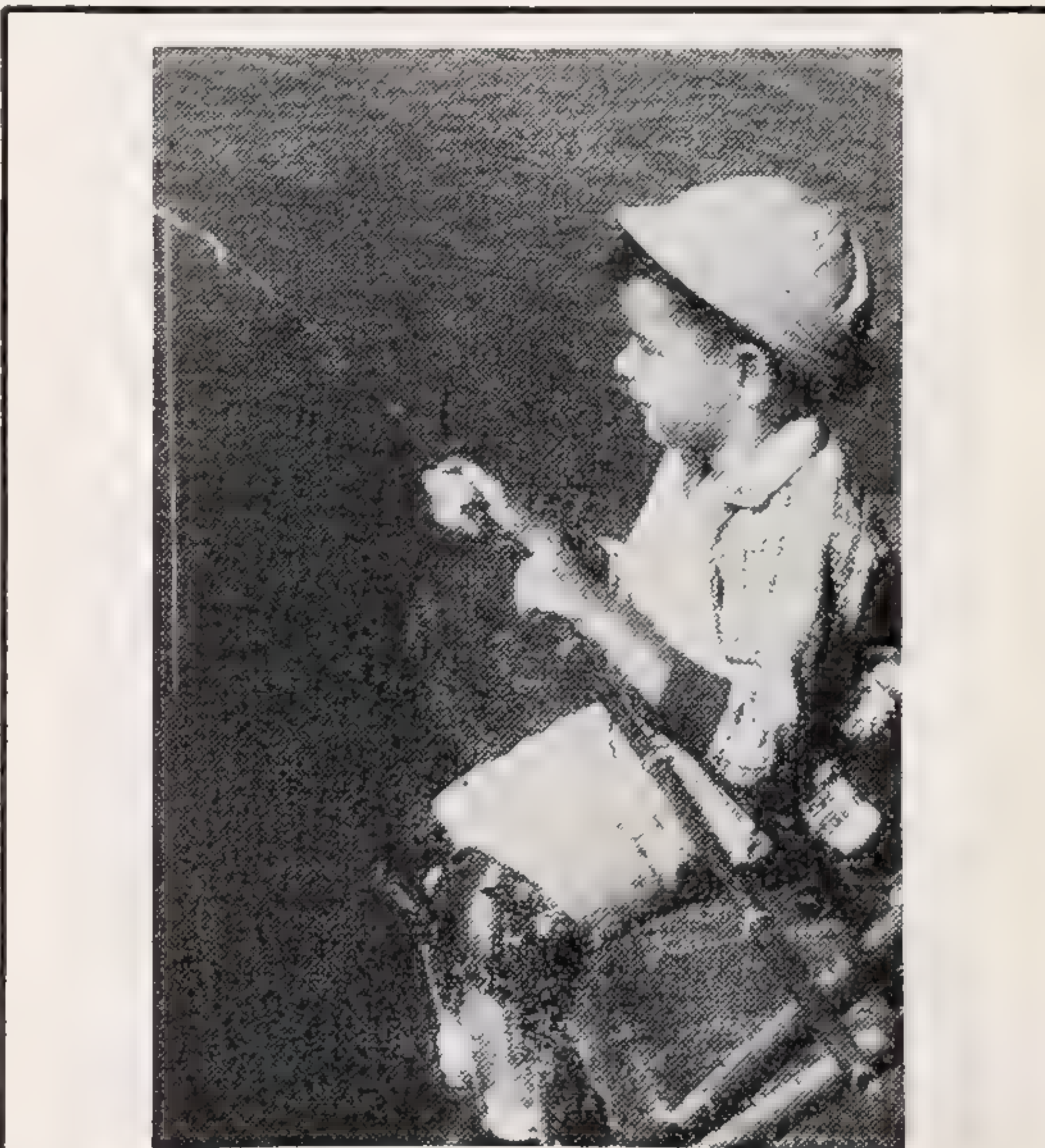
"I'm willing to fight, too," Tina said.

"I know you are," Joan smiled at her, "but then I keep getting the feeling that nobody's willing to fight *enough* today," Joan sighed. "Everybody wants a shortcut, and I'm afraid there aren't any, honey. Most of those kids in the movies now—they're here today, gone tomorrow. Nobody stays up on top like the old days. Nobody wants to fight!"

We listened to her, all of us hypnotized by Joan's throaty voice. I looked at her. This was a star—that magic quality was in the way she looked, the way she held herself, the way she spoke. Yet I couldn't help thinking about Joan's life and what she'd said about fighting and struggling. Joan had struggled. It had been no overnight success that brought Joan to the top. It had been a hard climb and I remembered, too, the terrifying words "box-office poison" that had been pinned on her and that had forced her to begin the climb all over again. I looked at the way Joan held her head, straight and high, and I thought that that sort of courage was something to be proud of.

I looked around the room again, but I still couldn't find the Oscar Joan had won—in 1946. Well, she must have some very special place for it, I thought, remembering the stories I'd heard of how she treasured it almost above everything else.

I knew the stories must be true, for Joan had fought so hard to get there, to win all the things the Oscar stood for. It must have been awful for her, I thought, to



I am Philip Little, the 1959 National Easter Seal Child. I am switching from fishing to campaigning—to make sure that all crippled children will continue to get help through Easter Seals.

have gotten sick just the night of the awards . . . so sick that her doctor had to come and sit by her bed to make sure she wouldn't try to somehow get to the theater and . . .

A new voice cut through my thoughts and I looked up to hear a brunette woman whose red dress matched the shoes next to mine saying, "Joan, I'm just dying to see the rest of the apartment. Could we have a tour?"

"Oh, I love showing people through the place," Joan said. "Maybe, though, the men wouldn't be too interested. I guess we can leave them here with Al."

"Hey, no fair," I said.

"Well, I'd like to have you along," Joan said. "I just didn't think you . . . All the men who want to come are welcome." Then, when all fourteen of her guests stood up and started to follow her into the dining room, Joan laughed, half with surprise, I guess, and half with pleasure.

"We used to have eighteen rooms, all rather small," Joan explained, "so we remodeled the place into eight large, sunny ones."

"What an unusual table!" one of the guests exclaimed, running her hand over the inlaid gold and silver discs of the first diamond-shaped table I'd ever seen.

We moved on to her kitchen which was immaculate. It could have served as an operating room in a pinch. In a corner, one of Joan's French poodles waited for her to call him. "Here, Masterpiece," she called and he bounded over to her to have his ears scratched playfully. When Joan told him to sit, he obeyed her instantly.

Then she led us through the hallway to her writing corner with its carved desk and chair. A sheet of her silver-monogrammed letter paper was centered on the white desk pad.

Upstairs, she took us into her bedroom

which is the most feminine room I've ever seen in my life: all pink and white with one wall covered with soft drapes. "That's my garden," Joan laughed, pointing to a collection of tall rubbery plants in the far corner.

"Oh," she said excitedly, "I must show you the bed!"

And with a wonderful carefree abandonment, Joan stretched out on the pink bedspread. Leaning over to one side, she turned a knob, and the head of the bed noiselessly rose to a forty-five degree angle, the way hospital beds do. Then she fiddled with another knob and the lower part of the bed rose to a sharp angle. Now both Joan and the bed were in a V-position.

She's a good sport, too, I thought, as we stood watching, and laughing as she jerked back and forth.

Toying with the knobs, Joan returned the bed to its normal position. "I want you all to see my view," she said. "It's *my* California in New York."

Joan walked toward the curtained wall, paused for a long moment to heighten the dramatic effect, then parted the curtains in the middle with one hand and whispered, "Look!"

Outside, the snow sparkled in the air; millions of jewel-like snowflakes glittered all over Fifth Avenue and Central Park—probably the last snowfall of the season. The island of Manhattan, with its own island of park at its heart, lay spread out before us.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she whispered.

We stood there, all of us, watching quietly, and, for the first time that evening, I realized Joan was just one of us, a simple human being awed by the beauty before her.

"What about coffee?" Joan asked, breaking the spell. We nodded and she led the

way back to the living room, then glided out towards the kitchen.

It was Al's turn to take the stage. "She's a wonderful woman," he said. "You've no idea what she does for people . . . and she'll never talk about it. She probably wouldn't like my telling even you, but did you know she's been financing eight beds in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital for more than twenty years? They're for show people who aren't able to pay their own way. Well, one day, when she went down on a visit and found a plaque had been put up commemorating her generosity, she ordered it to be pulled down immediately.

"She looks after the beds with her own doctor who takes personal care of the patients."

Soon we had our coffee and not long after that it was time to leave. Then I found myself back in the hallway and almost couldn't find my own plain black shoes. The red-silk landmark I'd parked them next to had already departed.

It had been a most unusual evening. As I left I thanked Joan and Al, shook hands with the few guests who were still putting the final knots to their shoelaces and walked down the hall to the elevator. I was practically the last to go.

Just as the elevator man swung the doors open I overheard Joan's dramatic voice saying, "Oh, Al, look! Someone's left fingerprints on my lovely white wall."

"I wonder who could have put them there," I heard Al say just before the door shut.

Everyone in the elevator had heard and somehow I felt they were all looking at me. Gosh, I thought, did I do it? Am I the one who put the fingerprints on Joan Crawford's wall? I stuffed my hands into my coat pockets and hoped hard that it wasn't.

THE END

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FIRST LOVE

Continued from page 68

gracefully, and was so poised that I got the impression she must be a dancer, or maybe a model. She was wearing a black leotard that really showed off her figure. And she had the most striking big brown eyes. I wondered how come I hadn't noticed her before. My friend put his arm around her and I thought to myself, so that's *his* girl. Then he said, "Edd, have you met my sister?"

"No, I haven't," I gulped.

He introduced us and we talked for a while. She told me she was studying ballet. Before we said goodbye that afternoon I'd asked her for a date and she'd accepted.

I left the gym and practically trotted all the way home. I kept whistling and couldn't help noticing that the late evening sunset seemed much more vibrant. During the next three days I looked for things to occupy my time so that Wednesday, the night of our first date, wouldn't seem so far off.

Wednesday finally came. I remember pulling up in front of her house in my beat-up '37 Ford. It may have seemed beat-up to everyone else, but to me no limousine was as beautiful.

I took her to Loew's 86th Street, and we sat in the balcony. During the second picture I got up enough courage to hold her hand.

After that first date we began seeing each other regularly, as much as three or four times a week and twice on Sundays when we'd meet at the gym and then go out afterwards. We never went to any spectacular places on our dates, just to movie shows, with a stop at the Orange Room afterward for something to eat—the Orange Room, that's a term of endearment we New Yorkers have for Nedicks' Hot Dog Stand.

Sometimes I'd go over to her house and we'd dance and listen to records, or we'd take long drives and usually wind up in the Bronx near the Cloisters, a popular parking spot. We'd sit and talk for hours and listen to music on the car radio and hold hands. We never talked much about the future. We were young, and the future seemed like a long way off.

We lived eight blocks away from each other and her house soon became a second home to me.

Eight-and-a-half months later, at the end of that year, I realized that for the first time in my life, December 31st had a special meaning. We were going to celebrate New Year's Eve together—our first.

When I picked her up that night she looked more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in a formal, with all sorts of sparkling things over her dress. On her wrist was a rhinestone bracelet and around her neck she wore a matching strand of shining stones. I'd given them to her for Christmas. She looked like a dream. I felt wonderful.

It was pretty mobbed by the time we got to the party. Soon we got separated in a crowd. I kept looking around for her. Then I saw her. She was standing in a corner talking to another guy. I went over; and when I'd reached her side I put my arm around her as if to say, "Hands off, buddy, she's mine!" She looked up at me and said softly, "Can we go outside and get a little air? It's so stuffy in here."

We walked through the crowd and outdoors to the front of the house. It was cold, snowing lightly and she had forgotten to take her wrap. She was

shivering and I wasn't feeling any too warm myself. Suddenly she looked up at me and said, "Did you recognize that boy I was talking to?"

I nodded my head in a yes. All the guys knew him. He was already out of school, older than the rest of the crowd. He was a dancer and an actor. He had the only new convertible in the crowd and also his own apartment which I guess made him seem as though he were from a different planet.

"Edd," she went on, "I don't know exactly how to tell you . . . I don't know what to say . . . but . . ." She didn't seem to want to look at me. She put her head down and said, "I like him . . . he feels the same way about me . . . I don't even know how it happened . . . I'm awfully sorry. Honestly, I am. I don't mean to hurt you."

She went on talking, trying to make me feel better, asking questions, saying words, but I just stood there, looking at her. I knew I should say something.

The only words that finally did come out were, "Honey, I understand. This thing is all new and I guess fascinating to you. You've just met him. But it's only a matter of time—we'll be back together again."

She sort of smiled and said, "Let's go back inside; it's cold."

I took her hand and we walked up the steps and back into the house. It was a quarter to twelve and all I could think of was how to get away, how to get out of there fast. I tried not to let her know. In the end I just walked her over to where he was standing, said goodnight and left—alone.

It was getting close to midnight when I started across the street towards the 59th Street entrance to Central Park. As I stepped off the curb, I noticed a man coming toward me. He was playing "Auld Lang Syne" on an accordion that he had strapped across his chest. Hanging from one of the shoulder straps was a tin cup. I dug into my pocket, found a coin and tossed it in. "Thanks son—Happy New Year," he called out. I must have been the only one to give him anything that night because my coin made a very lonely thud as it hit the bottom of the cup. It sounded like I felt—hollow and alone.

There's something pretty special about the holiday season in New York. All the millions of neon bulbs seem extra bright; there are glittering Christmas ornaments everywhere; the snow glistens and everything looks peaceful and beautiful. At least it always had before. That night as I walked along, it was the most beautiful and yet the most ugly sight I'd ever seen.

I just kept on walking. I knew when twelve o'clock came because from somewhere the stillness of the night was sud-

denly shattered by the blast of horns. I could hear shouts and screaming and fragments of words and laughter all mixed up . . . "Happy . . . New . . . Year . . . Whoopee . . ." I kept on walking. I passed a few couples, arm in arm, walking huddled together, sheltering each other from the cold. They didn't see me, but I saw them; all of them had the one thing I didn't—someone to be with on this last night of the year.

I kept going slowly until I found myself in the mid-Sixties. I knew where I was because I saw the zoo up ahead; that's in the park around 64th Street. I walked over and looked through the steel bars into the cages. They were deserted. Even the animals were inside, warm, together with other animals. We'd come here a few times, my girl and I. We'd had fun watching the monkeys acting like little furry people and looking at the lions, tigers and other exotic creatures from far off lands. Now the zoo was deserted and my girl was blocks away celebrating the New Year with another guy, the celebrity in the crowd—a professional already, working at the Roxy Theater in some big production. He made a lot of money—any money seemed a lot of money to someone like me, still in school, dependent on a family allowance and any change I could pick up doing odd jobs after classes.

I passed the skate house where we'd rented ice skates for a spin around the lake; the same shack where you rent rowboats in the summer to go for a ride on the same lake. Soon I was at the Seventy-Sixth Street exit. I'd walked seventeen blocks. It was three in the morning, and I'd been walking for hours. I left the park, walked two blocks to 78th Street and finally arrived home. I opened the front door quietly. I didn't want anybody to hear me. I couldn't stand the thought of talking to my folks or my older brother or kid sister. I wanted to be alone.

I went to my room and as I sat on my bed thinking it all over, something inside of me seemed to snap. She wanted glamor, she wanted an actor. Well, if that's what she wanted, why couldn't she wait? That's what I was going to be! I sat on the edge of my bed thinking how it would be. I'd go to Hollywood and become a star overnight. I'd buy a black convertible, twice as big as *his*. I'd get myself a smart wardrobe and come back to New York. Then I'd sweep her off her feet. I'd call her and say hello and she'd come running over to see me. I'd suggest we take a walk and we'd go down Broadway. I'd be very nonchalant as she held my hand and shouted, "Oh, look, Edd! Your name! It's up in lights a mile high." And I'd just smile and say nothing . . .

One thing my folks had given me for Christmas was a phonograph. The day after New Year's I went to Goody's, a big record shop in New York, and bought my first record. It was Vic Damone's "You're Breaking My Heart." And I kept playing it over and over and over.

Those first few weeks, I'd make up excuses to take the long way home. I'd walk past her house on 86th Street and look in and see if I could see her. If the house was dark I was sure she was out somewhere, some place very expensive, with *him*. She probably thought my '37 Ford was a rattletrap compared to his new car. I was sure he took her places other than a movie or a free band concert, or to the zoo which costs nothing except the price of what you buy to eat. On Sundays if I knew she was going to the gym I'd get there late and work on the opposite side of the room so I wouldn't bump into her. But mostly she stopped coming on Sundays

"FOR A BETTER-READ,
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—I supposed she was too busy going out on the town.

Every moment of every day I kept thinking more and more about becoming an actor—becoming a star. I started buying movie magazines, reading them from cover to cover, particularly stories on Hollywood's leading young men. I kept reading, hoping to find a clue on how you go about getting somewhere in Hollywood. My folks weren't exactly pleased. They wanted me to go to college and take a pre-med course and follow through and get my M.D. degree. No use putting it off, I thought, I might as well tell them now. My parents tried to discourage me by stopping my allowance in the hopes that I'd snap out of the haze I was in.

But nothing was going to stop me. If my folks didn't give me money, I'd earn some. I took a series of odd jobs, before and after school, driving an ice truck, delivering magazines. I took anything that could pay some money. With my first salary check I rented a tape recorder. I sat in my bedroom for hours at a time reading into it, reading scenes from plays I'd checked out of the library. Then I'd play it back and listen to myself doing the same scene over and over again. I tried to be my own teacher.

Four months passed. Then one night in April while I was in my room reading, the telephone rang. I said "Hello," and heard a feminine voice on the other end say, "Edd? Is that you, Edd?"

I knew exactly who it was. I'd dreamed for months of this moment. When she'd call I'd be so happy and we'd get back together. I'd show her that I could be twice as successful as that other guy . . . and that's the way I thought I'd feel until I heard her voice.

"How've you been?" I said, casually.

"Fine . . . I . . . Edd, that boy . . . well, it was just a passing fancy and . . . I—I'd like to see you . . . I'd like very much to see you . . ."

I swallowed hard and then said, "I guess I should be glad that things didn't work out with him . . . but I'm not . . . I'm sorry . . . because, well . . ." and I paused, "well, because I think it would be better if we didn't see each other again." There was silence on the other end. I could tell she was crying and I wanted to say, "Look, I haven't stopped feeling the way I did . . . I love you but I'm afraid to get hurt again . . ." I wanted to tell her but I couldn't say it. She finally said, "Well, goodbye, then." I said, "So long."

She called me a few more times after that. Each time I heard her voice I felt worse. But I wouldn't give in. The last time she called I said, "Look, seriously, it's much better if you go your way and I go mine." She hung up.

I imagined myself pretty worldly. I'd grown up a lot in those few months. Yet down deep I knew I was still a kid. She had been my first girl, and I'd taken it pretty hard. I guess when you get right down to it, I just didn't want to be hurt again and I knew that feeling the way I still did, she could hurt me.

Four years and a dozen odd jobs later I really got my start in show business. By then I'd done a few bits on TV, carried a spear on stage in a local production of "Hamlet," been in summer stock and learned just about everything I could. For a long time I'd been planning to go to the West Coast. I broke it to my folks gradually and when the day came they were wonderful. They wished me luck and told me never to be too proud to ask them for anything. They wanted so much to help me, even in acting.

I got in my car and started driving. Now

was the time! I would keep going until I couldn't drive any further and then I'd be in California. About a week later I got to Hollywood.

I did see her again—not too long afterwards. It was just before anything really big happened to me. I got a phone call one night. She was in California appearing in a night-club act. We met for cocktails. We talked. It was a pleasant evening. In some ways we were like strangers, worlds apart. In others it was like we'd never stopped seeing each other. We had a few laughs, then said goodbye.

I never saw her again. I did get a letter from her, though, about a year and a half later. She wrote to tell me she had settled down back East. She'd married and was expecting a baby. No, she didn't marry an actor; her husband was a business man, she told me, and they were very happy. She said she'd seen my name in a movie magazine advertising "Darby's Rangers," and she had to write and let me know how very proud she was of me. When I read her letter I could tell she sincerely meant what she'd written. I had no feeling of bitterness, no regrets about what had happened between us. She had been my girl, my very first girl and because of that I'll never completely forget her. And I've so much to thank her for because if I hadn't known her, if she hadn't passed me by for someone who represented all the glamor I still lacked, I'd have done what my parents wanted me to do, maybe I'd be spending my time in a hospital ward taking temperatures. And I don't think I'd have really been cut out for that type of life.

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 41

a drawer under the desk and drew out a long white sheet of paper. As he looked down the list I had an awful feeling that maybe Debbie had forgotten.

"Yes, Miss Reynolds is expecting you. Here's your pass. Go right through that door. Miss Reynolds is on Sound Stage 3. Just follow the signs. You can't miss it."

I turned and walked back towards the door.

"Just a minute, Miss," he called.

"Is that a camera you have in your hand?"

"Yes. I thought I could get a snapshot of Debbie."

"I'm sorry, you aren't allowed to take cameras on the lot. You'll have to leave it with me and pick it up on your way out."

I reluctantly put my camera on the desk and left by way of a door which leads onto the lot. The studio stretched before me for miles. I didn't know which way to go. Then a boy rode by on a bicycle.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm on my way to Sound Stage 3 to see Debbie Reynolds. She expects me."

"Well, follow the sign," he said, pointing.

"What sign?" I asked. I was so nervous I couldn't see anything. I'm sure it must have been right under my nose but I couldn't see it. I guess they're used to handling excited tourists because the boy grinned and said, "Follow me." He hopped on his bike and peddled slowly right up to a door marked Sound Stage 3. "Have fun," he called as he rode away.

The door was partly open. I could hear voices. One was Debbie's, I'd recognize it anywhere. I walked inside. I saw a man with his back to the door talking to a girl. All I could see was the top of her head. I stopped and stood very still. Was that Debbie's head! The man turned around. It was Dean Jones and it *was* Debbie! Then Debbie saw me and came over.

"Hi. I'm Debbie Reynolds. (As if I had to be told!) You must be Pam. Come on across the set with me while I do this next scene." She led me to a chair. "Sit here, Pam. You'll have a good view of us working from this spot. And I'll be right back."

I sat down and watched. I didn't know where to look first. There were so many people running around. Some were fixing

lights and moving furniture. Then a lady came over and ran a comb through Debbie's hair. It took a long time before the director called "Action." Every few minutes Debbie looked over at me and nodded reassuringly. When the scene was over she said, "Come on, let's find a corner that's a little more private. I can't leave the set because I'm in the next scene. But at least we can get away from some of the noise."

She led me across the huge stage until she found two chairs in a corner where there was nobody else around. And when I sat down opposite her, I realized for the first time how very beautiful Debbie is, so much more than on the screen. I adored her dress. It was pink with a scoop neck. Around her waist was a pink cummerbund embroidered with daisies and she also had on pink very high heeled shoes.

Her eyes *were* green—just like they said in the magazines. I thought they looked a little sad, though, although she was smiling and I knew that I was looking at a very brave person because no matter what she felt inside she obviously wasn't the type to go around with a long face so that everyone would be sympathetic.

I pulled out my list of questions from my purse. But they didn't include the questions I so much wanted to ask. I wanted to know how she really felt. If her big house seemed terribly lonely. If she had seen Eddie at all during the past few weeks. I wanted to ask but I'd promised. So I looked down at my question No. 1 which said "Biographical Details."

She began telling me about her childhood and explained that those sort of facts were all on a printed biographical sheet which was put out by the studio publicity department and perhaps I'd like to have one. I said yes.

Then she added, "But I'm going to give you a scoop. Tell you something that's not on that sheet. It says that my height is five feet one and one-half inches. That's wrong. I'm only five feet and one-half inch tall."

I wrote that down as the very first fact that was all my own. I was on my way. But as I looked at her I couldn't stop myself thinking of her all alone with her children in that enormous house with the large rooms and the pillars . . . and the servants. I wanted to say, are you lonely? But instead I asked politely, "What are your hobbies and sports?"

She said that her children came before anything else, but that she enjoyed tennis,

swimming and bowling. She also said she loved colors and her favorites were red and blue. "I have a mad passion for Mexican food, any style, any time and can eat it three times a day," she confided. I laughed.

I thought I'd try one serious question. "Debbie," I said, "if you could have the choice of living any place in the world, what place would you choose?"

"That's easy. There's no place in the world I'd rather live than in Southern California."

So I tried another. "Did you always want to be an actress, even when you were little?"

"Heavens, no," Debbie answered. "My biggest aim in life was to be a gym teacher. It looked like a lot of fun and seemed to be the thing I was most suited to. Even when I did take drama lessons I was considered strictly no-talent Reynolds in those days. And when I did get to Hollywood I was so nervous every time I had to meet someone important that often I would sit and fiddle with my shoe just as you're doing now." I hadn't realized she'd noticed. I grinned sheepishly.

Debbie continued. "One day I remember accepting an invitation to a home for dinner from a woman in the studio who set a formal table, and had the meal served by a maid. I was shook up for weeks after this experience. I was completely confused by all the silver in front of me and I didn't know which side the maid would serve from next or what to do with what she had when she presented it. I juggled, fumbled and blushed."

We both laughed at this story, but as we laughed I couldn't help wondering how she could be so gay. I know I'm only fourteen and not very worldly and I don't want to sound as though I can fully understand people inside out. But I do know that as I watched Debbie I saw a courageous woman. She wasn't going to let me know if she felt sad or tired and I admired her so much for this. But it wouldn't be right to say I was finding out more from Debbie from the things she didn't say than from what I put down in my notebook. But it seems to me that talking isn't the only way to speak to someone else. You can speak with your eyes, your facial expressions and your actions, too.

Then she said, "Tell me a little about yourself, Pam." And I explained that as my father used to be a major in the Air Force we'd lived in many many different parts of the country and abroad too, but since August of 1958 we had lived in California. My father is now a civil engineer working on the ballistic missile program. I told her also that I was a very keen drama student at school.

I was ready for another question when the assistant director came over and said, "Okay, Brigitte, back to work."

"That's my latest nickname—Brigitte—after guess who," Debbie joked. "At least I'm making some progress. On my last picture they kept calling me George."

Once again I sat and watched Debbie work. If ever I'd had any ambitions to be an actress I would have lost them right then and there. I never realized how hard it was to make a movie. Everything takes so much time. There are so many tiny details that the average moviegoer never is even conscious of. It took fifteen minutes until they were ready to start filming. The scene was a hard one. It must have been, because they kept doing it over and over and over.

It was almost six o'clock. Debbie had told me that she'd been up since five that morning, and arrived at the studio a little before seven a.m. Now, almost twelve hours later, she was still going strong.

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After that last scene, I walked Debbie back to her dressing room. There were at least a dozen people waiting to see her, all asking questions about one thing or another, all demanding immediate answers. Patiently she took care of as much as she could. The phone kept ringing. Debbie seemed calmer than any one of us around her. Then she went inside and made a quick change. A few minutes later out came Debbie in capris and a cotton shirt. Seeing her dressed this way, I noticed how really tiny she is. I'm inches taller!

Debbie walked me across the set to the exit. On the way I had her sign my autograph book. She wrote, "To Pam, a very sweet girl. Love, Debbie Reynolds."

There was only one more thing to take care of before I left. I extended an invitation to Debbie to come to our high school on June 6th, to be the guest celebrity at our annual drama assembly.

"June sixth? Why, who knows if I'll even be alive on June sixth?" she answered.

The disappointment must have stuck out all over me.

"Oh, I was only kidding. That's just an expression. Look, Pam, it would be easy to say I'd love to come. But I never like to make a promise where people will be counting on me unless I'm sure I can keep it. That's awfully far ahead. I really have no idea what my schedule will look like in June. But I can tell you that if it's at all possible, I'd like very much to come. Tell you what," she went on, "I know it's pretty hard to get through to me sometimes. Here, lend me a sheet of paper and a pencil."

I gave her the paper and pencil and watched her scribble something.

"This is my folks' home address. If you write to me there then I'm sure to get it the same day. Why don't you drop me a note around the third week in May? By then I'll surely know what I'm doing on June 6th. Besides," her eyes twinkled, "that will still give you two weeks to invite someone else if I can't come."

It was six-thirty as I walked across the almost deserted studio lot and down a side street to Washington Boulevard and our car where Mother was waiting.

I thought of all the things I had wanted to say to Debbie but was unable to because I felt shy about them. I think I'm just like any one of thousands of other Debbie Reynolds fans who admire her so much and want to let her know their feelings. I could never have said to Debbie's face all I've said just now. I wouldn't have had the nerve to tell her how important it is to girls like me, just entering our teens, to have someone like her to look up to. I wish I could have told her how happy I felt inside because when I met her after seven years of reading about her there wasn't any disappointment.

I wonder if Debbie realizes that to a lot of us the word fan means friend as well as admirer, or that her fans, people like me who've looked up to her for years, are capable of feeling hurt when she feels it? Does she know how we clip pictures of her and her darling children and put them in our wallets or on our dressers right next to pictures of our own family? I feel there are so many girls who would have loved to go on that interview with Debbie that just by telling my story I hope they've been able to feel like maybe they were almost there.

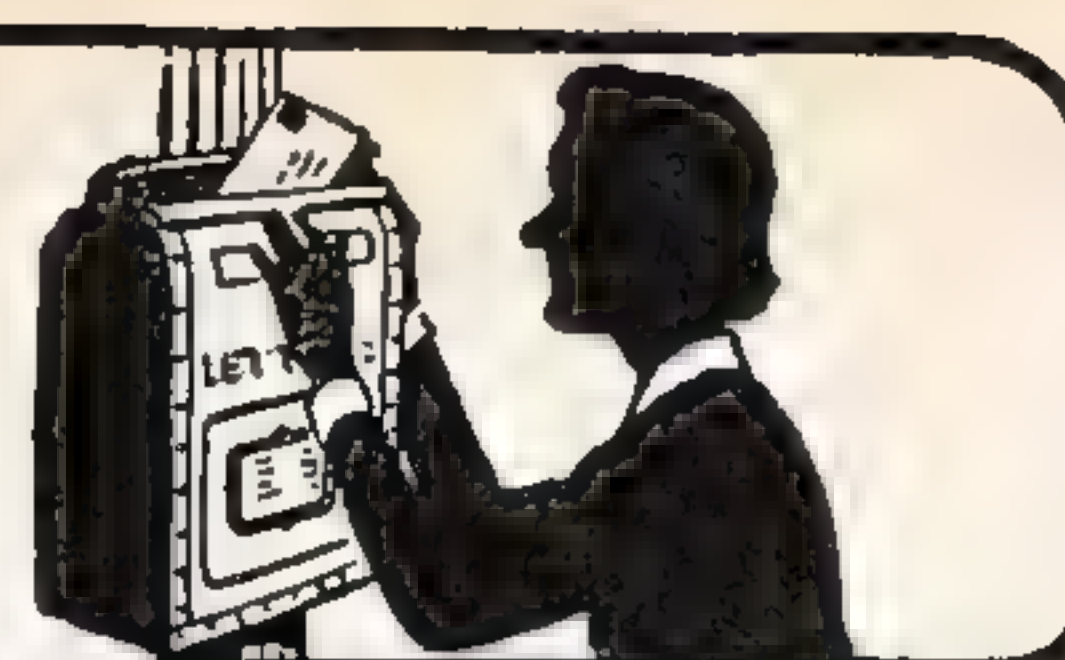
—AS TOLD TO HOPE MARSHALL

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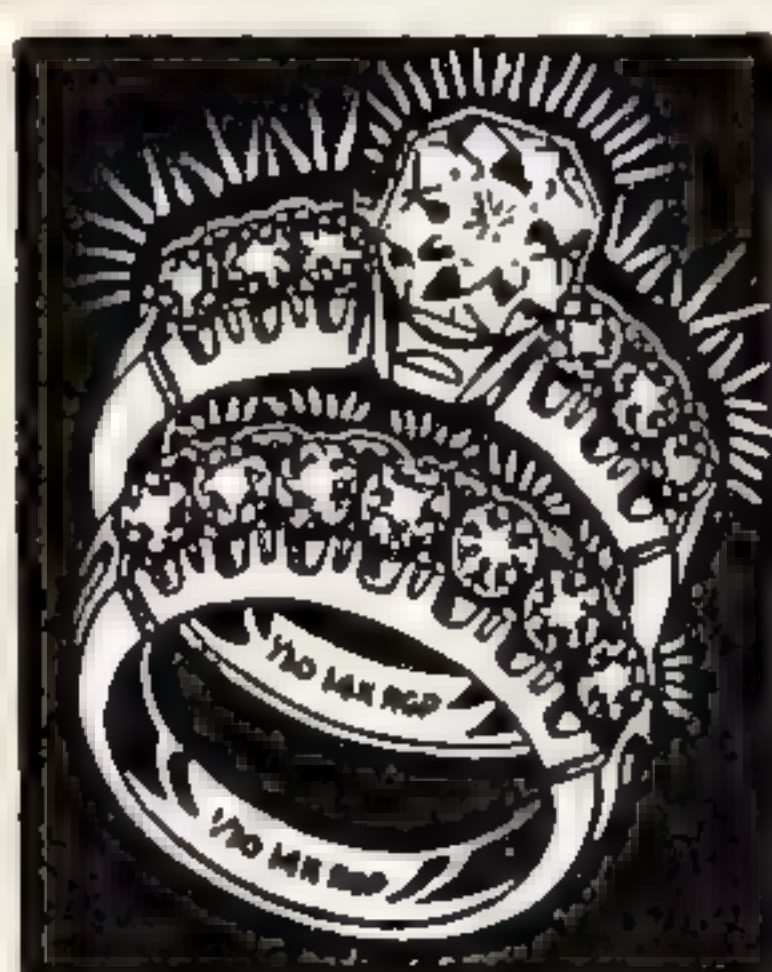
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TOMMY SANDS

Continued from page 65

call each other up on the telephone and talk about things—silly things like how we'd act if we were twelve years old again or supposing it were the end of the world—what would we do? We both collected shaggy dog stories, and we'd go on for hours on the phone. My mom used to moan like mad. "Tommy," she'd yell, "get off the phone!" I would for ten minutes and then call back. Joan and I had too much to talk about.

Then came that spring afternoon. I picked Joan up from her home-room at Houston High, and we walked over to the drugstore and she told me the news. Her folks wanted me to go home with them after church on Sunday and have dinner with them.

"Gee, Joan," I said. "I . . . I don't know . . ." I took the straw out of my Coke glass and began untwisting it.

"If you don't come, Tommy, they're going to be very disappointed," she said. "Mom thought if you couldn't make it this Sunday, next Sunday would be all right."

"It's . . . it's not that. . ." I said, fidgeting with the straw.

"Oh, Tommy," Joan answered in a schoolteacherish voice, "they're not going to eat you. . ."

"I . . . I guess not," I admitted. I didn't want to tell her how scared I was. Already there was a prickly sensation at the pit of my stomach and I could feel a thumping in my throat.

She told me that her older brother, Oliver, would be coming home from college for the weekend, and I'd enjoy meeting him. He was a real brain, she added.

Of course, that scared me all the more. But I didn't tell her.

Sunday rolled around. All I told my mother was that I was going over to a friend's house for a visit. I just couldn't tell my mom the truth. She's great when it comes to giving me confidence about school or a show that I'm doing. But she never could understand me when it comes to girls. I've often wondered if all moms are this way.

After church, I took the bus to Joan's. When I got there, they hadn't gotten back yet. Joan's folks were Presbyterian; Mom and I were Methodists.

I peeked through the front door with its large, lace-curtained windowpane. I couldn't see a creature stirring, not even Joan's poodle, Mukluk.

I ducked behind the house to sneak a cigarette. No sooner did I inhale the first hot taste of the tobacco than I heard a car stop and the clattering of feet on the front walk.

Everyone apologized to me for being late.

"But didn't Oliver let you in?" Joan's mom asked. She was tall and round-faced, and she wore rimless eyeglasses.

"I . . . I didn't ring the bell. I just knocked."

"He's probably still asleep," she decided.

Joan looked very pretty that day. She had on a blue print dress that brought out the color of her eyes. But she was very shy, more bashful than I've ever known her to be.

All she said was "Hi."

Her father nodded to me to go inside. Joan's mother announced that Margaret and her husband Bob were coming over. Margaret was Joan's older sister. She and Bob had been married about a year.

While Joan's mother bustled through the house, Joan's father and I went into the living room. It had rich maroon drapes

and overstuffed maroon furniture. I noticed a framed portrait of Joan on an end-table.

"Sit down," Joan's father said in a gruff tone. He was tall and lanky, a typical Westerner. He took off his jacket. "Want to take off yours?" he asked.

"Okay," I said, not knowing whether I should or I shouldn't.

He was so formal, as if he wanted to conduct a meeting with stiff parliamentary procedure.

I sat in an easy chair and fiddled with the antimacassars. Both of us were silent for a minute.

"Where's Joan?" I asked, breaking that terrible silence.

"Where do you expect?" he said in what I thought was a pretty stern way. "Where she belongs. In the kitchen. Helping her mom."

I slumped lower in the chair.

"Tell me, young man," he said in his parliamentary voice, "what are your plans?"

"Plans?" I said, my voice cracking.

"You know what I mean. Plans!" he answered me. "What are you thinking about in terms of college?"

I fumbled for an answer. There was a lump in my throat the size of an egg. I didn't even know if I were going to college. I'd already begun singing at nights—in little out-of-the-way night clubs, for spending money. They weren't very fancy.

I said I didn't know about college. I was thinking about singing for a career.

"But you are planning on having a higher education," he said, an incredulous tone in his voice.

"Well, sir," I answered. "I really don't know. My mother works, and my father—well, he's not with us. They're divorced. So maybe I won't have a chance to go to . . ."

Joan entered the room, and I never finished my sentence. She told us that Margaret and Bob had arrived.

"Your boy over here," her dad said, "tells me he doesn't know if he's going to college."

Joan blushed redder than her lipstick. She swallowed hard before she could speak. "Dad," she said. "Tommy's a friend, that's all. . ."

"Well," her dad said impatiently, "he tells me he's not thinking seriously about going to college. . ."

We were saved by Joan's mom who announced dinner. "Joan helped to prepare it all before church," her mom told me, smiling.

We went into the dining room with the long table all set beautifully with an ivory linen tablecloth and cut-glass water tumblers and fancy silverware. I was so impressed.

"Oliver!" Joan's mom called as Margaret told us where we should sit. I sat across from Joan . . . between Bob, who was a quiet kind of guy, and Margaret, whom I noticed was wearing a pink maternity dress.

Oliver finally came down and sat next to Joan. He had evidently just gotten out of bed. He'd thrown on a sport shirt and chino pants and slicked back his hair, it looked, with cold water. His eyes were still puffy from sleep.

First, we all drank our glasses of tomato juice. Then Margaret insisted she serve the roast beef while her mom stayed seated. We passed the mashed potatoes and buttered peas. When it came my turn to help myself to vegetables, I was so afraid I'd spill something that I did. Some of the peas fell onto the tablecloth.

"I'll . . . I'll pick them up," I said. I didn't know if that was right or wrong, but I was ashamed to let them lie there. They had

made round butter stains on the tablecloth, and I wondered if I should open up my mouth and apologize. But I was too embarrassed even to say a word.

Just then Oliver started talking. Joan was right. He was a brain. He began explaining how he must be under some spell from Morpheus, the god of slumber.

Then he announced his favorite myth was Atlanta and the golden apples. He said something in Latin I didn't understand. "Isn't that a beautiful thought?" he commented, and looking me right in the eye, he asked, "Who wrote it?"

I was studying Latin all right, but I was strictly the amo-amas-amat type.

"We're only in first year Latin," Joan said softly.

"What are they teaching you kids these days," Oliver said smiling, but I knew he was serious.

Then Joan's mom leaned over the table and said, "A little birdie told us, Tommy, that you're quite a performer. I hear you sing and dance and play the guitar."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I do."

"Maybe you'll do a number for us after dinner," she suggested.

I wished I could get up that minute and run far away from everyone.

"What do you think, Tommy?" Joan's mom said in a pleasant voice. "We would like to hear you sing. Joan's so proud of you."

"Thanks, ma'am," was all I could say.

For dessert they served hot apple pie which I'm nuts about. But somehow I just wasn't hungry. I couldn't eat it.

Joan understood. She kept looking at me from across the table, and from time to time she smiled a nervous little smile. Suddenly I felt very sad about growing up. When I was a boy, a kid in short pants, all that had mattered were water pistols and cowboy hats and storybooks. Now, the things that used to matter didn't seem to matter anymore. There were so many other things that were important—too many almost, all of them crowding my mind. So it was so hard to be certain about anything. Before, if I'd liked somebody, I'd just liked them. Now if I liked somebody, it seemed there was all this . . . and maybe more to contend with.

After dinner we all went into the living room. Joan's father and Bob watched a newscaster on TV sum up the week's events. The women went to the kitchen to do the dishes. Oliver disappeared upstairs to study for his exams. I sat in a corner, nervous and alone.

When the women finished in the kitchen they came into the living room, and everybody watched TV for a while.

Then, suddenly, Joan's mom looked at me. "Tommy," she said, "you haven't forgotten? You're supposed to sing for us."

I looked down at the stippled pattern on the rug. "Maybe," I said slowly, "maybe some other time. . ."

"But what's wrong with right now? It's as good a time as ever," she insisted.

Joan came to my defense. "Mother," she said. "Tommy doesn't have his guitar."

"But can't he sing without it?"

"I . . . I guess I'm just not much in the mood," I said.

"Even for only one song," Joan's mom begged. She seemed such a nice woman I hated to disappoint her so finally I gave in. They all moved their chairs back and made me stand in front of the enamelled mantelpiece. I didn't want to sing a loud rock 'n' roll or rockabilly number so I figured it'd better be something ballad-like—a folk song maybe.

"How about 'In the Evening By the Moonlight'?" I suggested, thinking that would be a safe choice.

"That's not much of a song," Joan's

father huffed. "Sing something different!"

Then, the most awful thing happened. I couldn't think of anything to sing. "I . . . I don't know what to sing . . ." I said. I was so embarrassed.

"Oh now, Tommy, don't be modest," Joan's mom said. "Anything'll do."

But all that came into my head that moment was "Hey, Good-Lookin'," and I knew that wasn't the right song to sing. But every other song I ever learned escaped me. So finally I started singing . . .

"Hey, good lookin'

What you got cookin'?

How's about cookin' something up for me?"

When I'd finished Joan's mom applauded along with Joan. So did Margaret and Bob. Everyone else thanked me. But Joan's father had a sullen expression.

I wanted to tell him that singing meant more to me than anything else in the world, but I kept quiet. Then Joan piped up, "Dad, Tommy hopes to be a singer!"

"Huh," her dad said. "You can never make a living that way. Some good business courses in school. . . ."

"Now, now, Andy," Joan's mom said. "After all, everyone can't be like you. You enjoy being a businessman. But Tommy has other plans."

When older folks have their minds set on something, it seems you can't change them. So I didn't say anything. I just waited a little while longer and then told Joan I had to get back home.

"You want to walk to the corner?" I asked her.

"Sure." She smiled so sweetly I think she understood.

I said goodbye to everyone. Although the whole dinner business lasted only a couple of hours, it seemed more like a week. Was I relieved when I stepped out on the front porch and breathed fresh air!

Joan and I walked to the corner. The trees were in bloom, and there was a wonderful smell of spring in the air.

Joan waited with me while I caught the bus. I thanked her for everything. She said she felt terrible about her father. He was so hard on me. But that's the way he sometimes was with company. He didn't mean it.

When the bus came, I told Joan I'd see her in school. I saw Joan again, but after that things never went right for us. I remember feeling funny every time I called her on the phone. I was always afraid I'd get her mother on the line and I sure felt like an idiot remembering the fool I'd made of myself. Joan felt funny too. I could tell.

Whenever I think about that day I get mad. Because now I know love isn't all simple—it needs planning like everything else. Maybe that's why I'm telling you all this, because maybe . . . maybe if we'd put some thought into that dinner instead of rushing headlong into it like two kids, it would have all been very different.

We didn't lose a great romance but it would have taken only a little thought to make it all go right. I wish we'd planned it—the things we would say, the things we would do. Maybe if Joan and I had talked sensibly to her folks about our school play; maybe if I'd gone there prepared to sing a song instead of being fidgety like a two-year-old; maybe if Joan had just told me a little more about her folks or I'd asked her a little more about them—maybe.

But I know. All the maybes in the world don't always make a right. But sometimes, at least I like to think so, maybe they can help, maybe.

THE END

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DICK GARDNER

Continued from page 54

suddenly they were feeling embarrassed.

Finally, as though he could control his feelings no longer Dick turned to his wife and said, "Joan. Look at me!"

She turned her head slightly in his direction.

"I . . . I . . . Oh . . . your folks look well," he stuttered. But that wasn't what he'd intended to say. He'd wanted to talk about the plans he'd made for finding a way so that they would stay together. He'd wanted to tell her how he'd missed her since she left him in Hollywood and had come back home with their children here to Iowa. He'd wanted to tell her, too, about his stay in New York and how he thought he'd found the answer to her fears . . . the fears of being a Hollywood wife, alone, and with a husband frequently away and almost always surrounded by glamorous stars. He'd wanted to tell her how much he loved her, but somehow he could not form the words.

Gradually the houses grew further apart and they came to open land where railroad tracks crossed the valley. They clambered over one of the well-worn rails and started walking down the center of the line. Few trains ever came by nowadays, and if they did, they never came on a Sunday. Today was a Sunday and ever since they'd first fallen in love Sunday had always been a day when they took this walk. So in a way that was why they'd come. And also, ever since Dick had arrived early that morning, relatives and friends had been coming to call and they'd had no chance of being alone together. So, just after dinner, when Dick had said to Joan, "Let's take that walk down by the tracks and over the park to our little bridge," Joan had laughed, smiled rather wistfully, and said, "Yes, let's."

Dick kicked a stone. "The kids are looking well. Ruth Ann gets prettier every day and Mike . . . Mike insisted on showing me how many times he could twirl that hula hoop this morning. It was so funny."

"Yes, they are looking well. They miss you," she said abruptly.

Dick looked at her. She's so different now, he thought. We used to laugh and be so happy when we came here as kids. I used to jump on the tracks . . . And suddenly a mischievous look came into his eyes. He darted over to one side and hopped up onto a track and wobbled along.

Joan looked at him, startled.

"Come on, Joan, for old times sake. That game we used to play . . . see who could stay on the longest. Hop up on that other track."

"Oh . . . Dick . . . you're . . ." she tried to say no but then she laughed. "Well, all right then." And he felt good.

She put her right foot up onto the parallel track, carefully placed the left one in front of it, and with her arms outstretched to keep balance began to move slowly forward.

"Oh . . . Dick . . . I can't," she giggled.

"Who used to win most of the times?"

"Well . . . that was a long time ago."

"Oh . . . I'm falling!" Dick grabbed her arm as she came tumbling off.

And they were laughing. Dick held her hand tight and suddenly he could feel the pressure of hers holding his, not trying to pull away.

They walked on again, but this time hand in hand.

They crossed the tracks and walked over the crusty fields, then clambered through

some high grass and followed the winding bank of a narrow stream. It was very quiet. Then the lonely screeching cry of a wild bird broke the stillness.

"Remember that cry, Joan? Remember, we used to say that that was winter . . . just that one cry representing it all."

"Yes, Dick, I do."

"Oh . . . Joan . . . we had so much."

"There's the bridge," she whispered.

"It looks lonely," Dick laughed, somewhat self-consciously. "Do you think it missed us? I mean, it's been so long since we've been up here."

There was no answer.

Looking now at the bridge Dick began thinking back to the first time they had come up there . . . both sixteen years old and both in love. And they would throw pebbles into the water. And laugh. Then there was that wonderful summer's day two years later when they had decided, there and then, right on that bridge, to elope. Their parents had been against their getting married, especially Joan's parents who said they were far too young to be thinking of marriage and that they should be thinking about going to college instead. But once married the parents soon became accustomed to the idea and they all settled quietly down to live in Waterloo—the young couple with hardly a penny to their names but only a wealth of ambition and love. But that was all before Dick had started seriously to act.

Dick helped Joan up the gentle slope which led to the bridge—an old wooden plank bridge with a rise in the center. And their footsteps began to make deep resounding echoes as they reached the wood. He guided her towards one side and they leaned over on the hand rail looking down at the water as it ran in and out past the stones and pebbles.

He put an arm around her waist. She did not move.

"We had happy times here, didn't we Joan?"

"Mmmm."

"Remember that day we decided to elope?" He laughed.

"It seems such a long, long time ago."

"And how we didn't have a penny in the world and yet we used to laugh about it?"

" . . . say, Dick? Remember how we borrowed three hundred dollars just to go on a vacation?"

Dick smiled. At last Joan was beginning to talk like her old self. He looked up the stream and began to chuckle. " . . . Joan, you'll never know how many laughs I used to get from watching you as an usherette in that movie theater we used to work nights in. You took the job so seriously."

"Well, you were a very serious young assistant manager."

Then Dick put on an expression of mock indignation. "And whose bright idea," he laughed, "was it, to go out and spend eighteen hundred dollars on furniture for our new home when we could hardly afford to pay a one-cent down payment on it all."

"I guess they were mad days . . . weren't they, Dick?" She cupped her chin thoughtfully in her hands, which were resting on the rail. And looked down.

"Hey! There's a fish!" she screamed suddenly.

"Where?"

"Right below . . . just going under the bridge."

"But where, Joan. I can't see it."

"Ooh . . . you've missed it now. And it was so pretty."

They were silent for a while. Then Joan said slowly, "Dick . . . do you really like acting so much more than being here . . . and being in business and being able to live a more normal life?"

Dick sighed. "Acting's become a part of me now, Joan. I want you so much to understand that. And it doesn't mean at all that I don't still love you . . . and the kids . . . very very much. I need you, Joan. Perhaps now more than ever." He paused.

"And I think, Joan, I think maybe I've found the solution. I think I've found a way so that I can act and yet we can still be together . . . and . . . it'll mean you won't have to go back to the life you hated in Hollywood."

"It sounds impossible . . . but what is it?" Joan looked curious.

"It's this, Joan. Remember the past few weeks I've been in New York? Well, during that time I wasn't only thinking about my career . . . I was thinking a lot about us. And one day, when a fellow I know asked me to go visit his friends in Westchester, an idea hit me.

Joan," he said triumphantly, "Westchester's the place. Westchester or Connecticut. It's so much like here. We could live there . . . and I could still act. I've always been interested in Broadway—remember I told you—and while I was in New York they offered me a part.

"Oh . . . Joan. It's so much like Waterloo in Westchester. You've no idea. I even saw a house that looked exactly like ours here. And some of the streets made me feel I was right here, too. I know you'd love it. Please say yes?" There was a low, pleading tone in his voice.

"I want to . . . very much." She paused for a moment. "Those letters, remember those letters, Dick. The ones we got from the Photoplay article. I only read a few of them before sending them to you . . . because every single one of them told me I was wrong to run home and begged me to stay by you. And they made me think, Dick . . . made me wonder if there just could be a way of our staying together." She looked up at him.

"There was one woman. She must have been an old woman, maybe seventy-five or eighty. She said that for a man to be contented and successful, he must be happy in his work. She's seen a lot of life, Dick. And I don't know why . . . but her words seemed to stick."

"Acting means everything to me now, Joan. I just can't give it up. And so many people have begun to show an interest in me. It's not a wild dream anymore. It's my life."

She stared back into the water. "It's been lonely here, Dick . . . you don't know how lonely."

"I've missed you, too . . . I've missed you so much," he said softly. "And I understand, darling. I understand your fears . . . all of them. And I know you'll be happier in Westchester than Hollywood . . . everyone there's got more time for each other. They're not so big-town like in Hollywood. They're people . . . people like us. Small-town people."

"But the money, Dick. We've got two children to think of now."

"I'm sure I'll make out . . . but take the gamble with me, Joan. We took it once . . . we made it before. Stay with me, Joan . . . please."

"Oh . . . Dick. I want to. Maybe it could be all right again."

"I know it will be. We'll move in June, so the children won't be interrupted in school . . . and it's near enough so that you'll be able to come home here whenever you want."

"It sounds . . . good."

Suddenly they found themselves looking into each other's eyes the way they used to in the old days—smiling, happy. A tear began trickling down Joan's cheek. Dick pulled her gently towards him and they kissed.

THE END

THE BRIDE CRIED

Continued from page 47

of them went up the steps and knocked at the door. The other—an attractive woman in a blue dress, close-fitting white-feathered hat, with a blue-gray mink stole over her shoulders—stopped for a second and also looked up at the heavens. She waved at the two chauffeurs who had parked the limousines across the street, making broad pantomimic gestures as if to say, "See, the sun's out. In London during the rainy season that's a miracle, a good omen." Then she disappeared into Caxton Hall.

Inside the building, she blinked her eyes to get accustomed to the darkness. The long hall leading to the registry office was dimly lit—this was the first time it was open on Sunday in many years. Her friend, the woman who had entered the building just before her, appeared out of the gloom, took her arm, said, "This way, Ingrid," and guided her down the corridor. At a door marked *Registry Office* they stopped. Through the glazed pane they could see blurred shadows and over the transom came the indistinct fuzzing of male voices. Ingrid took a compact from her small purse and daubed at her cheek with a powder puff. Satisfied, she reached to open the door. "Wait," said her friend. "Do you have something borrowed with you?" "Why, no," Ingrid answered. Her friend took out a handkerchief and slipped it into Ingrid's pocketbook, saying, "I took it along because I know I'm going to cry."

The registry door opened and the good-looking man in the dark gray suit stood in the doorway. "I saw your shadows there," he said, "and I thought you might be photographers. But it seems we may have given them the slip."

"Lars," Ingrid answered, "I feel like we're all playing in one of those spy movies. The reporters and photographers are enemy agents, and we're . . ."

Lars Schmidt interrupted, "... and we're holding up the Superintendent Registrar who was kind enough to open up this office on Sunday just for us."

Lars introduced Ingrid to the official who shook her hand and then said, "All the forms have been filled out. All you have to do is sign your name here, and have your witness sign on this line below."

Lars gave her a fountain pen and she wrote her name at the bottom of the form: Ingrid Bergman. Then her friend signed her own name. And the ceremony began.

As the Superintendent Registrar read the age-old ceremony, a little sunlight filtered through the windows of the registry room and warmed the plain office. When Lars Schmidt put a simple gold band on the third finger of Ingrid Bergman's left hand, the ring glinted and gleamed as the sun touched it. And while the Superintendent Registrar was saying the final words of the ceremony—"... and so on this twenty-first day of December, 1958, I hereby pronounce you man and wife"—light really blazed.

Only this time it wasn't the sun. It was flash bulbs going off in rapid succession. A photographer had sneaked into the office and was snapping pictures.

For a moment, Lars and Ingrid ignored him as they kissed and embraced. Then Lars said, "The enemy agent has arrived."

"What shall we do?" Ingrid asked.

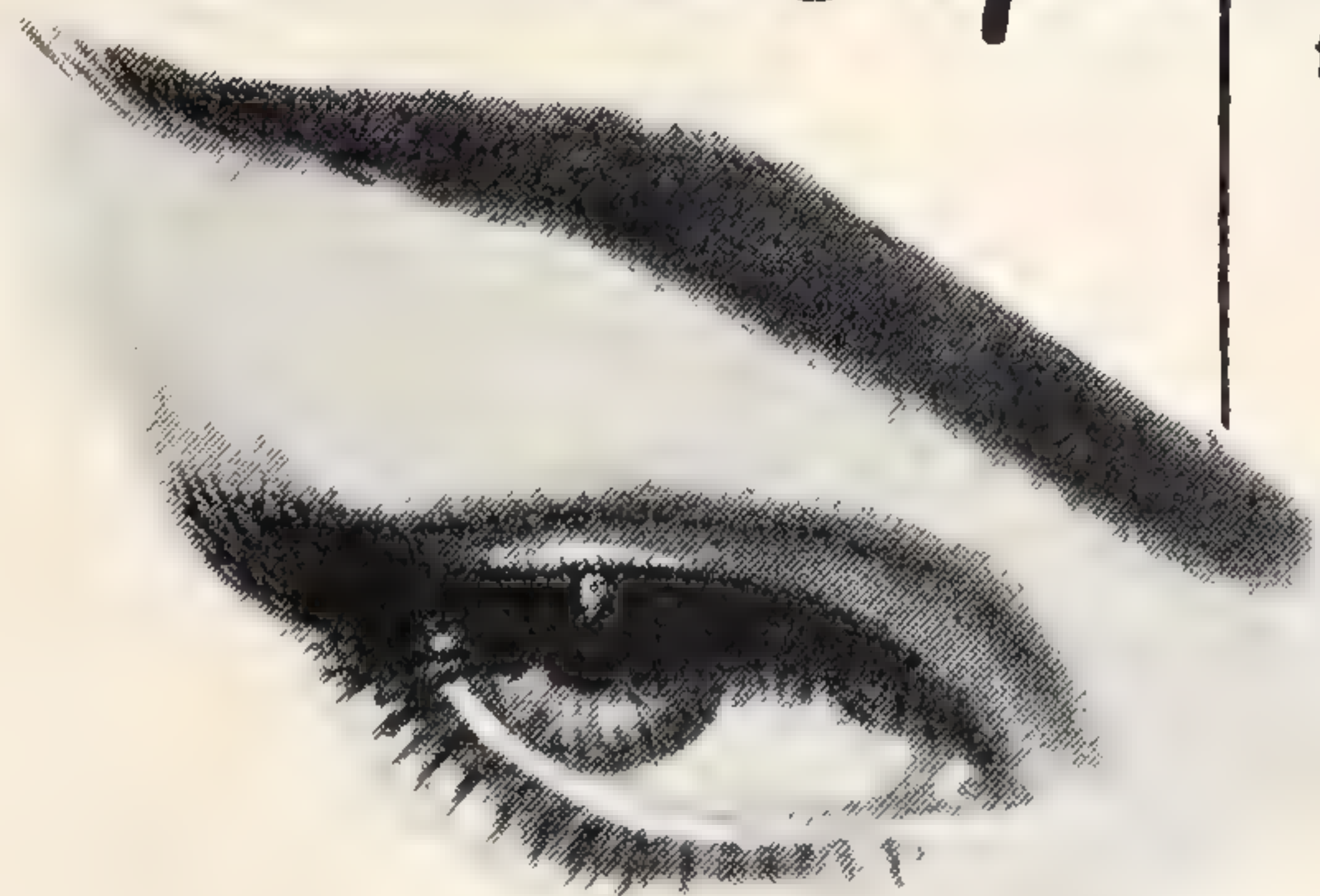
"Let's smile for him," Lars answered. "After all, he did get up early in the morning . . . and on Sunday, too."

The wedding party left the registry office

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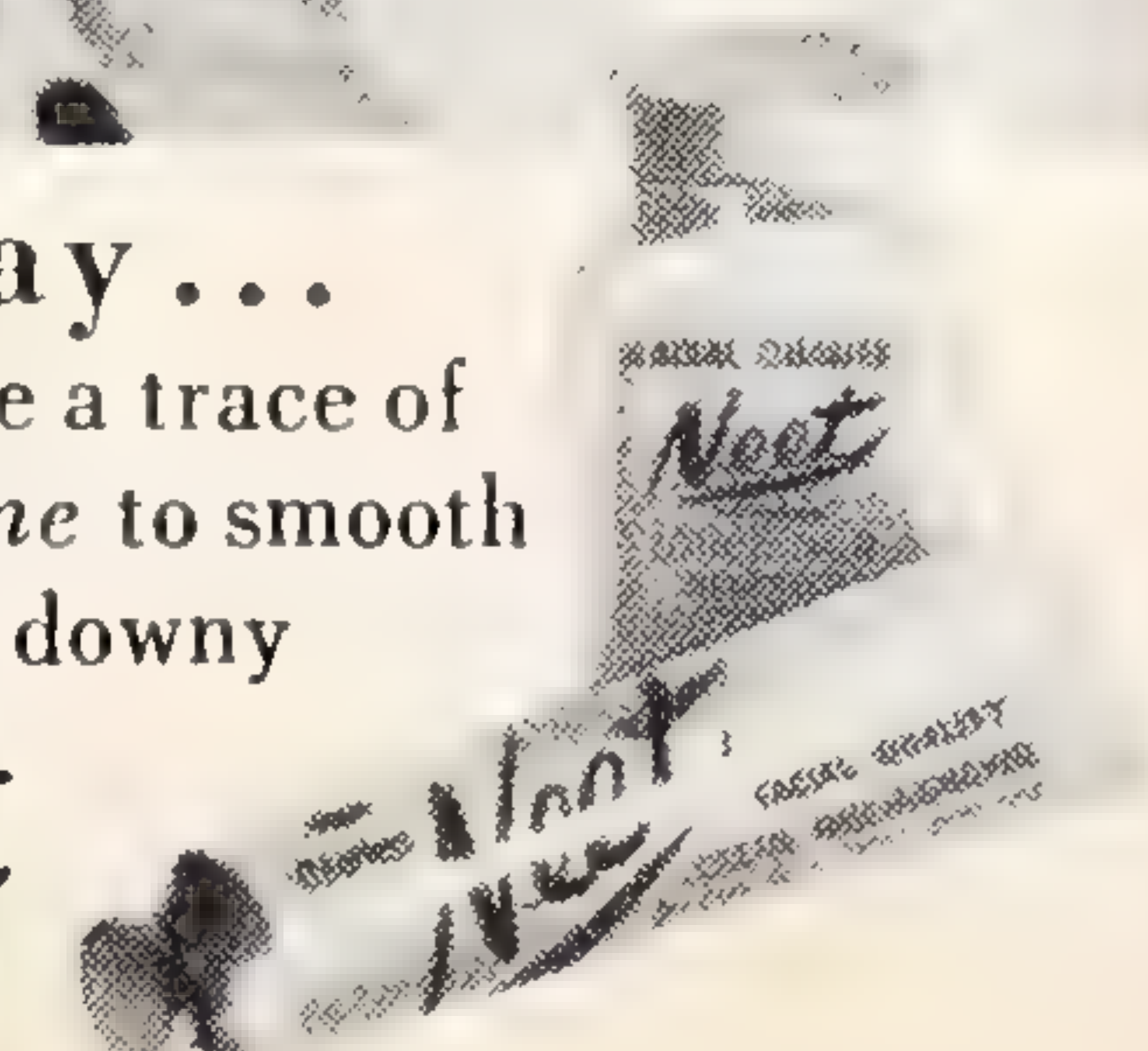
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and went towards the front door. Just before they reached the street, Ingrid turned to her friend, the woman who had been weeping throughout the ceremony, and gave her back her handkerchief. "Here," she said, "wipe your eyes. Don't be sad. I couldn't be happier." Then Lars and Ingrid Schmidt walked out into the bright sunlight.

This time they did not get into separate cars. Ingrid and Lars climbed into one limousine; her friend and Lars' business associates entered the other. Across the street, the photographer gunned his sports car and started to follow them.

The chase was brief. Lars Schmidt's chauffeur was skillful and nerveless. He soon left the photographer's car far in the lurch.

At Westminster's Swedish Church, the limousine pulled up to the vestry entrance. Inside, the Vicar, Reverend Sven Evander, was waiting for them. He pronounced the benediction and gave the Church's blessing to the union of Ingrid Bergman and Lars Schmidt.

When they returned to the street, Lars helped Ingrid into the car. Then he bent and kissed her hand, just beneath the wedding ring, and said, "Wait a moment. I'll be right back." He went up to a woman who was selling flowers in front of the church, pressed a bill into her hand, and returned with an entire tray of violets. Ingrid took one bouquet, held it up, and buried her face in it. When she raised her head, she was crying. She fumbled in her pocketbook for a handkerchief, realized she had returned it to her friend, and reached over and pulled Lars's out of his vest pocket. He whispered something to her, she laughed, and the car pulled away.

At a swank London hotel the other members of the wedding party were waiting in a private dining room for the Schmidts. And the photographer, the same one who had crashed the wedding, was waiting there, too. "How did you get here?" Lars asked.

"I followed the *wrong* car, the *other* car," he answered, "but I guess this is just my lucky day."

"Looks like it is," Lars answered. "Well, if you can't lick them, join them. Won't you be our guest for lunch? But no pictures while we're eating. All right?"

"Fine," said the photographer, "I'm hungry."

And he had plenty to eat, as did all the rest. Lobster and turkey salad and Swedish cheese and bottles and bottles of French champagne. And when the wedding luncheon was over, Lars invited him to accompany them to the airport in their limousine. "Just as far as the airport," Lars emphasized, "not to Paris. We don't want you following us *there*."

"I may be there before you," he said.

"Oh, no," Ingrid groaned.

In Paris during their two-day honeymoon, they managed to dodge photographers—the persistent one who had tracked them down in London, and all the others as well. But when they went to their home at La Grange aux Monines (Harvest Barn) near the village of Choisel about 25 miles from Paris, things began to go badly.

After her first joyful moments of reunion with her son, 9-year-old Robertino, and her twin daughters, 7-year-old Isabella and Isotta, Ingrid discovered that her most dependable servants, Jeannette and Pierre, had left her without notice. The nursemaid was still there, but the house was quite a mess and someone had to clean up a bit. So Ingrid, without unpacking her bags, began to straighten up. And Lars, not to be out-

done in the emergency, went into the kitchen and began to cook dinner.

When the cooking was well under way—and the house was beginning to look livable again—Ingrid and Lars gave the children the presents they had bought for them in Paris and London. And then the entire family took a short walk around the estate.

First they visited the stables and Lars gave a piece of sugar to Robertino's special horse. Then they went past the chicken coop and sheep pen and strolled through the gardens. Ingrid turned to Lars, as the children ran ahead, and said, "We must plant violets, lots of violets. From *now* on, they're my favorite flower."

Suddenly there was a huge commotion down by the front gate. Lars ran down towards the high wall which protected the house and grounds from trespassers. The watchdogs were barking and bellowing, and men's voices could be heard from the



It was always the children who suffered most, Ingrid thought. First, it had been Pia. Now, would it be Robertino and her twins, Isotta-Ingrid and Isabella?

top of the wall. When Lars arrived, he saw they were photographers and he asked them to leave. Instead, they pointed their cameras at him and started snapping pictures. Lars stood still, helplessly, and then turned and motioned for Ingrid and the children to return to the house. Some of the cameramen had turned telescopic, long-range lenses on Lars' wife and the children, and were clicking away. One photographer jumped down from the wall onto the grounds of the estate. This was too much! Lars unleashed one of the huge watchdogs, and the cameraman's friends pulled him up to safety. But they did not go. They just stood on the wall, shooting picture after picture of Lars and his retreating family.

Back in the house, Ingrid called their friend, Robert Frelon, the mayor of Choisel, who also happened to be the contractor who was converting their estate of 22 little rooms into less and larger rooms. In a matter of moments, the gendarmes arrived and drove the newsmen off the walls. At the height of the commotion, Ingrid reappeared on the lawn and cried hysterically to Lars, "Can't they ever leave us alone? At our wedding! Even in a hospital!

And now they are at our own home."

Even in a hospital! Lars knew exactly what she meant. She had told him all about it, and of course he had read about it in the newspapers at the time. And as he led her past the herb garden, the vegetable garden, and the flower garden, past the tennis court he was building for Robertino, towards the house, she remembered the day that Robertino was born.

The day that Robertino was born . . . February 3rd, 1950. Four months before her divorce became final from Peter Lindstrom, the day she gave birth to Roberto Rossellini's son in Rome. And the same photographers and reporters who had followed her and her lover to Stromboli, after she had left her husband Peter and her child Pia in Hollywood, and who had prowled up and down outside her apartment in Rome during the eighth and ninth months of her pregnancy, wouldn't even leave her in peace for a few hours now that she was actually having her baby.

She heard screams and shots, and one of the nuns told her that a photographer had tried to scale the walls of the Villa Margherita Clinic and had failed. She heard scuffling in the hall and shouts, and another nun told her that a reporter had disguised himself as a doctor and had tried to get to her room. And then she heard nothing at all as they wheeled her into the delivery room, nothing until the doctor leaned over her and said, "It's a boy."

But later she heard yells, and screams, and the sound of feet running up and down the corridors of the hospital. Two hours after Robertino was born, the mob of people outside the walls had battered down the front gates and poured into the hospital halls. Photographers and reporters had raced through the rooms, hunting for her. The nuns had formed a human wall outside her door and that alone had stopped them from breaking in. That—and the *Carabinieri* who had finally got the mob under control.

During the remainder of the time she had remained at the hospital, armed guards stood in front of her room day and night. She was forbidden to open her windows, for in a building across the street photographers took turns in training telescopic cameras on her room, hoping to get pictures of her and her baby. . . .

The memory faded as she saw Robertino and his sisters standing in the doorway of their home. Ingrid dropped on her knees and cradled the three youngsters in her arms. The little girls began to cry. Robertino squirmed uncomfortably for a moment, and then he dropped his head and buried it in his mother's hair.

In the excitement, they had all forgotten for a moment that it was Christmas eve.

The next morning the children were up bright and early and Ingrid and Lars joined them in opening the presents. Robertino had given his mother a camera, and she laughed and cried as she held it. The girls insisted that she take their pictures. So soon the whole family was out in front of the house. Ingrid posed Lars and Robertino and Isabella and Isotta together. Out in the sunlight, with the huge wall protecting them from the outside world, all was peaceful, all was safe. She laughed . . . and snapped the picture.

At noon Roberto Rossellini's chauffeur arrived and the children were taken to Paris to spend the rest of the holidays with their father there. This was the agreement between Roberto and Ingrid, but as usual when she saw them drive away, she had the horrible feeling, for a fleeting second, that she would never see them again. Lars put his arm around her and said, "They'll be back in a week. Don't worry. Let's go in. I have to cook lunch."

Two days later, on December 27th, Lars and Ingrid drove down to Choisel to pick up the evening paper. There in headlines was the news: *Roberto Sues For Custody Of Ingrid's Children*. Ingrid turned white. She had not been served any papers, she had not been told about this by Rossellini. Under the separation agreement, she had custody of the children and their father was allowed visiting rights. That was all. And now this, with no warning! Impossible!

Lars read the news story to her. Rossellini was claiming the children on "moral, religious and practical grounds." He contended that "for a long time Miss Bergman has been living together with Lars Schmidt." He maintained that both Miss Bergman and Mr. Schmidt "are Protestants while the children were baptized in the Catholic Church," and he recalled that under the terms of the decision giving custody of the children to Miss Bergman they "were to be educated in the Italian language at least until they were 18 years of age." Now that Bergman and Schmidt live more than 25 miles from Paris, he went on, "it would be really impractical as well as a sacrifice for the children to have to ride every day to and from the nearest Italian school, which is in Paris."

Rossellini stated he intends to reside permanently in Paris. He is willing, he said, to allow Ingrid Bergman to spend one month each summer with the children, and expects her to contribute one-half the expense of their upbringing.

"One month," Ingrid said, "one month." And that's all she said. All the way home Lars tried in vain to comfort her. But she sat next to him white and dry-eyed, gazing ahead . . . at nothing. It was only when they entered the gates of their estate, when they were safe again behind their protecting walls, that she said something else. Now tears flowed down her face as she said, "It always happens at Christmas," and again Lars knew, without her having to tell him, exactly what she was talking about . . .

It always happens at Christmas . . . It had been just one year ago, Christmas 1957, that Ingrid had decided to reunite with her estranged husband, Roberto, for just one day "for the sake of the children."

A little more than a month earlier she had left Robertino, Isotta and Isabella in Rome in the care of Roberto's younger sister, Marcella Mariani, and had flown to London. Meanwhile, Roberto himself was off somewhere for a rendezvous with the "other woman," Sonali Das Gupta. Neither Ingrid nor Roberto had told the children about their separation, and to help ease the wrench of parting, she had left behind a mountain of toys for the youngsters. In London, she had been desperately looking for an Italian school for them, for in negotiating for their legal separation, Rossellini had insisted they be given an Italian education.

On December 23rd, she flew in from Paris and was met at Rome's Ciampino Airport by the three children and their Aunt Marcella. As she came down the ramp, the youngsters broke away from their aunt and ran towards her, shouting "Mama, mama, mama." She dropped her armful of packages—Robertino kicked aside a huge one with pink elephant ears peeping out the top in his rush to get to his mother—and swung the three children up in her arms. And then they all drove "home."

On Christmas eve, she took the three of them to a neighborhood party for two hours. But on Christmas day, their cele-

brating was strictly a family affair. Roberto and Ingrid were the perfect father and mother—helping Robertino run his electric train and oohing and ahing when the twins proudly promenaded their new Parisian dolls. The pink elephant was a huge success, especially when it turned out that all three youngsters could sit on it at one time. There was turkey dinner with all the trimmings. A perfect day, a perfect performance. About this, at least, she and Roberto were in complete agreement, after they had heard the children's prayers and tucked them in to bed. True, the youngsters had cried when they started to leave the room. But that was natural; they were overtired and overexcited.

It was not until she was about to fly back to London with the children, just before New Year's, that she discovered that *theirs* had not been the perfect performance. A few days before Christmas, Robertino's second-grade schoolmates had told him that his parents were separating because his father "loved an Indian woman more." The boy had told his sisters that "Mama and Papa are having trouble because of some Indian lady, but we must play that we don't know about it." So the children had put on a perfect act, never letting their parents know that they knew.

And when she discovered the truth, how they had covered their confusion and pain with laughter and love, she thought her heart would literally break. And their "good night" tears; now they took on added meaning too. It was always the children who suffered most . . . Robertino, Isabella, Isotto . . . and long ago, Pia. . .

Ingrid looked at Lars and repeated, "It always happens at Christmas." And then she hid her head in her hands.

Lars went to the telephone: First he called a doctor to come and administer a sedative to his wife; then he phoned lawyers and newspapermen. The counter-action to Rossellini's suit had begun.

On January 21, Ingrid Bergman faced Rossellini for the first time since they had spent the day together for the sake of the children on Christmas day, 1957. Both of them appeared before Judge Rene Drouillat in a stormy ninety-minute session.

Bitter and wan after the encounter, Ingrid said: "Out of spite and jealousy, Rossellini wants to get my children away from me. He won't get them."

For his part, Rossellini said that he did not wish to deprive Ingrid of the children. He said he was not resentful but was "just a father who wants to give his children what he believes is best."

Three days later, on January 24, 1959, the telephone rang at the Schmidts' home near Choisel. Lars in the living room and Ingrid in an upstairs bedroom picked it up at the same second. It was their lawyer in Paris. Judge Drouillat had just handed down his decision. He had awarded temporary and conditional custody of the children to their mother.

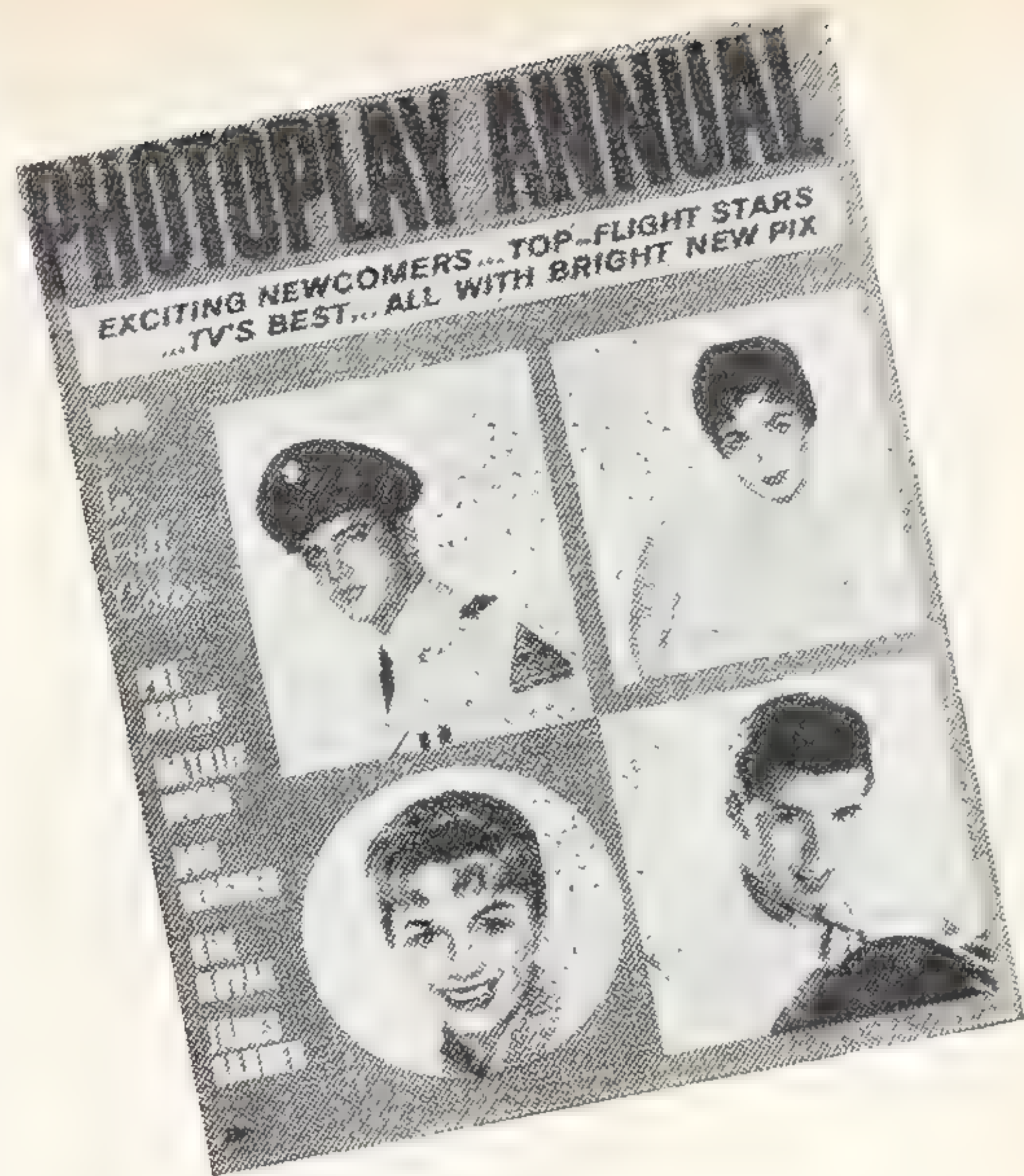
Upstairs, the telephone gently clicked down. Downstairs, Lars listened to the legal details: Rossellini might have the children on weekends; the children must continue to attend the Lycee Italien in Paris; and so on and so forth.

But now even Lars wasn't listening. For Ingrid was by his side, and although there were tears in her eyes, she was laughing. He hung up the phone, and together they walked out into their garden.

"Remind me to call the Mayor," he said, "and tell him to change the population figure at the town hall. Up until now it's been 275; from now on it's 280."

Again Ingrid laughed . . . and Lars laughed with her. THE END

INGRID BERGMAN STARS IN "THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS" FOR TWENTIETH.



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HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW

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Answers to Puzzle on Page 104

1. Jack Lemmon; 2. Dick Clark;
3. Tommy Sands; 4. Bob Evans;
5. Ernie Kovacs

SANDRA DEE

Continued from page 43

"I have it. They gave it to me for a souvenir."

"Gollée! Can I come over tonight anyway? Just to see the bullet?"

"Oh, no . . . you can't do that. Don't come over. I mean . . . well, you see . . . I've got to have plenty of rest. I'm not allowed to have any visitors."

"Gee, Sandy, that's too bad. Do you think you'll have a scar?"

"Oh, no. Well, maybe a little one."

"You could always have plastic surgery."

"Ugh! I don't really think there'll be a scar. At least not one you can see with the naked eye."

"How long do you think you'll be in bed?"

"About two weeks. Oh, here comes Mother. She's going to change the dressing on my wound. I have to hang up now."

"Is it all right if I call you tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes. Gosh, if it wasn't for the telephone, I don't know what I'd do with myself. Well, bye now."

I hung up the phone. Mother had only come in to bring me a cup of chicken bouillon and the afternoon papers. I let the bouillon cool a little on the round white table next to my bed and I plumped the pillows up against the quilted headboard, pulled my blue blanket up around me and began turning the pages of the first paper.

Then that fat black headline jumped out at me. "Sandra Dee Down With Mild Case Of Mumps."

I could actually feel my face turning red, but Mother just laughed.

"You ought to know better than to

make up such a story," she said. "Everybody knows what good care the studio takes of its players. That sort of accident could never happen." I'd only said it so he wouldn't know I had anything so humiliating as mumps, and there it was, smack in the headlines. Now everybody would know I had the mumps.

Mumps! Gosh, I remember I could hardly believe the doctor when he told me . . .

I'd gotten back from a publicity appearance in Texas on a Monday and the very next day I climbed in my car and drove down to the Universal studios to have my hair and makeup done and then pose for some publicity pictures. When I walked into the makeup room with its brightly-lit wall-wide mirror and the counter shelf under it filled with pots and jars of every kind of makeup, Barbara Gayle, my stand-in and my very best friend in Hollywood, was already there. She was trying on a false goatee and it looked a scream wagging up and down on her chin as she said, "Hi, we've missed you."

"Me, too," I said. "Who've you been dating while I was gone?"

"Well, you know that cute boy I met at U.C.L.A. He . . ." Suddenly, Barbara stopped and looked at me. "Say, Sandy, haven't you put on some weight?"

I laughed.

"Seriously, Sandy," Barbara insisted, "you *have* put on weight. At least your face looks fuller, even if the rest of you doesn't. You're so lucky. Me, I always show it first in the hips!"

I couldn't say a word, 'cause the makeup man was painting my mouth with a lipstick brush. But then he stepped back, looked at me critically. "Sandy, your face does seem a little puffy," he said. "Do you have a toothache."

"Uh-uh."

"Maybe you ought to drop by and see the studio physician?"

It was beginning to sound like a conspiracy, but I went over to the doctor's white wooden bungalow at the other end of the lot anyway.

"The doctor will see you in just a few minutes," the nurse said. "Won't you have a seat?"

I sat. Why do doctors always paint their offices green? I wondered. To match their patients' faces? And why do they stuff them full of leather couches? Mother and I recently redid my bedroom, covering the old openwork headboard with padding and then quilting it over, so I'm full of decorating thoughts these days. Matter of fact, we just bought a new house and right now I'm in the middle of trying to talk Mother into doing it blues, silver, orchids and little touches of pink, to match the hotel apartment I loved so much in New York.

Finally, I heard the rustle of the nurse's starched uniform and I looked up from a magazine—it was last month's, the way they always are in doctors' offices. She opened a door and beckoned me through it. The inner office was green, too, with diplomas hung neatly in thin black frames on one wall and an oxygen tank, also green, leaning in one corner. The doctor was seated behind a big carved-oak desk.

"Doctor, there's nothing wrong with me," I said quickly, "but they keep teasing me that my face looks puffy."


"Ummm," he said. He looked at me—stared is more accurate—then he felt my forehead.

"Any pain in your neck or around the jaw?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Where do you mean exactly?"

"Behind your right ear?"

I reached up with my hand and touched



R for your bedroom

Take a tip from Sandra Dee. Let floral, stripe and plaid bed linen pep up your morale! For instance: Pepperell scatters roses all over a white background in their Bridal Rose cotton blanket (\$4.95) and matching percale pillow case (98¢ each). You can set them off with a solid pink, blue or yellow percale sheet (\$2.98). Cannon's dream-bait, Candy Stripe, comes in a woven cotton blanket (\$4.98), matching percale sheet (\$3.49) and matching percale pillow case (\$1.19 each). Fieldcrest's blue-and-green plaid dresses up a bed when you combine a matching set of cotton printed blanket (\$5.95), percale sheet (\$2.99) and percale pillow case (\$1.25 each). Stripes or plaids can be mixed 'n' matched with solids. (Prices are for single beds.)

the area he mentioned. "Here? Why . . . no . . . absolutely not . . . ouch!!!" After I'd yelped, he poked and prodded some more himself.

"Sandra," said he, "we'd better get you home. You have the mumps."

I just looked him straight in the eye and said in a very dignified manner, "Oh, doctor, you must be mistaken. I feel fine. Besides, mumps are for kids."

He replied, equally as dignified, "Even adults of sixteen can get them, although," he smiled, "it's very rare. You have the mumps. Go straight home and I'll call your mother and tell her what's to be done."

What they did was to put me to bed. Mother found an old flannel nightgown that she hadn't worn since we left New York. It's kind of turquoise with wisterias climbing all over it and when Mother generously offered me this heirloom, what could I say but "no"? It didn't do any good. She calmly slipped the tent over my shoulders, wrapped an ugly flannel rag around my neck and then handed me some white bobby sox to keep my feet warm. I looked in the gilt-framed mirror and my face looked puffy even to me. My eyes looked a little red, too, but that might have been because I was crying.

I climbed into bed. "Mother," I gasped, "what have you done to the mirror? It's so distorted."

I guess I'd been swathed in flannel for about two days when Mother staggered into my bedroom with a load of packages all wrapped up in peppermint-striped paper and tied with fat red bows.

"I've brought something new for you to wear in bed," she announced. And she opened the package.

"Where," I demanded, "in Hollywood did you ever find a flannel nightie?"

Mother sniffed, "Paris says flannel is the thing this year."

I slipped the wrappings off the first package and opened it. There, carefully folded with tissue paper, was a lovely pink silk bedjacket, with a lace trimmed peter pan collar and ruffled sleeves. For fun she added a multi-striped top sheet with pillow cases to match. I felt better already. Next time a friend of mine is sick, I'm going to buy her one of those happy-looking pillow cases. It's better than penicillin.

After I and the bed were all dressed up, Pom Pom, my pomeranian, and Melinda, my white poodle, jumped back up on the blue blanket where they'd been since the first moment I went to bed.

"Don't worry," the doctor had told me when I worried that they'd catch the mumps, too. "Your quarantine doesn't apply to dogs, they're immune."

I was terribly relieved to hear that, 'cause I'd have been but real lonely if it hadn't been for Pom Pom and Melinda. You see, just the exact week that I got sick some very good friends of Mother's arrived from the East. We'd made so many plans to take them around and show them Hollywood and I just couldn't let Mother give up all those plans even though she offered to. I told her to go ahead, I could fix my own lunch. Besides, while mother was gone, I could get on the phone and call my friends in New York. After the first long-distance call I made, to my best friend in New York, Lorna Gillin, I decided it would be better to do my long-distancing while Mother was out. Because she complained so about the money, said it would have bought two tickets there and back.

I'd felt so much better when the operator had put the call through and I heard Lorna's voice at the other end. "Hi, Lorna," I said. "Gosh, it's good to hear

your voice. Did you see the papers? Isn't it the worst? . . . No, I don't feel too bad, the only thing is I'm quarantined, absolutely isolated, can't see a living soul except for Mother and the doctor. And just when I was going to have a vacation and go to a premiere and . . . I know only children are supposed to get the mumps. I've been in bed four days already, and I've got another ten days to go. And I haven't been to the movies for four whole days! The longest ever. What? Oh, yes, I've seen just about every last show they have on TV. . . . You did? Well you'll never guess what happened to me. I finally got to meet Rock Hudson. Dreamy! . . . Lorna, if Don Ameche hadn't invented the telephone I don't know what I'd do.

"Oh, here's Mother. More bouillon I think."

"Mother, I'm talking to Lorna. Want to say hello?" Mother put the cup down, said Hi to Lorna and then started to leave. In the doorway, she turned around and started to mouth something to me.

"What? Hang on, Lorna, Mother wants to tell me something . . . Oh, she says I should remember we're talking long-distance. You know, before I got sick I was always thinking about what good friends I had in New York and mooning around about how I didn't know anybody out here. But I guess from the way the phone's been ringing I've got a lot of good friends out here, too."

"You should see all the flowers people have sent me. Mother says the next bunch that are delivered better come with its own vase. The best things though are the funny gifts. Someone sent me a round squatty hand mirror shaped like a coconut, with a note that the mirror is specially designed for mump victims. And someone else, that nice girl from the studio that I told you about, sent five yards of the loudest red and white polka dot flannel to warm my neck, plus the biggest pair of sunglasses ever, all trimmed with rhinestones. And one of the boys I had to break a date with sent me a Frank Sinatra album, only he made a new record jacket with a picture of a girl with a face the size of a melon and a new title, 'Music to Have Mumps By.'

"Oh, Mother's back. She's pointing to her watch. Oh, I know . . . It's all right Mother, I know it's long distance. I'm timing myself. It's only been eleven minutes. I just want to tell Lorna about the songs on my mump album. . . . It had all sorts of 'phony' selections printed on the jacket, like 'I've Got You Under My Skin,' 'You Go To My Head,' 'Catch a Falling Mump,' and, oh, yes, 'Sandy, the Red-Faced Starlet.'

"Oops, Mother's waiting in the doorway again. . . . What, Mother? . . . Mother says if I don't hang up I'm going to bankrupt her."

"I'm reading 'Crime and Punishment' by Dostoevski. Yes, it is kind of deep, but real great. And I've got a whole stack that Mother brought me, 'The Last Hurrah,' 'The World Outside' and 'The Success.'"

"Gosh, Lorna, you should see the look on Mother's face! Oh, oh, Mother's got a big scissors. I think she means to cut the telephone wire. Well, I'll call you tomorrow."

After Mother clamped down on the telephone I worked out a schedule for myself, reading, watching TV, telephoning, playing solitaire—and sleeping—just to keep busy.

"Try to get a little rest, dear," Mother would say. "You mustn't tire yourself."

Tire myself! I had to invent the most energetic sort of dreams, like chasing Johnny Saxon clear to Pasadena, just to feel tired enough to sleep for forty winks.



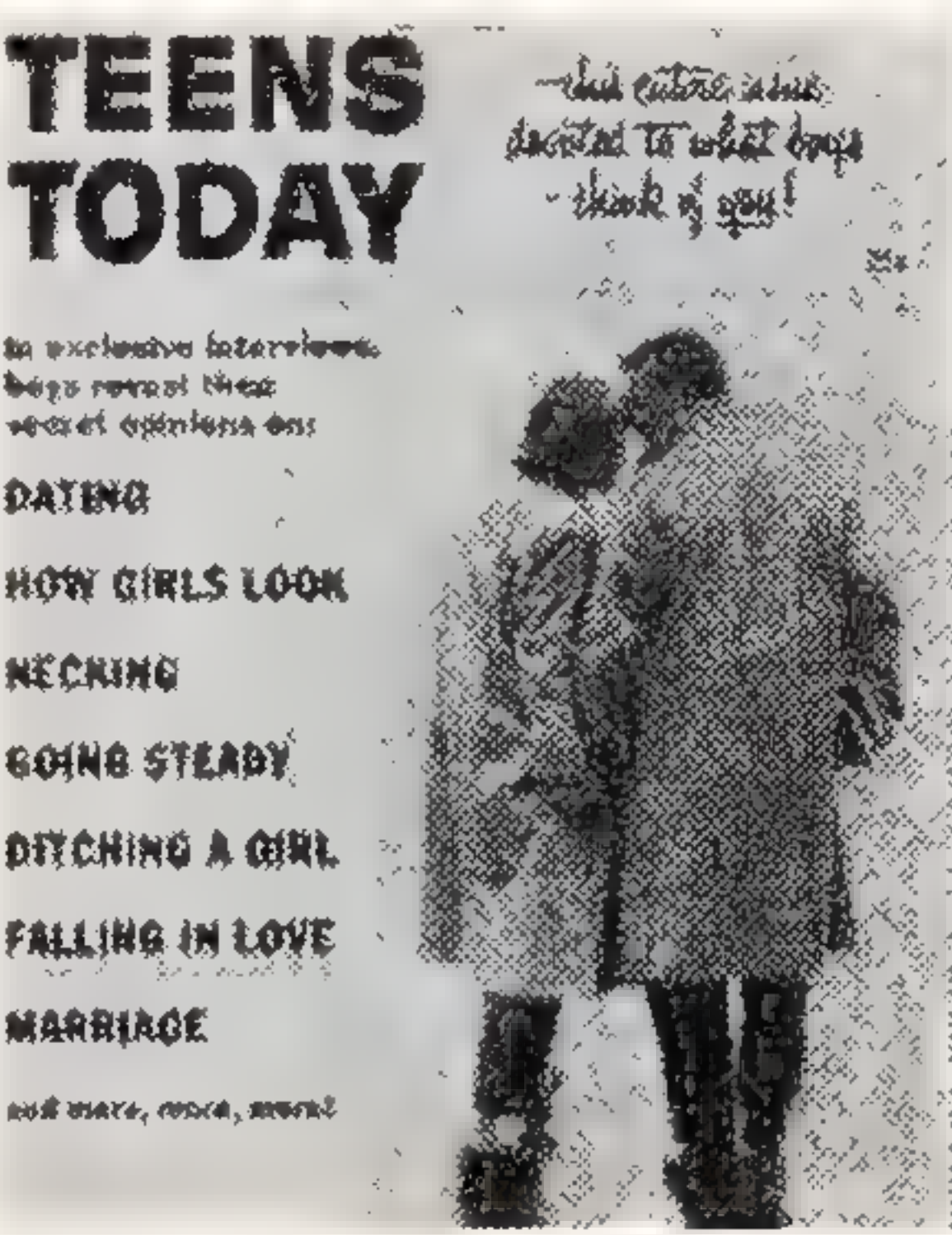
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- WE ASK FOR A FIRST DATE BECAUSE . . .
- WE FLIP FOR GIRLS WHO LOOK LIKE . . .
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- THIS IS WHY WE QUIT GOING STEADY
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I didn't think my two weeks of quarantine would ever end.

They did, though. Finally the day came when I was allowed to go back to work and back to school. Actually, since I'm her only pupil, my teacher, Mrs. Hoene, used to call every day and give me homework assignments.

I woke up early that day, stuffed my feet into my furry slippers and went to the closet. It was so long since I'd gotten dressed that I couldn't decide what to wear. I wanted to look extra pretty on my first day out. I kept wishing Mother would let me buy that black sheath I've been wanting, it would have made a dramatic return. But she keeps telling me I'm too young. Finally, I chose a pink shirtwaist dress, so the color would brighten up my face, which was a little pale after two weeks in bed.

By the time I got down to breakfast Mother was on her second cup of coffee. "Hi, Sandy," she said. "I've been thinking that maybe I'd better go to the studio with you today. After all, it is your first day up."

"Oh, no, Mother, I feel just fine. You go ahead being a walking guide to Hollywood for your friends. I'll be all right."

"Are you sure? Maybe I'd better drive

you down there, at least," Mother offered. "Nope. I can drive—if I remember how."

It was a beautiful day, all bright and clear and not a trace of smog. My car purred along and I felt almost giddy at seeing all those people on the streets and in their cars, after those awful days of quarantine. I felt so great I decided to do something to brighten up the doctor's green office. I parked, ran into a florist shop and bought a bunch of blue irises for him. Then I got back into the car and headed for the studio.

"Hi, there," the gateman called out to me. "Welcome back."

I waved, drove on through and pulled up in front of the doctor's white bungalow. I hid the flowers behind my back as I walked in, planning to surprise him. The nurse wasn't in the waiting room, so I walked up to the door to his office and knocked.

"It's me," I said, "Sandra Dee."

"Come right in," he called out.

The nurse was in there with him and they looked as though they were catching up on the paper work.

"Hello," I said. "I just thought I'd drop by and tell you how well I'm feeling and to thank you for being so sweet through

all my complaining. And I brought you these." I whisked the flowers out from behind me.

"Oh, how lovely," he said. "Nurse, can you find something to put them in?" He got up from behind his desk and was really beaming as he walked toward me.

He shook my hand. "That was a very nice thing to do," he said. "You are a sweet girl."

And then he patted me on my left cheek.

"Ouch!" I shouted.

The doctor's smile faded as he looked at my face more closely.

"Well, Sandra," he said. "You're a very unusual girl, one of the special people."

"Special?" I said weakly.

"Very special," he answered. "Lots of people only get mumps on one side and a great many others get them on both sides at the same time. But you, my dear, can go back to bed with the knowledge that you are very special indeed. You have gotten your mumps one mump at a time!"

I went back to bed for seven more days.

THE END

SANDRA'S IN U-I'S "IMITATION OF LIFE" AND COLUMBIA'S "GIDGET." WATCH FOR HER IN U-I'S "THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT."

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 48

housewife in the very latest supersonic, power-steered, ultra-fidelity cleaning brush. And then there was the time when I could never be sure my paycheck would cover the shoe leather I wore out carrying the mail around to all the offices at a radio station.

That last job, now . . . boy, I really had to hustle to get that one. I was a junior at A. B. Davis High School in Mt. Vernon, New York, and I'd already decided that radio was for me. I'd played around at being a deejay on the little phonograph I had at home and now I decided to go down to New York City and get myself hired for real.

I must have sat in the waiting room in every station in town—and that's a lot of stations. In almost every case, they did give me an interview.

"What experience have you had?" they'd ask.

"None," I'd answer. "That's what I'm looking for—experience."

"That's fine, son," they'd say. "Come back and see us after you've found some."

It seemed you needed experience to get experience, which was a kind of vicious circle that left me just where I'd started. I went round on that circle for three years till somebody finally hired me. I was majoring in radio at Syracuse University when a local station nearby finally gave me that mailroom job. After a while, they let me do some announcing and soon after that, there I was—a deejay.

What started me remembering all this was a gab session we had just before "Bandstand" went on the air. Gerry Granahan had just sent around his new Sunbeam record, "I'm Afraid You'll Never Know," and I was telling the gang about it.

"Gee, Dick," said one of the girls, a pretty little blonde with a ponytail, "remember his other record, 'Please, No Chemise'? You know, I liked the chemise better than the Empire look, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," moaned one of the fellows. "Let's not talk about clothes. Let's talk about something important."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Boys!" a girl in the last row shouted.

"Love!" someone else suggested.

"Some girls," piped up one boy in the back, "never seem to have anything on their minds but boys!"

"What else is there?" my blonde friend asked.

"Well, now," I suggested. "There are lots of important things to think about. There's money, for instance."

"Man, that's nice stuff," a tall freckled fellow said, "if you can get it."

"I'd sure like some," a sandy-haired, laughing-eyed girl agreed. "Where can I get it?"

"Maybe the Coasters had the right idea," I suggested, "when they made that record, 'Get a Job.'"

"Golly," she said, "who'd give me a job?"

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "for one thing, I don't have any experience in anything."

"Think again," I suggested. "There must be lots of things you can do. For instance, do you like animals?"

"Oh, I love them."

"Did you know that Tony Perkins used to earn money in New York as a dog-sitter?"

"Honest? Gee, I could do that."

"There are probably lots of things you could do. Why don't you . . ." At this point, Tony Mammarella, my producer, caught my eye and I could tell he'd been trying to do it for quite a while. "Ooops, I'm sorry, gang. It's time for me to get this show on the air. But, say, I've got an idea. Any of you going to be in New York Saturday morning?" A half dozen hands shot up. "Well, I'll be in New York for my Saturday night show. I'd love to go on with this talk, if you're interested."

"Are we ever!" said my sandy-haired friend. She'd been one of those who'd raised her hand.

"Well, how about meeting me up at the Photoplay offices? I'll bring the Cokes."

When we met on Saturday, there was an eerie quiet about the offices, Saturday being a non-working day for the rest of Photoplay's staff. We pulled a bunch of chairs around a long rectangular walnut desk, unwrapped the Cokes and the little packages of cookies I'd also brought, and what with the rustling of paper, the scraping of chairs and then with everybody talking all at once, the office soon stopped feeling so strange.

"I've been thinking about what you said the other day, Dick," sandy-haired Joan began. "I guess there must be lots of jobs that even I could handle. But how do I find out where they are?"

"Anybody have any ideas?" I asked.

"My school has a placement office," said blonde Pat, "and I bet yours does too."

"There are the want-ads in the newspapers," Jack offered.

"And the employment agencies," said Chuck. "Most of them charge a fee, but there's also the State employment offices. They're for free and they know about lots of jobs."

"Let me tell all of you," Carole said, "that it really pays to advertise. Tell everybody you know you want a job and you'll be surprised what sort of jobs people have heard about."

"Another thing not to miss up on are the personnel offices of the larger companies," Stan said.

"Stan's got a good point there," I put in. "It's a good idea to think first about the kind of work you want to do and are suited for and then look up all the different places that might be able to use you. For instance, if you gals have had any typing or steno at school, you ought to get a list of different business firms, banks, libraries, hospitals and so on."

Joan reached across the desk for another little pack of peanut-butter cookies. Then, as she was unwrapping them, she said, "But I don't know how to type."

"Oh, you could still get a job in an office if you wanted one," Carole said. "You could be a receptionist or operate a switchboard or file or clip papers or almost anything."

"No office for me," Chuck said. "Come summer I want to be out under that sun."

"Me, too," Pat piped. "A girl I know is going to work this summer as a fishing guide. I'd like to do something different like that."

"Gee, that sounds great," Chuck said. "I've got applications in with the Y and with the department of parks. If things work out, I'll have me a job as a recreation assistant. Imagine getting paid for playing baseball! And, Pat, they take girls, too, to teach the younger kids how to swim or dance or make all sorts of things."

"Another kind of job you can get," Jack said, "is like the one I had last summer, waiting on tables. The great thing about

that is that people have to eat wherever they are. That means you can be a waiter or waitress in the city or at a resort area. I even heard of a guy who wrote to the National Park Service in Washington, D.C., and got back a booklet called 'Employment by Concessioners in National Park Areas.' It tells all about jobs you can get at real exciting places, like Yellowstone National Park and . . . Say, what happened to all the peanut-butter cookies?" He looked accusingly at Joan.

"I ate them all," she confessed. "I guess I was just trying to prove that waitressing is not for me. If I were around all that food, it'd just destroy my diet."

"What about applying for these jobs?" I asked, meanwhile hoping Joan wouldn't see as I slipped the one last peanut-butter cookie to Jack.

"Oh, I know all about that," Carole said. "Wear a hat and gloves on all interviews and a simple, unfussy dress."

"And try to talk in a soft voice," Pat added, "and be very polite."

"It's those applications that get me," Stan moaned. "They've got to be neat and with a handwriting like mine, that isn't easy. And all those little lines and all those things to fill out, like 'Experience.' What do you put down if you've never worked before?"

"Try making up for it," I suggested, "when you get to where they want to know about special skills. List everything that could possibly apply. And when they ask about special interests and extracurricular activities, list everything there, too. It'll show you're a live-wire and get along with people and like lots of things."

"I sure hope so," Stan said.

We've been talking about just jobs," I said. "But, you know, while you're looking for part-time or summer work you really ought to be thinking about what you'll want to do when you're out of school, too. Let's take you, Joan. You're in your junior year at high school. What sort of career plans do you have?"

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "I want to be an airline stewardess."

"Sounds exciting," I said. "What are you doing about it?"

Joan paused, a paper container halfway to her lips. "Why nothing."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm still in school. I've plenty of time."

"A headstart never hurt," I said. "What do you think, Pat? What could Joan do now to get started on her career?"

"Well," Pat said, "for one thing, maybe she should go to the library and read up on it. See if she needs any special training."

"Wait a minute," Jack interrupted. "I think the first thing she ought to do is find out if she's suited to that. I had a session with the vocational counsellor at school last week and, man, what a revelation!"

"That makes sense," I said. "What do you think, Stan?"

"I'm with Jack," Stan grinned. "But there's still another thing Joan can do, and that's to try to find a summer job or a part-time job in the field she likes."

"That's so right," Carole said. "Ever since I can remember, I've wanted to be an airline stewardess, too. Well, last summer I got myself a job at the local airport—serving coffee and sandwiches at the lunch counter. Now I'm surer than ever that that's what I want. I got to meet the girls who already are stewardesses. The uniforms, the travelling, I know I'll love all that and I found out that the pilots and the stewardesses were the kind of people I like. But I also learned about the long hours, the passenger who can get sick or grouchy, the need to be cheerful all the time. I was able to take a look at the

drawbacks, at the training I'll need and then evaluate it all and come to a decision based on the facts."

Chuck, a tall, thin boy whom I'd only seen once or twice at "Bandstand," had been sitting quietly through all the talk. Now he ran a hand through his crew cut and spoke up. "Joan's lucky, she knows what she wants. But what do you do when you just can't make up your mind?"

"See the same vocational counsellor Joan's going to," said Jack.

"And experiment," Suzie added. "For instance, why not take a job clerking in a store, to see if you like seeing and meeting people all day long?"

"Then you can look for a job where you work quietly and mostly by yourself," said Carole, "and see which one you like better. Then at least you have a clue."

"Gosh," Joan sighed, "you sure are going to keep me busy."

"And me, too," Chuck laughed.

Oh, and that's only the beginning," I warned them. "But the kids are giving you good advice. Whether you want to be a singer or a schoolteacher, a doctor, lawyer or fire chief, you'd better start thinking about that future job just as early as possible."

"Once the decision is made, and you're sure of what you want to do, then you've got to make up your mind it takes work to become good at your work. Patti Page certainly qualifies in my book as a successful star, and so do Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Perry Como. No matter who you name, you'll find that they started at the bottom of the ladder and worked and worked and worked till they hit the top. And you can guess why they stay there. They are still working hard."

"Gosh, Dick," said Pat, "getting a job is serious business, and so is keeping one, I guess. But I don't really know how much of that applies to me. I'll let you in on a secret. My steady and I, we'll probably get married soon as both of us have graduated. My job will be being a wife and then someday a mother."

"That's about the greatest job there is," I said. "But let's look at it this way. What if you don't get married until, say, a year after graduation? Why spend eight hours of every day of that year doing something you don't particularly care about when, with a little thought, you can be doing something you really like?"

"And dig these census figures I saw in the paper—ah, here's the clipping: There are one and a half million more women than men working today and by 1980 there'll be three million more. I'll bet an awful lot of 'em are married, too. If your husband's just starting out in his career, you'd probably welcome an extra paycheck, especially when you're newly-married and in the middle of buying all that furniture. Your paycheck might be the difference between buying that little house or scrimping by in a tiny rented apartment, between having a car or doing without wheels. In that case, you might as well get a kick out of what you do to earn the paycheck."

"Well, my steady and I do have a big yen for a T-bird built for two," Pat admitted. "Maybe it is off to work I go."

I looked at my watch. "I don't know where the time went to," I said, "but it has really gone. It's off to work I go and that's for sure. Why don't you all come along to the show? I'll use my influence and see if I can't get you in."

I'll see you right here next month—DICK.

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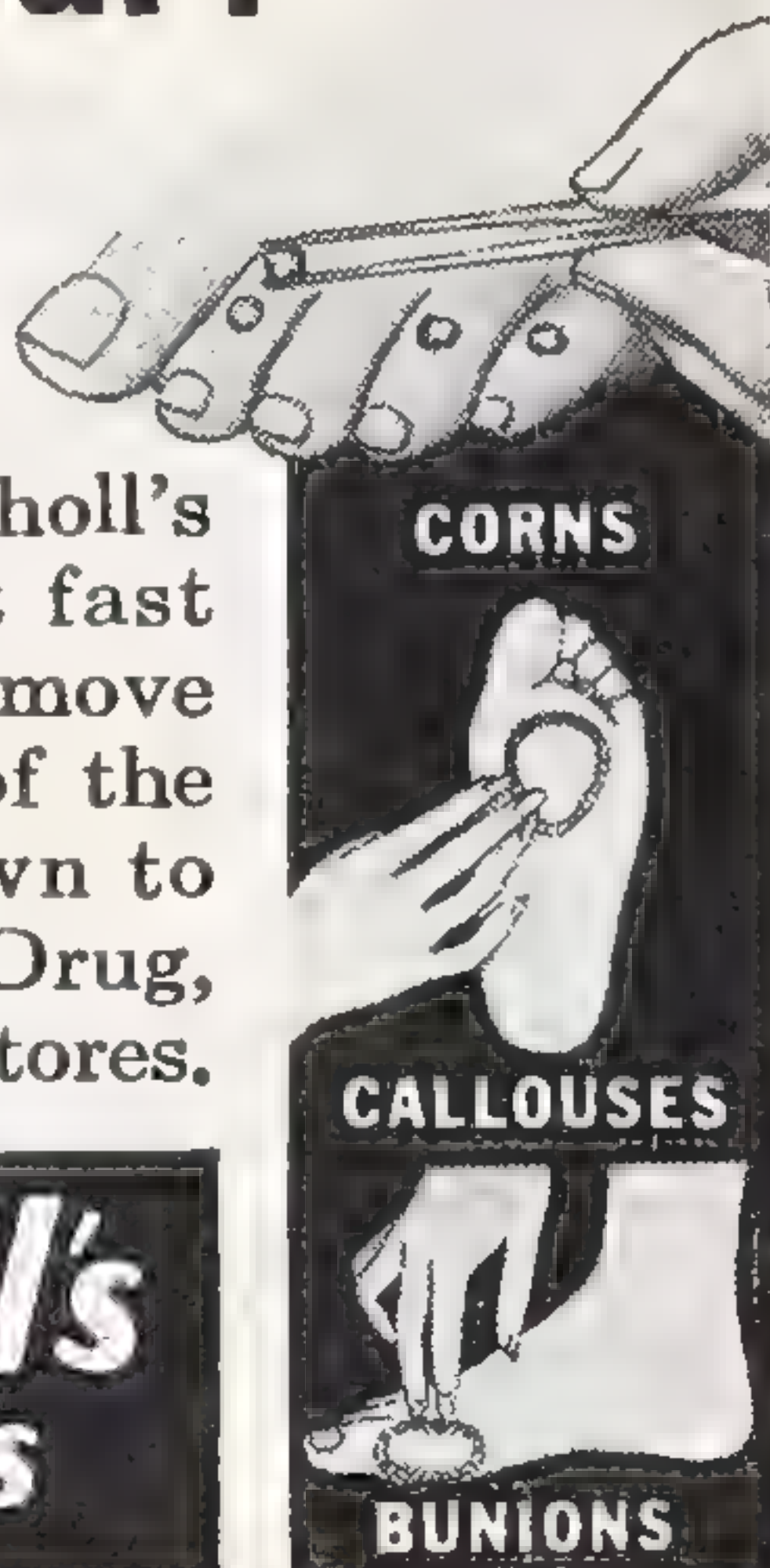
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How You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home

TAB HUNTER

Continued from page 71

stopped at the toy counter. "Here's a cute autograph hound," he said, picking one up and waving it at me. I had told him I didn't like the one I had. This was the saddest-eyed basset hound I'd ever seen.

"Did you know," Tab laughed, "when basset hounds eat, they have to have their ears clothes-pinned together so they don't drip into their food? Do you like him? He's yours." Before I knew it he handed it to the sales lady who promptly asked Tab to sign one for her daughter. I really felt "on the inside" being with Tab then.

When we left the store (me clutching my basset hound under one arm), it was freezing out. "Let's have some tea at the Plaza," Tab suggested.

We arrived breathless and panting from running all the way up Fifth Avenue. Tab introduced me to his favorite way of drinking tea—with honey! (It's good.) We talked about his horses and of how we both loved Cape Cod in the summer and all of a sudden Tab said, "Say, how about having dinner with me?"

I was speechless and flattered, too, because I had overheard him talking about another date for dinner and the opera with some movie people.

"Yes, I'd love to," I managed to say. "If you'll give me half an hour to change my dress at my cousin's house, and I'll call my folks." Luckily, I'd brought in a dressy dress which Photoplay had made for me and my little fake-fur jacket, and my Dad said he'd be glad to drive in from Chatham, New Jersey (where we live) to pick me up whatever time I said.

Tab arrived at 6:30 o'clock and we went to the Hotel Pierre for dinner. That's when the biggest surprise of all happened. We'd finished our lamb chops (Tab had ordered two for him and one for me) and our salad, when he pulled out a small box.

"It's not 14 Karat, but I thought you might keep it to remember me by."

I opened the box and inside was a lovely gold bracelet with a heart-shaped charm which said on one side: "To Lucky From Tab" and on the other, "Photoplay Contest, January, 1959." Tab slipped it on my wrist and, for the first time all day, I didn't know what to say.

"Would you like to dance?" Tab said, noting my confusion. But then since there wasn't another soul on the dance floor, we agreed we'd feel too self-conscious.

Over coffee, I looked at my watch and realized that the day and evening had

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Simplicity Printed Patterns shown on page 72 may be obtained through local dealers. To order by mail, send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. PH, 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2913, Tyrolean dress, Junior sizes 11-15, Misses sizes 12-18, 50¢.

2638, Car coat, Misses sizes 10-20, 50¢.

2657, Jumper and blouse, Junior sizes 11-15, Misses sizes 12-18, 50¢.

2929, Full skirted party dress, Junior misses 11-15, Teen sizes 10-16, 50¢.



The second prize in Photoplay's Tab Hunter contest has been awarded to: Miss Joan Nave of Duluth, Minnesota, who wins a Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine like the one shown above.

flown by and that my parents were due any minute in the lobby to pick me up.

"Would you like to meet my family?" I asked, feeling like we were old friends.

"Look, Mom," I said, before I remembered introductions. "Look at what Tab gave me." Mom thought it was very pretty and both she and Dad agreed that Tab was so natural and unaffected, they could hardly believe he was a movie star.

Then we said goodnight and I started to get into the car right outside the lobby. I told Tab that I'd wear his bracelet forever.

"Just remember, Tiny," Tab grinned, "when I call you this summer in Cape Cod, that I'm the guy who gave it to you."

—LUCKY KOCH

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NICK ADAMS

Continued from page 44

He looked up at the windows. Mom! He almost said the word out loud as he saw her face smiling at him through the dusty glass . . . still with that same old look he remembered from way back. Then she shook a finger at him and he suddenly felt like a little boy again.

Nick went around to the front of the bus and waited while the passengers came down the steps, one by one. Then as his mother came to the head of the steps, he put a hand up to help her. And as he did so, he was struck by how tired she looked and how much greyer her hair had become.

"Nicholas . . . my Nicholas," she choked, holding back her tears. It had been more than eight years since they had last seen each other.

"Did you have a good trip, Mom?" he asked.

She nodded and stood back, staring at him. "Let me look at you!" she cried, her Jersey accent sounding suddenly so familiar. "You've lost weight. You've not been eating well . . . I know you haven't." She stopped abruptly and suddenly her face became softer. "My boy a star, a real star," she whispered.

"Aw . . . Mom."

Nick looked at his mother. "It's good to see you, Mom, real good," he said quietly. Then he looked questioningly over at a pile of baggage which stood by the bus. "You show me which are your bags and we'll get along home," he said.

"These two—that blue one, and the green," she said, pointing to them.

Nick picked up the cases and they walked across the concrete. "Gee . . . Mom, they're heavy. What have you got in them—bricks?" he laughed, and pretended to stumble.

They reached the parking lot and Nick, walking just a little ahead, guided his mother to the car.

"It's this one over here," he said as they came to a low-slung, up-to-the-minute model.

"Such a beautiful car, Nick," she answered overawed.

He put down the suitcases and opened the door to help her in. Then he piled the bags onto the back seat.

"So tell me," he said, as he started the engine, "how's Dad . . . and Andy?"

She smiled across at him. "I'm afraid your father's beginning to feel the years," she said slowly, "but thank God he's well. And Andrew—he's such a fine doctor now. We're so proud of you both . . ."

Nick's thoughts raced back over those early days with his family as he drove slowly through the wide Los Angeles boulevards, pointing out the sights as they passed by. Then he turned the car uphill towards his small one-bedroom apartment. Suddenly there it was ahead, looking like a Swiss chalet with its wooden frame set into the side of a mountain in the Hollywood Hills.

"That's it, Mom," he said proudly, pointing ahead.

"Why it's beautiful, Nick."

And as they turned into the narrow winding road which led up to it Nick slowed, and leisurely coasted down to the front of the house. "It's lovely, isn't it?" he said softly.

His mother nodded and smiled.

Then as they stopped Mrs. Adamshock fumbled for the handle of the car door. "No . . . let me. I'll open it for you," Nick scolded, hurrying out from the driver's seat and around to the other side.

Nick took a key from his pocket and opened the front door while his mother stood anxiously beside him. Then, as the door swung back and she caught a view of the charming modern living-room crammed with dozens of curious little knickknacks, she gasped.

"Oh . . . Nick," she sighed at length. "Just like your letters."

"Those letters," he began, "I've been wanting . . ." But he stopped and seeming to change his mind said, "You must want to look around; of course you do. Here, come inside."

And she followed him through the house as he showed her first a framed copy of his first movie contract which he kept proudly over his bed and then pages of early fan magazine stories which he had pasted attractively on the whitewashed walls of the living room. In one corner were photos of himself with James Dean and Elvis Presley and on low coffee tables were ashtrays from Ciro's, Romanoff's, and all the many many wonderful places she'd read so much about.

"Oh, Nick . . . It's just so wonderful," she said, as they left his small but compact kitchenette and walked back towards the living room.

"I'm glad you like it, Mom," he said, rather selfconsciously. Then he motioned her towards a chair. "Now you just relax here and I'll fix some coffee. You must be tired."

"Now Nick," she scolded. "I'll do that . . . I'm still your mother, you know."

"No, next time—in fact I expect you to cook for me for the rest of your stay!" he joked.

When the coffee was ready Nick came to sit beside her.

Now, darling," she said, "I want to know all about Hollywood . . . about everything right from the beginning. Because all I know is what you have written and what I've read in the papers."

"Well, Mom . . ." he began, then he stopped short, picked up a spoon and stirred the coffee a little too vigorously. For a moment neither of them spoke.

Suddenly a look of alarm flashed across Nick's face as he saw she was taking a tiny bundle—a bundle of letters—from her purse.

"I've brought you some of your old letters, Nick," she said. "I thought you'd like to see them." And she began untying the narrow string which held them together.

"Aw . . . Gee, Mom. Those letters . . . Oh, well, I guess I'd have had to tell you sometime." And he looked down at the patterned carpet. "It's like this. Those letters—the early ones. I didn't want to worry you . . . so I guess I just made them up." He hurried over the last few words.

"They weren't true!"

"Well, not exactly, Mom," he said softly.

"But . . . but . . ." she looked puzzled and lost. Then she said slowly, "What really happened, Nick? You can tell me. I want to know. I won't be angry." And she passed him the top letter from the pile.

He looked at the scrawled handwriting and the crumpled corners of the paper. She's kept them all these years, he thought. He began to read the words.

The letter was dated February 15, 1950. "Dear Mom, Pop, and Andy. Since my last letter I've found a job. I'm working for Warner Bros. . . ."

Nick looked up and suddenly he felt the way he used to when he was a small boy and had done something wrong. Then he said slowly, "I guess I can tell you—that story now, because in a way it was funny."

"You see, Mom, it was sort of true. I did

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have a job with Warner Bros. . . . as a combination doorman-usher at one of their movie houses in town. I got the grand sum of twenty-five dollars a week but I didn't want to tell you because . . . you see, with rent ten dollars a week and the money I needed for food and transportation it didn't exactly leave me rich and frankly I was scared." Nick noticed she had her eyes focused on her lap and was sitting very still, her feet tucked in under the chair.

"I was so sure I was going to be discovered," he went on. "It was only a matter of time. I had it all planned. My job was to stand at the door taking tickets and I decided that if I saw anyone famous, I'd stall when they gave me their stub and pretend to drop it. Then I'd start doing a Jimmy Cagney or Cary Grant in 'Gunga Din.' I was so sure one of them would say, 'Hey kid, you're terrific. Here's my card. Be at my office first thing in the morning.' Well, after two-and-a-half months of getting nothing but stares and only occasional laughs and no one tapping me on the shoulder and saying, 'We want you,' I got desperate. It's hard when you want something so much and you get that sinking feeling that nobody's interested.

"So I went out in front of the theater one time when I noticed that the guy who changes the marquee was across the street getting coffee. And I grabbed a handful of 'A's' and an 'I' and the rest of the letters I needed and climbed the ladder. Then I put my name up in big letters all across the front of the theater. I was thinking of using my real name, Mom, but really—Adamshock—what could you do with that. It's so long it would have turned the corner of the marquee. So I just used Adams like I used to sometimes back home." He noticed her mouth curl up slightly in a smile.

"I was so sure they'd know me after that. But what actually happened was that a couple of killjoys went to the manager and said, 'Who's this Nick Adams?' Well, the manager took one look at me and told me politely to hang up my uniform and try my stunts elsewhere."

"So that was it, Nick. I wondered sometimes . . ." And she began to unfold another letter. "What about this one, Nick? What about all those wonderful places you told me you'd been?"

Nick took the letter and began reading. ". . . don't faint," it said, "but in three hours I'll be out on the town. I'm going to Romanoff's and then to the two biggest night-clubs, Ciro's and the Macambo." He looked up.

"I did go, Mom, but not exactly in the way I told you. I met a pal who said he'd show me those places and we did actually go. But we stood outside and I just managed to see in when the door opened and people came in or out. Remember how I wrote you in that next letter that I'd seen everyone from Clark Gable to Shirley Temple? I did it because I knew you'd be excited. But what really happened was that I read all the Hollywood gossip columns the next morning before I sat down to write to you. I had to be very careful because I know how you follow every word of those movie columns, and I couldn't let you catch me in a lie."

As he finished speaking he noticed his mother begin reading through yet another letter. "And this one, Nick. The one where you told us you had all those important interviews."

Nick lit a cigarette and took a deep draw.

"Four months had gone by by that time, Mom, and I couldn't let you know I'd gotten nowhere. I'd been in and out of more than a hundred casting agencies by that time and most of them wouldn't

let me past the receptionist. I was a nobody with a new face that wasn't in demand. I kept asking how I could ever get to be an 'old face' if I didn't get a chance to be a new one. They gave me one answer: Keep trying." He began fiddling with an ashtray on the table beside him.

"I had no money saved, no job, and only my little 'reserve sinking fund' which was sinking very fast. I felt like forgetting the whole thing that day and telling you I was coming home. But how could I, Mom? After all those things I'd said. The whole town must have thought I was on my way to becoming famous. No, Mom, I just couldn't come back. They'd all have laughed at me." Nick shrugged his shoulders. "So I kept on trying and trying."

"You could have come home . . . you know that. No one would have laughed, son," she said softly. "We'd all have understood. But that wonderful new apartment you said you moved into that first Christmas. And the new contract?" Her voice grew louder.

"Mom," he said quietly, "I guess . . . I guess I'll never know how I ever had the nerve to write you all those lies! But after ten months of going nowhere I didn't care what I said. I think this was the blackest period of my life. Sure I got a contract—for a Pepsi Cola commercial. But all I made was thirty-five dollars and a dozen bottles of soda pop. I hadn't worked in weeks, I was hungry and I had to move because I was behind in my rent. I didn't know I could ever feel so depressed or ever get so hungry.

"That new apartment, that was really letting my imagination run away with me. Mom, the place was awful. I saw an ad for a handyman and I was so down and out I applied. The woman needed someone to water the lawn and take out the trash and feed her ten cats when she was away. I said I'd take the job but that I needed a place to stay, too. She took me out back to a shed near the garage. She said I could stay there in exchange for working.

"The place had a bed as narrow as a board, and the mattress was so thin I could feel the slats of the bed. That tile bathroom I referred to—well, I had one, five blocks away at the YMCA where I went to take showers. The heating unit, that was an old coal stove. I couldn't afford to buy fuel so I went around collecting wooden coat hangers to burn. And those cats—I got so hungry one day that I stole the liver she asked me to cook for them. I felt lower than a rat, stealing their food. But I hadn't eaten in two days."

Nick looked at his mother's face. She seemed sad. Then he said gently, "I'm sorry, Mom. But I just couldn't tell you all those things at the time. I had such big dreams."

"The car, Nick. That wonderful sports car you wrote about?"

He took another draw on his cigarette. "That was a lie too, Mom. And I felt pretty bad when you wrote and told me how worried you were when you thought of me driving around in it and asked me to be careful. That woman I told you about—the rich one I met at a party who said she'd gotten mad with her new sports model because all those gears made her nervous and who wanted to sell it cheap? She didn't even exist, Mom. What really happened was that I desperately needed something to get around in so I bought a 1938 pickup truck that I saw on a lot advertised for two hundred and thirty-seven dollars. I gave the man the last fifty from my sinking fund and the payments were fifteen a month. But I couldn't pay and after two months they

"Then I managed to get to Ford's office.

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"Hey, wait a minute. Turn right here.
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Paul's house."

In the middle of the block, we stopped
and parked the car across from a
large house. "I remember the first time
I saw that place," Tom said. "Our French
teacher—the same one who had liked
Paul's boogie-woogie—had told us about
a French play that was being performed
at the Cleveland Playhouse. She'd asked
if anyone would like to go—she had free
tickets. Well, Paul raised his hand, and
I raised mine, and two girls raised theirs,
too. So we had kind of eased ourselves
into a double-date to see a play.

"This was the first time I'd ever driven
my family's car alone. And I was scared.
So scared that I got mixed up on the way
to Paul's house and went to Broxton
Road instead of Brighton Road where he
lived. When I got to his place, he was
pacing up and down in front. He climbed
into the back seat and off we went to pick
up the girls. On the way, I explained why
I'd been late—that this was the first time
I'd ever driven without one of my folks
with me.

"He didn't say a word; he just climbed
over next to me on the front seat. When
we picked up the girls, they had to get
into the back seat. Sure, it wasn't a real
date, but still it must have seemed kind
of funny to them that we were sitting up
front and they were stuck in back. Paul
was sensitive enough to my feelings *not*
to tell them what the score was. But
he didn't take his eyes off the steering
wheel and the road for a moment. Just
in case.

"During the play itself, of course, we
split up and Paul sat next to one girl
and I sat next to the other. When we
went to the checkroom later to get our
coats, Paul said to me, 'Look, it'll seem
sort of silly if we both sit in the front
seat again on the way home. Why don't
you get in back, and I'll drive. Okay?'
'Okay,' I answered.

"So we went and had some sandwiches
and Cokes, and listened to boogie-woogie
on the juke box . . . the girls said the
pianist on the record wasn't as good as
Paul had been in French class. Then we
got in the car—Paul and one girl in the
front seat and me and the other in the
back, and started home.

"After we'd dropped the girls off, I got
in the front seat besides Paul and we
drove to his place. As he got out, I
thanked him for getting me out of an
embarrassing situation by not letting on
that I'd never driven alone before.

"Think nothing of it,' he replied, 'I know
exactly how you felt. To tell you the
truth, I was in the same boat. I never
drove a car before tonight without my
folks being along, either.' And he grinned,
waved his hand, and disappeared into his
house!"

Tom looked at his watch and said, "Gosh,
if we're going to get to Celeste Beckwithe's
house on time, we'd better stop dawdling."
On the way, Tom filled us in about her.
She had helped out with costumes for the
plays at the Malvern Grammar School
back in 1936 or 1937, and it was she who
had "discovered" Paul Newman. She
had had a tender spot in her heart for him
ever since.

At Celeste Beckwithe's house, Tom in-
troduced us. We explained that we
had planned to interview Paul and
Joanne, but didn't want to bother them
while they were busy fixing up their New
York apartment and waiting for the ar-
rival of their baby. So we had decided to
do the next best thing: find out how the
hometown folks felt about Paul, and let
him know through Photoplay just what

these people remembered most best about
him.

Celeste Beckwithe beamed, and as she
started to talk, it was clear that Tom was
right, that she did have a tender spot in
her heart for Paul. She told us that he
had made his debut on stage in a fifth
grade play, in the role of an Italian organ-
grinder. "I'll never forget the way Paul
looked when he came out on that stage,"
she said. "He had the merriest face I
ever saw on a child in my life. And he
just outdid himself. Of course, he was
just a little boy, but when he stood there,
dressed in tags and tatters, wearing his
father's old felt hat, and turning the handle
of that little music box, he *was* an organ-
grinder.

"Children in the audience actually
jumped up on the stage, interrupting the
performance, to get his autograph. After
the play was over, children and teachers
crowded around Paul's mother and his
older brother, Arthur, to congratulate
them. Mrs. Newman was so proud she
could do nothing but nod her head and
cry.

"The applause helped convince me, I'm
sure," Celeste Beckwithe said, "but it was
what I saw with my *own* eyes that really
did it. Paul was a natural actor. An un-
self-conscious extrovert who really *lived*
the part." So she advised Mrs. Newman
to take Paul to the Cleveland Playhouse
and have him try out for the 'Curtain
Pullers,' the children's section of the
playhouse. At his audition, he did a
skit that his uncle, Joe Newman, a prom-
inent Ohio newspaperman and poet, had
written for him. At the climax of the
skit, he yodeled—and he got a part, the
lead in 'St. George and the Dragon.' But
Paul was disappointed. His heart was
set on playing the dragon, but he couldn't
fit into the costume. He was too tall."

We thanked Celeste Beckwithe, went
back to our car, and started for our next
stop, the house of Paul's uncle, Joe New-
man. As we drove along, we asked Tom
why he thought so little was known
about Paul Newman and his life. "Easy,"
Tom answered, "because he has so many
things to talk about—so many things he
is interested in—*besides* himself. Books
and what's happening in the world and
people. Other people—their hopes, their
fears, their troubles.

"Take me, for instance. He helped me,
although maybe he didn't know it. You
remember I told you about our Senior
play, about how he got to kiss the girl.
Well, after that the semester was soon
over. Paul and I signed each other's year-
books, wished each other luck, and that
was that. Paul and I said something about
keeping in touch—you know the sort of
thing—but he went his way and I went
mine.

"One spring—I think it was in 1950—I
saw Paul again. We had both been home
to Shaker Heights for Easter and we were
out at the Cleveland airport waiting for
planes: Paul was going back to Woodstock,
Illinois, where he was appearing with the
Woodstock Players; I was returning to
New York. And we started to talk.

"Over a cup of coffee, Paul filled me in
on what had happened to him since our high
school graduation. He'd gone to Kenyon
College, but then Uncle Sam had called
him in 1942. He'd gone overseas as a
radioman third class on a naval torpedo
plane and had seen combat action in the
Pacific from the time he was 18 until he
was 20. In 1946 he'd returned to Kenyon
but found majoring in economics dull, so
he started to act again and appeared in
a dozen college shows, playing the lead
in eight. After graduating he'd done sum-
mer stock, and now was acting with the
Woodstock Players for forty dollars a
week, and loving every minute of it.

"I told Paul I'd also been bitten by the acting bug. But while Paul was getting some recognition for his work with the Woodstock Players, I was floundering. In desperation, I'd taken a job making clothing labels for a Manhattan concern. And at odd hours, and during my lunch period, I was trying to get a foothold on Broadway. And I told Paul that I was fed up, that I'd just about decided to give up the ghost and settle down in some nice, solid, dull business.

"Paul almost flipped. Then he lectured on how the theater was the greatest thing on earth and that I shouldn't quit. A real pep talk. He made it sound as if I'd told him I was deserting the army in wartime. I recall one thing he said: 'We can't all make it as actors. But there's so much more. Directing. Scene designing. Teaching. Anything's fine, as long as it has something to do with the theater.'

"When I got on that plane, I knew I couldn't quit. Today I'm teaching, designing sets, doing some directing. And I'm happy."

We had arrived at Joe Newman's house. Paul's uncle, who writes a regular column, "Could Be Verse," for the Cleveland Press, talked affectionately about his nephew. "Paul also had a talent for making up jingles, like me, and he wasn't bad," he said. "But one thing he didn't have was a talent for business."

The year after Paul acted with the Woodstock Players his father died and Paul came home to Cleveland to help out his mother by taking over his family's sporting-goods business. As a boy, the fact that his father owned a sporting-goods store had made Paul the envy of all the other kids; but when he had to take over the business himself, he didn't like it. As he himself said, "My heart wasn't in it. Acting was in my blood, and nothing could get it out." After two years of selling tennis racquets and blowing up basketballs, he called it quits and went to Yale to take graduate work.

Joe Newman pointed out that Paul's family didn't stand in his way when he wanted to be an actor. The Newman home, when Paul was growing up, actually had a theatrical atmosphere. Paul's father liked to read aloud to the family and Paul loved to listen. Then there was the father's sporting-goods store itself with its wonderful displays—Paul used to stare at it for hours as if he were looking at a stage set. Not only his father, but other members of the family as well had a creative flair. One of Paul's aunts wrote children's stories, and his uncle, Aaron, ran the sports show at the Cleveland Auditorium. And regularly the whole family—father, mother, brothers, uncles, cousins, aunts—went together to City Club shows and Playhouse productions.

With this background and encouragement, Joe Newman said, "if there's any surprise about Paul's career at all, it's the surprise only that Paul's a remarkably good actor, and that's the opinion of a very critical uncle."

After we left Joe Newman's, we decided to get a bite to eat. "I know the place," Tom said, "Buden's Delicatessen. That's one of Paul's and my old hang-outs. In

fact, that's where we took the girls after that French play double-date."

"What will it be?" asked Danny Buden, the proprietor.

"What do you suggest?" we asked.

"How about a 'Buden Special'—it used to be Paul's favorite."

We each ordered a "Buden Special," not knowing what we were going to get, and it turned out to be a gigantic sandwich of glazed ham, swiss cheese, cold slaw, and special dressing. All of us left some of it on our plates.

"You're sissies," Danny said. "During the two summers Paul worked for me while he was in high school, he'd wolf down two specials a day."

Danny told us that Paul disliked working in the delicatessen as much as he disliked working in the sporting-goods store. Not that he didn't do his job well. He did—unpacking cartons, filling up shelves, checking stock, carrying out packages, and making deliveries. "But he was an actor all the time, making funny faces, really hamming it up—like he was somewhere else, dreaming of his name in lights."

Our last stop was at the home of Jim Newman, Paul's cousin. Just before we went into the house, Tom told us about how proud the people of Cleveland had been when a special premiere of "Long Hot Summer" had been held in Paul's hometown. "Paul's mother and his brother, Arthur, were right there in the front row," he said.

Jim Newman explained that he hadn't really gotten to know his cousin until nine years after Paul graduated from college, but then they had made up for lost time. He recalled one night in particular, a night that Paul had come over to the house. Although it was midwinter, he was wearing crushed mocassins, an open shirt, and walking shorts. He insisted on making dinner on the outdoor grill—all his own favorites, of course: steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs, corn on the cob, celery salad, asparagus, and artichokes.

"After we'd gorged ourselves, we went into the living room and he began playing boogie-woogie on the piano. Very good, too," said Tom.

"Followed by charades. A friend of ours, Bon Ellenstein, introduced Paul to charades and he was a real bug on it.

"At about 12 o'clock Paul suggested we take a moonlight swim at one of the beaches. He was always taking us for moonlight swims. He'd become so involved in the charades that he'd forgotten it was midwinter and that there was snow on the ground. We didn't go swimming that night."

Jim's expression became more serious. "Not that all life for Paul was charades and moonlight swims and popcorn," he said. "Paul was always sensitive to what was going on around him. Not only to his friends and family and town, but to the world at large. I remember one time when he suggested that we pack some food and clothes, go East, pitch a tent somewhere near the ocean, and figure out how to solve the troubles of the world. I'm sure if I'd have said yes, we'd have gone. . . ."

We shook hands with Jim and his wife and returned to our car. "I guess Jim put it in a nutshell when he said 'I sure miss him,'" Tom said. "That's how all of us in his hometown feel. We want him to come home for a visit . . . soon. When you see him tell him that for all of us."

THE END

PAUL NEWMAN'S IN WARNERS' "THE PHILADELPHIAN" AND IN 20TH'S "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS," WITH WIFE JOANNE WOODWARD. JOANNE CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN 20TH'S "THE SOUND AND THE FURY."

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Joan Crawford by UPI; Edd Byrnes by Jack Stager (Globe); Paul Newman by UPI; How To Shoot Yourself by Bill Avery and the stars; Tab Hunter by Ray Solowinsky; Dick Clark by Gene Cook.

Photo Play Page

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- 1 Kelly Curtis' new sister (see picture)
- 5 Film studio
- 7 A prefix meaning In
- 8 Star of "Fiend That Walked the West"
- 10 Brains Brawn
- 12 Howard Duff on TV
- 13 Meaning New
- 14 Strange
- 17 On the Top of
- 20 Supporting actress in "Gidget"
- 21 Rock 'n' roll vocalist
- 23 Nat and Bob's best man (init.)
- 24 "The Divine Sarah" (init.)
- 25 TV's Ellery Queen

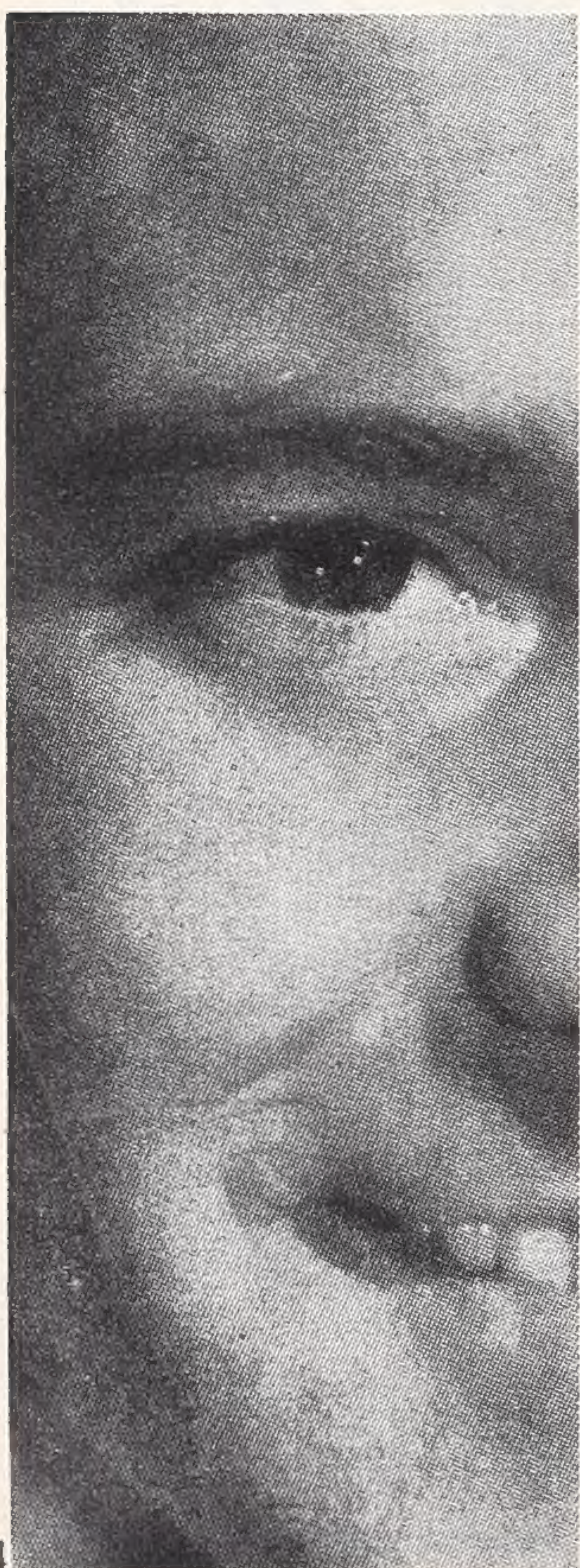
DOWN

- 1 Star of "Home Before Dark"
- 2 Character actress Revere
- 3 That is (Latin)
- 4 Co-Star of "Raintree County"
- 5 Merkel
- 6 Belief
- 9 Farewell (Spanish)
- 11 Grief
- 15 A hill of sand
- 16 An affectionate salutation
- 17 Film notices
- 18 Joe Hardy in "Damn Yankee"
- 19 An engagement token at college
- 22 Nor (Scot.)

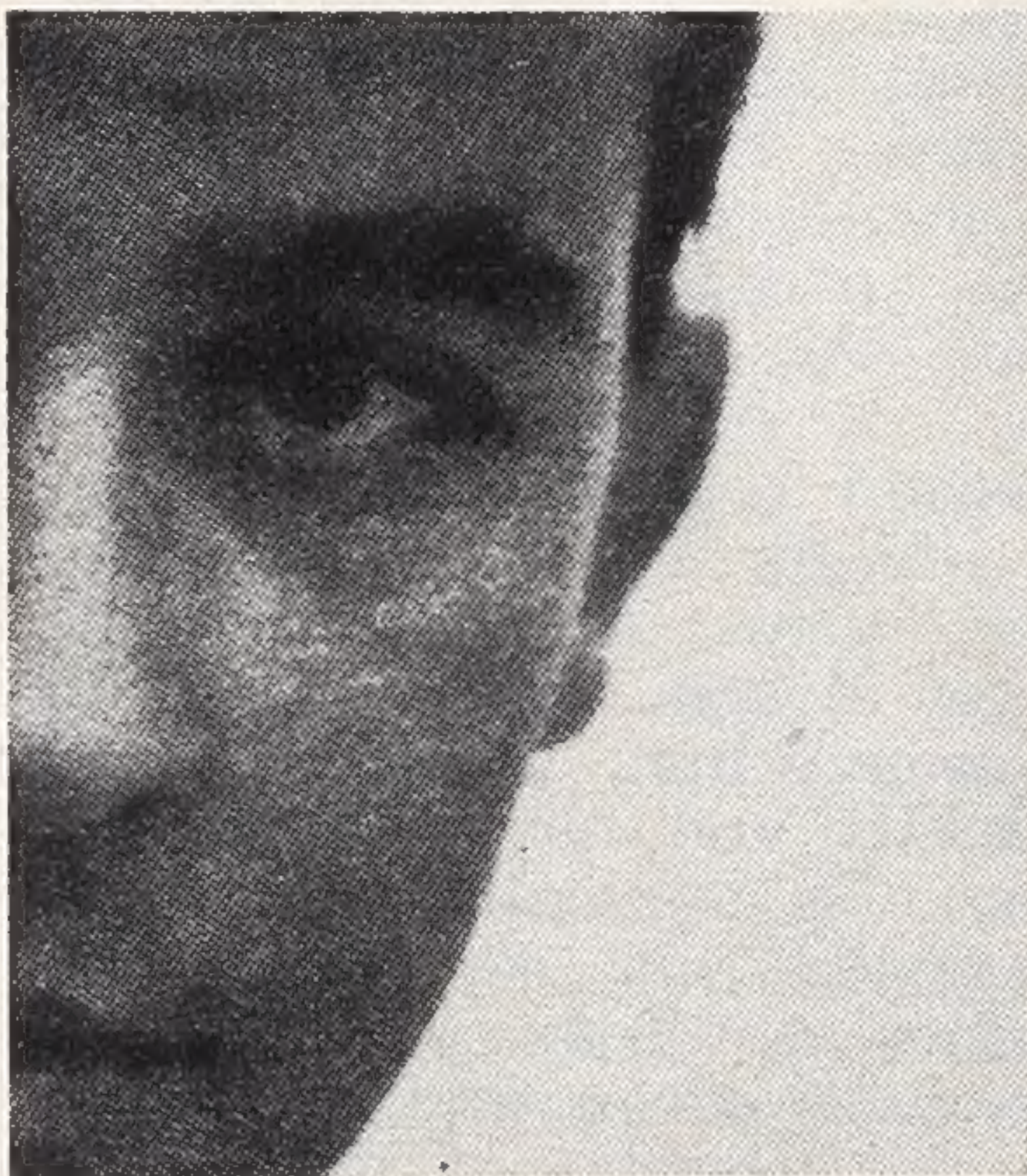
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1



2



3



4



5

ANSWERS ON PAGE 93



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